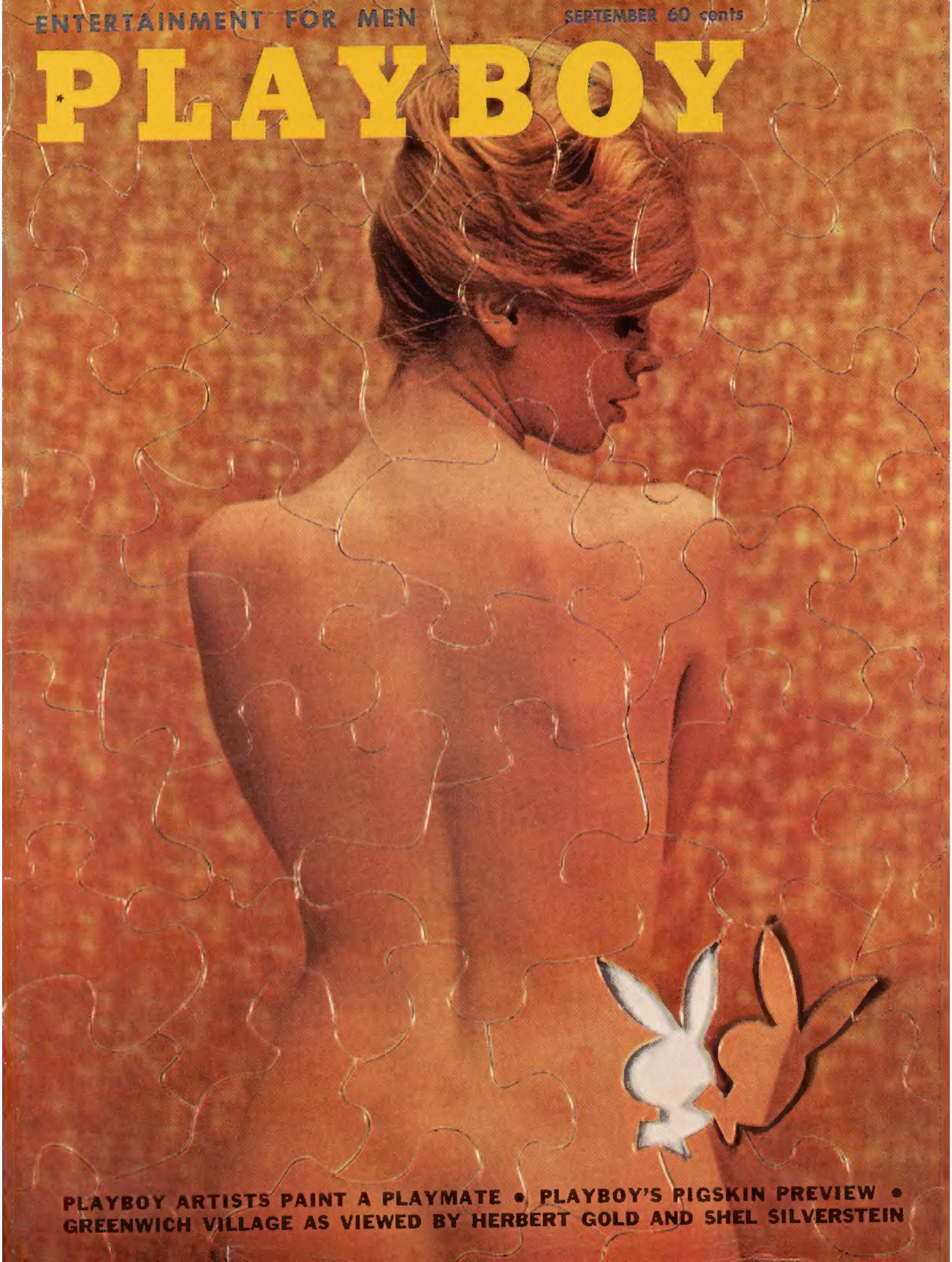
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 60 cents

PLAYBOY

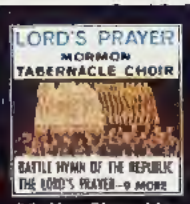


PLAYBOY ARTISTS PAINT A PLAYMATE • PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW •
GREENWICH VILLAGE AS VIEWED BY HERBERT GOLD AND SHEL SILVERSTEIN

REGULAR HIGH-FIDELITY OR STEREO RECORDS

FROM THE WORLD'S LARGEST RECORD CLUB

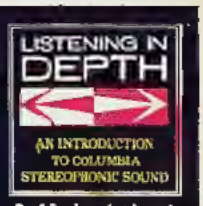
9. Also: Let It Rain, Stairway to the Sea, Flame of Love, etc.



18. Also: Blessed Are They That Mourn, Come Ye Saints, etc.

2. "Best musical I've seen in years" — N. Y. Herald-Tribune

12. Over the Rainbow, Night and Day, Easy to Love, 9 more



8. 16 classical and popular selections — in STEREO only

6. A new recording of these 2 ever-popular Gershwin scores

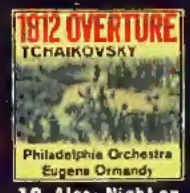
15. Estrellita, El Rancho Grande, La Paloma, 11 others

23. "Led with fire and dash"—St. Louis Globe Democrat

20. Bess, You Is My Woman Now; It Ain't Necessarily So; etc.

1. Skip to My Lou, On Top of Old Smoky, Oh Susanna, 12 more

13. Also: Billy the Kid, In the Valley, Strawberry Roan, etc.



19. Also: Night on Bald Mountain, Polovtsian Dances, etc.

42. Blue Moon, Fools Rush In, Don't Worry 'bout Me, 9 more

36. Rain in Spain, I Could Have Danced All Night, etc.

14. "A persuasive, sensuous performance" — Listen

27. My Funny Valentine, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, 10 more

10. The exciting score of this fabulous Broadway hit

17. 12 great Gershwin hits: Man I Love, But Not For Me, etc.

35. Serenade in Blue, Willow Weep for Me, 9 others

30. "A choice item. Sheer magnificence of tone"—Hi-Fi Rev.

37. Solitude, Where or When, Dancing in the Dark, 5 more

25. Tales from the Vienna Woods, Blue Danube, 8 others

7. Walter displays "depth of understanding"—N.Y. Trib.

43. Tico-Tico, My Shawl, Besame Mucho, 9 others

31. ". . . the tone is like shimmering silk" — High Fidelity

46. Alexander's Ragtime Band, Cheek to Cheek, Always, etc.

26. Complete score: "A hit, another R&H winner!"—Newsweek

3. "Music of singular breadth" — Philadelphia Inquirer

24. Berman's latest record—even funnier than the first!

22. Also: Beyond the Blue Horizon, A Love is Born, etc.

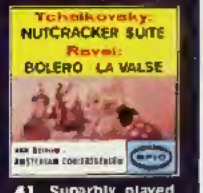
21. Expertly played by "a fabulous technician"—N. Y. Times

29. You've Changed, Body and Soul, I Got It Bad, 9 others

34. Come to Me, That Old Feeling, Long Ago, 9 more

48. This brilliant musical painting is an American classic

32. Perdido, Jump for Joy, C Jam Blues, Flamingo, 3 more



41. Superbly played by one of Europe's finest orchestras

28. Played with "dazzling brilliance" — Boston Globe

5. Also: Tony Bennett—Smile; Vic Damone—Gigi; etc.

4. Also: Song of the Islands, On the Beach at Waikiki, etc.

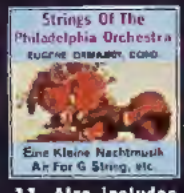
38. "Enormous talent and technique" — Chicago News

40. Blue in Green, Flamenco Sketches, All Blues, etc.

45. One of the most melodically beautiful of all symphonies

44. "One of the great, great albums" — San Francisco Examiner

16. Too Marvelous for Words, Where There's Life, etc.



11. Also includes works by Corelli and Mendelssohn

39. Also: Crusader March, King Cotton, The Thunderer, etc.

47. Wild Man Blues Fine and Mellow, I Left My Baby, 5 more

33. "Superbly played ...exciting listening" —Amer. Record Guide

SEND NO MONEY
—to receive your 5 regular high-fidelity or stereo records—fill in and mail the postage-free card

SPECIAL **5th Anniversary** OFFER

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

offers new members a choice of long-playing 12" records from every field of music

ANY 5

REGULAR FOR ONLY **$1.97** RETAIL VALUE UP TO $25.90

or STEREO FOR ONLY **$2.97** RETAIL VALUE UP TO $30.90

if you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 5 selections from the more than 200 to be made available during the coming 12 months

Records for every musical taste . . .

CLASSICAL • POPULAR • SHOW MUSIC • JAZZ

TO CELEBRATE ITS 5th ANNIVERSARY . . . the Columbia Record Club now offers new members the world's finest high-fidelity 12" long-playing records — either regular or stereo — at truly tremendous savings!

All 49 of the records shown on these pages are now available in both regular high-fidelity and stereo-fidelity (except No. 8 — Listening in Depth — stereo only.)

If you have a standard phonograph, you may join the Club and receive the regular high-fidelity versions of any five of these records —up to a $25.90 retail value—for only $1.97 . . .

. . . and you enroll in any one of the Club's four regular Divisions: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz.

If you have a stereo phonograph, you may join the Club and receive the stereo-fidelity versions of any five of these records — up to a $30.90 retail value — for only $2.97 . . .

. . . and you enroll in either one of the Club's two stereo Divisions: Stereo Classical or Stereo Popular.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding high-fidelity records — both regular and stereo — from every field of music. These selections are described in the Club's Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division, take any of the wide variety of other records offered in all Divisions, or take NO record in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase five selections from the more than 200 Columbia and Epic records to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any additional records . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY: If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing five records, you will receive — FREE — your choice of a Columbia or Epic Bonus record (regular or stereo) for every two additional selections you buy — a 50% dividend.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price, generally $3.98 (Classical $4.98), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

THIS SPECIAL 5th ANNIVERSARY OFFER may never be repeated! So act now — fill in, detach and mail the handy postage-free card today to receive your five regular or stereo records.

IMPORTANT NOTE:
Stereo records must be played only on a stereophonic record player. If you do not now own one, by all means continue to acquire regular long-play high-fidelity records. They will play with true-to-life fidelity on your present phonograph and will sound even more brilliant on a stereo phonograph if you purchase one in the future.

MORE THAN 1,000,000 FAMILIES NOW ENJOY THE MUSIC PROGRAM OF

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Now, if you wish, you may select this smash Broadway hit as one of your five enrollment records

49. Enjoy the complete score including The Sound of Music; Do-Re-Mi; Sixteen Going On Seventeen; Climb Ev'ry Mountain; My Favorite Things; Edelweiss. 18 great tunes in all! "The sweet lilt and gaiety of the Broadway musical hit glow in this Original Cast album." —McCalls.

RETAIL VALUE . . .
$5.98 (Regular); $6.98 (Stereo)

Classical Music!

Performed by the World's Most Distinguished Artists

BRUNO WALTER — LEONARD BERNSTEIN

Broadway Hits!

Best-Selling Original Cast Recordings

REX HARRISON AND JULIE ANDREWS IN A SCENE FROM "MY FAIR LADY" — ETHEL MERMAN — STAR OF "GYPSY"

Popular Best Sellers!

By America's Favorite Recording Stars

JOHNNY MATHIS — DORIS DAY

Great Jazz!

By America's Best Jazzmen

THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET

"Columbia," ®, "Epic," ® Marcas Reg. © Columbia Record Club, Inc., 1060 225

PLAYBOY, SEPTEMBER, 1960, VOL. 7, NO. 9, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. SUBSCRIPTIONS, IN THE U.S., $5 FOR ONE YEAR

AARON BURR has ceased galloping through the streets of Greenwich Village. Henry James, Edgar Allan Poe, Eugene O'Neill and Walt Whitman — Greenwich gadabouts of the past — are gone. Yet the Village — as Herbert Gold surveys it in his essay *The Restless Mecca*, leading off this September issue — is still the nucleus of American ferment. In Gold's view, there may be vanishing Villagers, but there is no vanishing Village. Ron Bradford's stunning diorama and Shel Silverstein's sly sketches assist Herb in making his point.

In a recent issue of *Motive*, the monthly magazine of the Methodist Student Movement, affiliated with the World Student Christian Federation, the Reverend Roy Larson devoted an article to PLAYBOY entitled, *The Lowdown on the Upbeats*. He wrote: "Today, just a little more than six years old, PLAYBOY sells over a million copies a month, outstripping all other 50 or 60 cent magazines, including *Esquire*, in total circulation. Its amazing growth and popularity constitute one of the most spectacular success stories in recent publishing history. . . . What is the basis for its broad appeal? (No pun intended.) My personal explanation for its popularity goes like this: PLAYBOY has a strong, almost irresistible appeal for the young man who is struggling to establish his own identity, to define his own personality, to work out his style of life. Caught up in a reaction against 'blah,' he does not want to be just another person, but wants to show, by his manners, his personal taste in music, food, drink and apparel, that he is someone who is distinctive. . . . And so he needs impersonal guidance and direction and help. Where does he get it? From PLAYBOY, of course." Like Reverend Larson, we've long believed that PLAYBOY is more than just another magazine for men, and that it should be a veritable handbook for the young man-about-town. In keeping with this notion, we're introducing this month an important new feature — *The Playboy Advisor*. In it, every month, we'll answer readers' queries on a wide variety of subjects — from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to etiquette, manners and morals. This is the first of several new features to be added to a bigger, brighter, better PLAYBOY in the issues just ahead.

One of the things that will make the magazine bigger, brighter and better is more cartoons, and we'll be adding several new cartoonists to the stable of PLAYBOY-regulars who contribute consistently to these pages. The first — in this issue — are E. Simms Campbell and Alberto Vargas. Campbell, whose famous Sultan series enlivened *Esquire* for so many years, will now be doing his full-color cartoons exclusively for PLAYBOY, including that old rascal the Sultan himself. Vargas has devoted his artistry to the glorification of American beauty for three decades, from the Ziegfeld Girls of the early Thirties to the voluptuous Varga Girls of the Forties and his first totally undraped damsels published in PLAYBOY back in March 1957; now his seductive sirens will be appearing regularly in this publication.

Fall means football — and football, for us, means our annual *Pigskin Preview* by PLAYBOY-staffer Anson "Smokey" Mount, whose pre-season picks last year proved more accurate than the prognostications of any other national publication. Smokey says he owes the accuracy of his predictions to the help given him by several hundred college scouts, coaches and gridders, who consider PLAYBOY the Big Mag on Campus, plus an invaluable assist from PLAYBOY's own College Reps — students who work for the magazine at more than three hundred schools across the nation — under Anson's supervision. And while you're looking over our football feature, note the truly unusual picture of our entire pre-season All-America first team huddling together in a single photograph. The star gridders were flown in from every part of the country especially for the photo, were entertained that night at The Playboy Key Club, then roused bright and early the following morning for this remarkable pre-season All-America scrimmage at Northwestern's Dyche Stadium. Check our relocated contents page for Smokey's forecast, for some fine fiction, including Bernard Wolfe's charmer, *The Never Ending Penny*, and check it for our checklist of campus wardrobe accoutrements, too; in this and future issues, you'll find said contents page on the back of the *Playbill*, for your convenient, immediate reference. Turn to it now and dig all the goodies this September PLAYBOY holds in store.

MOUNT *(with coach Ara Parseghian)*

CAMPBELL

GOLD, BRADFORD

VARGAS

PLAYBILL

vol. 7, no. 9 — september, 1960

PLAYBOY

Greenwich Village P. 48

Pigskin Preview P. 79

Painted Playmate P. 67

Credit Cards P. 89

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		5
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		27
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		47
THE RESTLESS MECCA—essay	HERBERT GOLD	48
SILVERSTEIN IN GREENWICH VILLAGE—pictorial	SHEL SILVERSTEIN	51
THE GOURMET FRANKFURTER—food		57
OUNCE OF PREVENTION—fiction	BRIAN RENCELAW	59
THE NEVER ENDING PENNY—fiction	BERNARD WOLFE	60
THE PLAYBOY SPORTS CAR—modern living		63
SPORTS CAR ACCOUTREMENTS—modern living		64
PAINTING A PLAYMATE—playboy's playmate of the month		67
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		76
PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW—sports	ANSON MOUNT	79
HIP WITS DISC HITS—entertainment	ROBERT LEGARE	83
WHAT'S AFOOT?—attire	BLAKE RUTHERFORD	84
A POISON PEN FOR DEAR MISS WREN—reminiscence	RAY RUSSELL	87
CREDIT CARDS—satire	JERRY YULSMAN	89
THE THIRD MARTINI—fiction	JOSEPH CARTER	95
CAMPUS CHECKLIST—attire	ROBERT L. GREEN	97
A SHORT HISTORY OF PANTS—article	WILLIAM IVERSEN	101
ON THE SCENE—personalities		102
THE MUSIC LOVER—satire	JULES FEIFFER	105
THE BURNING OF THE BOOKS—ribald classic		106
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel	PATRICK CHASE	144

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *associate publisher and editorial director*

RAY RUSSELL *executive editor* — ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *associate editor* — VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

VICTOR LOWNES III *promotion director* — JOHN MASTRO *production manager*

ELDON SELLERS *special projects* — HOWARD W. LEDERER *advertising director*

ROBERT S. PREUSS *business manager and circulation director*

DON GOLD *assistant editor;* KEN PURDY *contributing editor;* ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director;* BLAKE RUTHERFORD *fashion editor;* THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor;* PATRICK CHASE *travel editor;* LEONARD FEATHER *jazz editor;* ARLENE BOURAS *copy editor;* REID AUSTIN *associate art director;* JOSEPH H. PACZEK *assistant art director;* ELLEN HERMANSON *art assistant;* BEV CHAMBERLAIN *assistant picture editor;* DON BRONSTEIN, POMPEO POSAR *staff photographers;* FERN A. HEARTEL *production assistant;* ANSON MOUNT *college bureau;* JANET PILGRIM *reader service;* WALTER J. HOWARTH *subscription fulfillment manager.*

GENERAL OFFICES, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1960 BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER DESIGN BY ARTHUR PAUL, PHOTOGRAPH BY DON BRONSTEIN; P. 5 PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAYNARD FRANK WOLFE, POMPEO POSAR, DAVID SUTTON; P. 51-55 PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTIN SCHUSTER; P. 57 PHOTOGRAPH BY PLAYBOY STUDIO; P. 79-81 PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON BRONSTEIN, PLAYBOY STUDIO, SHERMAN WEISBURD; P. 84-85 PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLAYBOY STUDIO; P. 87-88 PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLAYBOY STUDIO; P. 102-103 PHOTOGRAPHS BY VINCENT TAJIRI, PETE TURNER, DON BRONSTEIN.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

presents

ART SEMINARS IN THE HOME

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

THE IDEA: A well-rounded course of twelve lectures in which the whole family can participate. You learn by comparison among paintings, utilizing 144 large full-color reproductions of great works which supplement the text . . . it is like being conducted through all the world's great museums with experienced lecturers who point out the fundamental things to look for in every painting you will ever see.

SEE NEXT TWO PAGES FOR DETAILS ➡

A sensible new idea: ASSISTED SELF-EDUCATION

PICTURED CONSIDERABLY REDUCED IN SIZE
Actual page size is 13" x 10"

A Brief Syllabus

...INDICATING THE SCOPE OF THE COURSE

WHAT IS A PAINTING?
General principles of art appreciation. Why various artists chose to paint as they did. Introduction to "modern art"; how to evaluate it.

REALISM: The Painter and the World Around Us
Visual, emotional, intellectual elements. Different forms of "realism" throughout art history.

EXPRESSIONISM: The Painter and the World He Creates
The modern "expressionist movement." Why certain painters departed from realism. How an understanding of expressionist principles brings new meaning to whole areas of painting.

ABSTRACTION: The Painter and the World We Never See
Similarities between an old master and an abstract master painting the same subject. Abstract principles of some famous paintings. How to understand the extreme moderns.

COMPOSITION: Pictures as Patterns
Pictorial composition considered in detail. Functions of composition: decorative, structural, expressive.

COMPOSITION: Pictures as Structures
How perspective and related devices "open up" space in *three-dimensional* relationships. An analysis of the composition in twelve famous paintings.

COMPOSITION: Arrangement as Expression
Twelve paintings in which composition follows no rules but nevertheless solves specific problems. Composition as a means of telling a story, expressing mood.

TECHNIQUES: Fresco
This and the next two portfolios discuss the medium in which a painter works. Frescoes; murals of ancient Rome and China; revival of fresco painting in this century.

TECHNIQUES: Tempera and Oil
Advantages of tempera. Transition from tempera to oil; its effect in widening the expressive range of painting. Techniques of Titian, Rembrandt, others.

TECHNIQUES: Water Color, Pastel and Prints
Various types of prints; Japanese, Chinese, medieval and modern woodcuts—with many examples. Rembrandt etchings; aquatints; Toulouse - Lautrec lithographs; others.

THE ARTIST AS A SOCIAL CRITIC
How artists have expressed their ideas, protested against injustice, commented on man's folly and achievements.

THE ARTIST AS A VISIONARY
Raw materials of an artist's visions. Twelve paintings analyzed and clarified from this point of view.

IN ART through *Art Seminars in the Home*

This First Portfolio sent for FREE EXAMINATION

. . . to acquaint you and your family with this new project. If, after "taking" the first lesson, you are not impressed with the clarity and originality of the instruction, the first portfolio may be returned and the trial subscription ended at once. That is, the first portfolio *need be paid for only if it is kept.* In this latter event, the complete course will proceed as described below.

MANY otherwise cultivated persons seem to have a blind spot with respect to painting. They can stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about." Frequently they are unsure of that. If asked to comment, they are tongue-tied and embarrassed. Any person who suffers from this sense of bafflement has usually been completely without guidance *as to what to look for in paintings.* Either he has never had an opportunity to take an art appreciation course in a university or he has never found it convenient to attend clarifying lecture courses at a museum.

LEARNING BY COMPARISON • These lessons constitute something unique in the field of art education. Each lesson comes in the form of a portfolio. The core of every lesson is a lecture on a specific subject, and in each portfolio is a pocket containing twelve large color reproductions. *These are provided separately so that they can be compared side by side,* in order to clarify whatever points the lecture aims to illuminate. Thus they serve the same function as colored slides thrown upon a screen in a lecture hall. They have a great advantage, however: they can be referred to over and over again.

A REMARKABLE RECORD OF SUCCESS • This fresh approach to art education was launched experimentally about two years ago, under the direction of the Book-of-the-Month Club. To make sure that the unique method of instruction was sound, twenty-five thousand persons—scattered over the country—were allowed to take the first lesson, without obligation, under the simple plan outlined above. *Ninety-six percent continued with the full course.* This would be an extraordinary percentage for any series of personally attended art lectures in any museum.

HOW THE COURSE OPERATES • One can enroll for this program of twelve portfolios just as one would enroll in a semester course in art at a university. The subscriber receives the portfolios consecutively—one comes every thirty days. The price of each portfolio is $3.75 (plus a small charge for mailing). It should be noted that this cost includes the twelve separate full-color reproductions, mat size 9½"x12½", which come with each portfolio. In most retail stores each set of twelve would sell by itself, in comparable reproductions, for from $4 to $7.50.

ART SEMINARS IN THE HOME

c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.

345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

S16-9

PLEASE enroll me as a subscriber to ART SEMINARS IN THE HOME, and send me Portfolio No. 1: *What Is a Painting?* for a two weeks' trial examination. If at the end of that time I decide not to continue the course, I may return the portfolio, canceling the subscription. If I retain it, you will bill me $3.75 for it (plus a small charge for mailing expense), and for each of the remaining portfolios in the Seminars as it is received.

MR. / MRS. / MISS _____ (PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* _____

State _____

PLEASE NOTE: In Canada the price of each portfolio is $4.25 (plus a small charge for mailing expense)

the incredible story

of Paris
tallow leather
and the belt
that is made
to last for years

In this hurly-burly era of "planned obsolescence," it is good to know that there are still people like "Paris"* who believe products should be made to last for years.

The belt shown is superbly crafted of tough, tawny Tallow Leather—remarkable for its incredible past and unbelievable future. About 200 years ago, English saddlemakers used tallow to give choice hides a rare suppleness.

"Paris" craftsmen, with a passion for perfection, have mastered this difficult art, and now rub hardy, well-bred steerhide with tallow until it becomes soft and pliant, smooth and lustrous.

With proper care, this belt will last you many years—never cracking or splitting—requiring only a casual buffing with a soft cloth to maintain its magnificent finish.

Only $3 in the 1″ width, $2.50 in the ¼″ width. At all fine shops.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
A Product of A. Stein & Company
Chicago—New York—Toronto—Los Angeles

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

TAKE A GOOD LOOK

You might be interested in something that occurred in our particular house some weeks ago. My mother, who lives in New Jersey, loves to send the children little gifts. Not being familiar with the content of your excellent magazine, but only with its title, she has been sending it regularly to our two girls (eleven and thirteen years old). Mother has never seen the inside of PLAYBOY, and if you and I are both lucky, that condition will remain unchanged.

Ernie Kovacs
Beverly Hills, California

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Bravo to your editors for their selection of Ellen Stratton as Playmate of the Year. This refreshing beauty deserves a place of honor beside Playmates Joyce Nizzari, Lisa Winters and Janet Pilgrim, so honored in the past.

Bob Fairbanks
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I could think of at least three other Playmates of 1959 who better deserve the title Playmate of the Year.

Rafael O. Jiminez
Mexico City, Mexico

Deeply shocked and surprised that you did not feature Eleanor Bradley as your Playmate of the Year. But then I realized that you must be saving her for the Playmate of the Era.

R. D. Todd
Brockville, Ontario

Upon what criteria did you base your decision to honor Ellen Stratton as Playmate of the Year? Next time, why don't you ask your readers to nominate *their* favorites?

David Johnstone
Los Angeles, California

The Playmate of the Year is chosen annually by the editors of PLAYBOY *with one eye fixed upon the readers' reactions, as expressed in letters to the publication, and one eye fixed firmly on the Playmates themselves. Few things are more personal and a greater source of potential controversy than a man's individual taste in beautiful women, but* PLAYBOY*'s editors and readers have been in agreement four times out of four, thus far, in choosing an annual favorite. The most popular Playmate with readers in 1959, Ellen Stratton; second: Eleanor Bradley, third: Elaine Reynolds.*

Ellen Stratton is indeed beautiful, but why didn't you choose, as Playmate of the Year, Judy Lee Tomerlin?

George O'Neill
Port Credit, Ontario

Judy Lee was not a Playmate in 1959; she appeared in June of 1958.

REQUIEM FOR RADIO

I was warmed by the infra-red glow of pure nostalgia in Charles Beaumont's *Requiem for Radio* in your May number. It holds charm, chuckles, and even a few sniffles for such as I. The whole land will agree with Mr. Beaumont that radio is dead, but nowhere in his splendid funeral oration does he suggest how it died. Given no suspicion to the contrary, we are led to assume it croaked of natural causes. But it didn't. It was moidered. After which, Madison Avenue threw the carcass to the disc jockeys. But although radio is dead to all intents, purposes, ratings and audiences, it does have unique regenerative powers; and the wonderful things that Mr. Beaumont speaks of could come back — at a fraction of their original cost, which itself was a fraction of TV costs. Recordings of *Fall of the City*, or Welles' Mars invasion, or *Johnny Got His Gun*, or *The Odyssey of Runyon Jones* — all of which are beyond the technical capacity of TV to produce — could be broadcast easily; and is it antic to think that a few hundred thousand or a million listeners might conceivably pass up a TV Western or *The Price Is Right* to hear such a program? Nothing happens in programing by accident. Whether certain types of programs shall be dead, alive, in limbo or in exile, is decided by half a dozen policy men in New York — and the audience ratings (as John Crosby, God bless him, has been stoutly insisting) have much less to do with it than appears to the naked eye. So maybe radio doesn't have to be a certified stiff. Maybe it's just in a deep

PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S. AND POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, $14 FOR THREE YEARS, $11 FOR TWO YEARS, $6 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD $3 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: HOW ARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR, 720 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK, CI 5-2620. ADVERTISING PRODUCTION: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 EAST OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS, MI 2-1000. LOS ANGELES REPRESENTATIVE, BLANCHARD-NICHOLS ASSOCIATES, 633 SOUTH WESTMORELAND AVENUE, LOS ANGELES 5, CALIFORNIA, DU 8-8134. SAN FRANCISCO REPRESENTATIVE, BLANCHARD-NICHOLS ASSOCIATES, PHILLIPS AND VAN ORDEN BUILDING, 901 THIRD STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, DE 6-6343. SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, SOUTHEAST ADVERTISING SALES, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, MIAMI 32, FLORIDA, FR 1-2103.

MY SIN

. . . a most provocative perfume!

LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

YOUNG MAN with what it takes to cut the mustard

The job in front of you: the Boss' daughter. Nice, she's worth the effort, when you have to swing it, after 5 and on week-ends. How our man snags her: the Mustard Colored Sportcoat. Bright, she can't miss you . . . just one of many new, very bright Cricketeer colors. Catsup, French and English Mustard, The Stone Colors. Picture the wedding reception, The Boss up to his ears in champagne, "yup, this young man cuts the mustard". Our horseblanket plaid, $45, other sportcoats less. Cricketeer Get-Ahead suits, $59.95 to $75, all with vests. For stores, contact

CRICKETEER®

201 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

This is appeal #21 to The Young Man Who Wants To Make $10,000 A Year Before He's 30.

COLLEGE MEN: for free Back-To-School Clothes Guide with correct dress for South, West, East, North, schools, write Cricketeer. (*slightly higher in West) ® Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

coma that need not be as perpetual as it looks from here. However, should it ultimately die stone cold irrefutably dead for ever and ave, then I can think of no finer chief mourner and chanter than Charles Beaumont to whom I am already indebted for what I choose to regard as only a provisional requiem

Norman Corwin
Sherman Oaks, California

Thanks for the beautiful nostalgia in Charles Beaumont's *Requiem for Radio*. I didn't think there were any of us left who cared.

Norm Benedict
Columbia, Missouri

Radio is not entirely dead. At least it is not dead on KNX, Los Angeles. The reference to sound men being things of the past made the three sound men who work daily, Monday through Friday, on a program called *Condylis and Grant* very angry and hurt, to say the least. Most of the effects mentioned in Mr. Beaumont's article are created and re-created every day on this program. And who has been one of the directors of this program since *Condylis and Grant* went on the air in June 1959? None other than Gordon Hughes, the man Mr. Beaumont says "was the grand master of an art lost to us."

Bob Grant
KNX
Los Angeles, California

Like so many others who enjoyed writing, producing and directing during the halcyon days of radio, I regret its passing. It was a unique and challenging form of the entertainment business that died too young, at least vaudeville and burlesque had long lives. I suppose many of us regret its passing because we are now engaged in writing, producing and/or directing television, which the late Fred Allen so aptly decried as a "treadmill to oblivion."

Gordon Hughes
Target Productions, Inc.
Hollywood, California

I very much enjoyed *Requiem for Radio* in the May issue. It sharpened my own recall of the action-packed adventure serials of my not too-distant childhood and reinforced my opinion that PLAYBOY is devoted not only to sports cars and seduction, but also to worth-while writing.

Charles E. Blair
San Francisco, California

Requiem for Radio brought back many happy memories.

Gerald Ramey
New Berlin, New York

With the publication in the May issue of Charles Beaumont's article, *Requiem*

Round Table zipper cardigan $16.95/Camlan pullover $14.95

chain mail knits in charcoal, grey, and gold

Left, Frank Gifford. Right, Bob Cousy. Both wearing the exceptional new chain mail knit featuring the fashionable new charcoal, grey, and gold.

Note the nubs in the texture; this is one of the unique knits that we have achieved in our explorations for new fabric textures. It promises to be a favorite of sportsmen who examine workmanship, styling, taste, and insist on unobtrusive design.

We suggest that you consult your haberdasher soon about the sweaters shown here. Ask to see the other colors. However, we must tell you sweaters are not, compared to the demand, in sufficient supply.

Jantzen Inc., Portland 3, Oregon

Jantzen sportswear for sportsmen

Left KEN VENTURI, wearing the Jantzen golf sweater, shortly before winning the Crosby tournament on the Monterey peninsula; FRANK GIFFORD in the chain mail knit; WARREN MILLER in a bulky Triple Crown sweater; BUD PALMER in an argyle shag. All photos by TOM KELLEY

New broad shouldered look

This bold fountain pen fits a man's hand and a man's way of writing. Feels solid and comfortable in your grip... writes easy, fills clean and quick, the exclusive Snorkel Pen way. Distinctive, hand-ground, inlaid point. Eight point styles, choice of models and colors. Sets $14.95 to $35, pens $10 to $25. Just say "PFM—Pen For Men."

SHEAFFER'S

© 1960, W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., FORT MADISON, IOWA • SHEAFFER PENS • MAIDO BEARING ALOY

for Radio, I was transported, as I am sure were many others, back to the wonderful world of childhood. In my estimation it is the finest article you have had to date.

Buzz Burza
Milton, Wisconsin

Trusting I won't be sued, I am writing to tell you I took the liberty of reading parts of Charles Beaumont's *Requiem for Radio* on my program last night. After the roll call of long lost names had died away, the telephone very nearly blew off the wall. It seemed as though everyone who had ever tuned in to *Gang Busters* called us. And I swear there were lumps in some of those throats. It appears we cleaned your magazine off the shelves at the local stand, too, for there's not a copy available this morning.

William Dowson
Production Manager
CJDV
Drumheller, Alberta

I came damn close to shedding a real tear for our departed friend—radio. Charles Beaumont's *Requiem for Radio* was brilliantly done. Wouldn't it also be great to hear again the beautifully unrigged quiz shows where sixty-four dollars was one hell of a pile of cash and where a box of candy and "two tickets to next week's production" made a pretty fair consolation prize?

Loran Harmon
Metairie, Louisiana

Can "nostalgia" fully define Charles Beaumont's *Requiem for Radio*? I believe those of us who remember those glorious days of yesteryear have much more than a merely nostalgic feeling for our dear old friend.

Roger Burcher
Colorado Springs, Colorado

As a loyal Secret Squadron member and follower of the adventures of Jack Armstrong, The Green Hornet, The Lone Ranger, et al., it was like a refreshing drink from the fountain of youth to read *Requiem for Radio*.

N. F. Eubanks
Washington, D.C.

Having just read *Requiem for Radio* through twice (once for myself, once aloud to my wife), I am moved to write a simple thank-you note.

R. H. Hoot
Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania

Reading *Requiem for Radio* was like putting a big stack of Tommy Dorsey and Glenn Miller platters on the turntable and just sitting back and reminiscing.

S. Edward Bishop
Miami, Florida

be the man
you want
to be!
Get revved up
and go in the
new 3-piece
CORDUROY CONVERTIBLE
You're every inch a man in this easy-going sport outfit that's actually "a wardrobe-in-itself!" Natural-shouldered jacket lined in an Antique print has a jaunty matching breast pocket handkerchief. You'll go for the center vent, hacking pockets and Antique crested metal buttons. Post-Grad slacks are pencil-slim, plainly terrific. Rounded vest reverses to match jacket lini and handkerchief. Wear the Convertible everywhere — in all kinds of combinations — you'll never look better in your life!
The 3-piece Convertible ... $29.95
Reversible vest alone ... $5.95
Post Grad slacks alone ... $6.95
ACTIVE MEMBER
SPORTS-CAR
CLUB
SPONSORED BY his
h·i·s
SPORTSWEAR
Don't envy H·I·S. wear them

FIRST CLASS
and Greyhound's the way to get there!...

From Coast to Coast and Border to Border, students by the thousands are heading back to the first class of the new semester... by Greyhound. Fashion-watchers will delight in the style-wise co-eds bussing by Greyhound. Money-watchers will be delighted when they discover how much less it costs to go by bus than by any other form of public transportation.

Figure-watchers will be equally delighted to learn that comparing National Safety Council reports and Greyhound records proves Greyhound is the safest way to travel.

Sociologically, economically, and anthropologically, it's so much fun to take the bus...*and leave the driving to us.* That's why so many "A" students, "B" students, campus queens and four-letter men are going back to the first class of the year by Greyhound. How about YOU?

GREYHOUND

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS

Requiem for Radio is the most enjoyable article I have read in a long, long time.

Harry J. W. Kuell
Nicosia, Cyprus

Charles Beaumont's *Requiem for Radio* provided much bittersweet pleasure.

Richard Fischhauer
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

There's never time enough to write all the letters I would like to, but in this instance I feel compelled to take the time and heartily commend Charles Beaumont for his excellent article *Requiem for Radio*. I'm sure the majority of radio people both past and present, received a considerable amount of personal pleasure from this piece.

Jim Wood
WIBG
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I found the Beaumont piece an exceedingly interesting one, naturally. One point of correction: neither Mr. Corwin (who followed me, chronologically speaking, in his radio writing career) nor myself, pioneered many of those radio-as-an-art-form techniques. They were begun, on American radio, by the late Willis Cooper, a very unsung pioneer.

Arch Oboler
Studio City, California

Who needs homesickness by Charles Beaumont? Who needs radio?

R. LaMont
Rochester, New York

PHOTOGRAM

Sorry, but you *haven't* coined a new word in "photogram" (*Playboy After Hours*, May). The editors of the British magazine *Amateur Photographer* published, and probably still do, an annual volume containing the best photographs of the preceding year. The title: *Photograms of the Year*.

Tony Sloga
Toronto, Ontario

The word "photogram" is not "languishing in the limbo of unborn, unwanted words." It is used to define a print made by placing varied objects directly on a piece of photographic paper and exposing this to white light, sometimes utilizing an enlarger with no negative in its carrier.

J. K. Strong
Winnipeg, Manitoba

The insomnia that produced your brooding about the words "telegraph" and "telegram" captures my attention not so much because of my interest in orthography as because I am interested in fellow-sufferers. To cure yourself I would suggest that you follow this prograph.

Dickies®
SPORT COATS

Subdued plaids in corduroy, with crested metal buttons and rich lining. Subdued price, too.

Write for address of nearest dealer

Williamson-Dickie Mfg. Co., Fort Worth, Texas

ILLINOIS
Alton, Codes Motor Co.
Barrington, Bender-Rieger, Inc
Belleville, Oliver C. Joseph, Inc.
Belleville, Oliver Plymouth
Berwyn, Walter Schroeder Motors, Inc.
Bloomington, Rust Cadillac Co.
Carbondale, Hunter Motor Co
Champaign, World Wide Motors
Chicago, Lee Alan Imports
Chicago, Della Import Motors, Inc
Chicago, Hauser Import Motors
Chicago Heights, Northtown Motor Co.*
Danville, Shakespeare Motors*
Decatur, Midwest Roesbler Corp
DeKalb, Sawyer Service Station
Granite City, Swenson-Maresse Buick Co.
Hinsdale, Hinsdale Import Motors
Jerseyville, Cope Motor Co.
Mt. Prospect, Bender-Rieger, Inc.
Mt. Vernon, W-G Motors, Inc
Olney, Eapleson Olds-Cadillac Co.
Peoria, Character Cars, Inc.
Rockford, Forest City Imported Cars, Ltd.
Springfield, Rallye Motors, Ltd.
Streator, Samors Motor Co
Wilmette, Imperial Motors, Inc

INDIANA
Fort Wayne, Cloverleaf Motors, Inc.
Gary, Snowden Motor Sales
Indianapolis, Imported Cars, Inc
Indianapolis, Monarch Auto Sales, Inc
Jeffersonville, Fall City Auto Imports, Inc.
Lafayette, D. M. Foxworthy, Inc.
Logansport, Louis Imported Motors
Michigan City, Frick Motors, Inc
Muncie, Dutch Hurst Motors
Richmond, Brown Motor Co.*
South Bend, Hoosier International Motors
Valparaiso, Grieger Motor Sales
Warsaw, Hoosier International Motors

IOWA
Burlington, Ingham Auto Sales*
Davenport, Tri-City Foreign Cars, Inc
Des Moines, Goodman Motor Company
Fort Dodge, Johnston Import Motors
Ottumwa, Glover Motor Co
Waterloo, Marken Motor Co

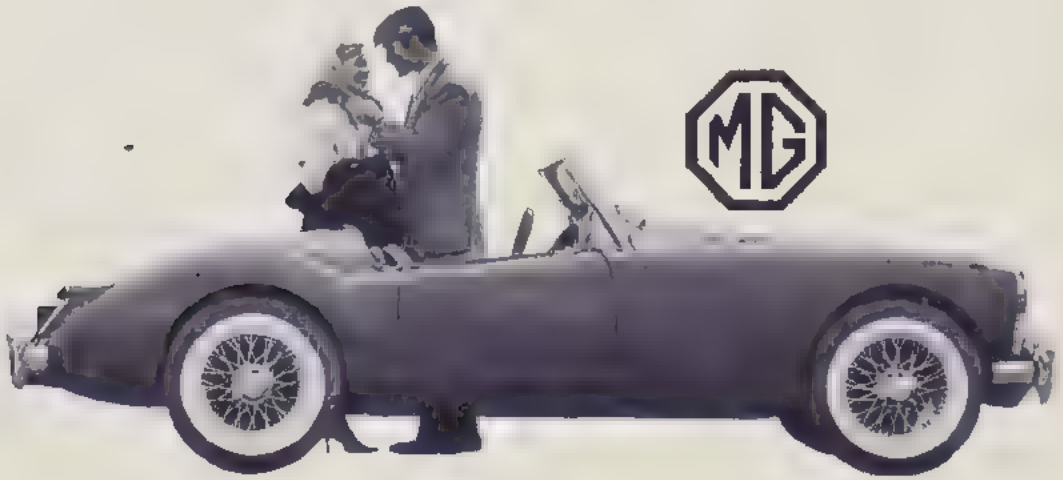
OHIO
Akron, Malion Motor Corp.*
Cadiz, Long Motors, Inc
Cambridge, Cambridge Sport Shop
Cincinnati, Charles Raymond, Inc.
Cleveland, Car France, Inc
Cleveland, MG Motor Sales, Inc.
Cleveland, Quality Auto Sales, Inc
Cleveland Heights, Jaguar-Cleveland Motors, Inc.
Columbus, Eastway Sports Cars, Inc.
Columbus, Imported Motor Car Co.
Cuyahoga Falls, Akron Cars, Inc
Dayton, Car Imports of Dayton, Inc
East Liverpool, East Liverpool Central Service Co.
Mansfield, Suburbanite Motors of Ohio, Inc.
Massillon, Stark Sports Cars, Inc
Reading, Continental Motors, Ltd.*
Sandusky, Sandusky Imported Motors
Spencerville, Jack Hardesty, Inc
Toledo, Foreign Cars of Toledo, Inc.
Warren, Mahan's Imported Autos, Inc.*
Willoughby, Stoddard Imported Cars, Inc
Youngstown, Red's Foreign Car Imports, Inc.*

WISCONSIN
Appleton, Biddle Foreign Cars
Fond du Lac, Biddle Foreign Cars
Madison, Foreign Cars of Madison, Inc
Marinette, Grant Gordon
Milwaukee, Louis Auto, Inc
Milwaukee, Wisconsin Auto Sales Co.
Sheboygan, Roewardt-Thomsen, Inc.
Wisconsin Rapids, Baker Pontiac

*Austin Dealer Only

MIDWEST DISTRIBUTOR
S.H. ARNOLT, Inc.
Nuffield Sales Div.
2130 N. Lincoln Ave.
Chicago 14, Illinois
Austin Sales Div.
415 E. Erie St.
Chicago 11, Illinois

What is a true sports car? One born in competition—like the MG? Or one bred for the more tranquil joys of motoring just for the fun of it—like the MG? Two cars? No, one magnificent car, the new MGA '1600', a safe, comfortable, go-anywhere kind of machine submissive as a kitten, but cross-bred with tigers from the high-pressure lairs of racing. This is the safest, fastest car ever to wear the Octagon, and more than ever it is the best known, best liked symbol of what a sports car should be. The MGA '1600' isn't just a "Men Only" machine, nor does it wear a petticoat. It's a sociable sort, a go-halvers car that makes driving a participation sport of both master and mate. Cozy into the comfortable cockpit and see for yourselves. Just trade seats as co-pilots, taking turns at the wheel and experience a mutual pleasure in the responsive steering, firmly steadfast suspension and superb stability of this car that keeps its feet on the ground—whether "cruising" at 80 or topping 100 mph. Fade free disc brakes on the front wheels, improved hydraulics on the rear, keep you in firm command. No wonder this fleet champion has always been America's favorite sports car! Arrange for a test drive today!



A product of **The British Motor Corporation, Ltd.,** makers of Austin, Austin-Healey, MG, Magnette and Morris cars. Represented in the United States by Hambro Automotive Corp., Dept. H-1, 27 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. Sold and serviced in North America by over 1,000 distributors and dealers

ALLIGATOR...the coat you'll live in anywhere, any weather

Wherever you find people, you'll find Alligator—America's most wanted coats! Alligator gives you the protection you need—the widest choice in fabric, fit and fashion you want. All wool worsted gabardines, smart fancy wools, colorful finest yarn-dyed cottons in plains and woven patterns, Kodel* polyester blends, Dacron† polyester blends—Dacron waterproofs, too. Unbeatable values, $11.95 to $70.75. At better stores.

BELOW: *the* SAMTHUR. *Fine bold twill cotton gabardine. Patch pockets, ticket pocket. "Just-below-the-knee" length. Plaid lined. Alligator's dependable, durable water repellent. $19.95.*
From the best name in all-weather coats and rainwear...

Alligator®
All-weather coats

*Eastman T.M.
†Dupont T.M.

The Alligator Company St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

Tiptoe to your liquor closet and pour yourself a draph of Seagraph's VO—you know, out of one of those bottles you got as Christmas gramt. Then get back into bed and be sure to keep out of dramts. This is a sure-fire remedy; it comes straight from my old graphpa.

Theodore M Bernstein
The New York Times
New York, New York

Our thanks to all you gentlemen, and special thanks to Mr. Bernstein, author of the popular "Watch Your Language." Anything for a lam, eh, Ted?

SWEATER GIRLS

In your story of last December on the new French actresses (*Building a Better Brigitte*), you have mistakenly captioned photos of the two girls fighting in the dormitory scene from the film *Bal de Nuit*. It is not the talented Miss Pascale Audret who is having the sweater torn from her, but another girl whose name I do not know.

George Hill
Paris, France

You're right, George, and our apologies to the talented Miss Pascale Audret who came out, not second best in the struggle of the sweaters, as we reported, but first. Pascale is not losing her sweater in the pictures, but helping the other girl lose hers.

FAR OUT FILMS (CONT'D)

The Far Out Films is the best piece on this subject I have read anywhere.

Thomas J Brandon
Brandon Films, Inc
New York, New York

The Far Out Films was a long time in coming, but well worth the wait. Cinema 16, here in New York, is a wonderful example of avant-garde moviemaking, but often leaves a good deal to be desired. I was happy to read this well-rounded survey of the entire field.

Paul Tutone
Brooklyn, New York

Arthur Knight's article, *The Far Out Films*, indicates that someone, at least, is making films with imagination.

Joseph J. Oberkrieser
Orchard Park, New York

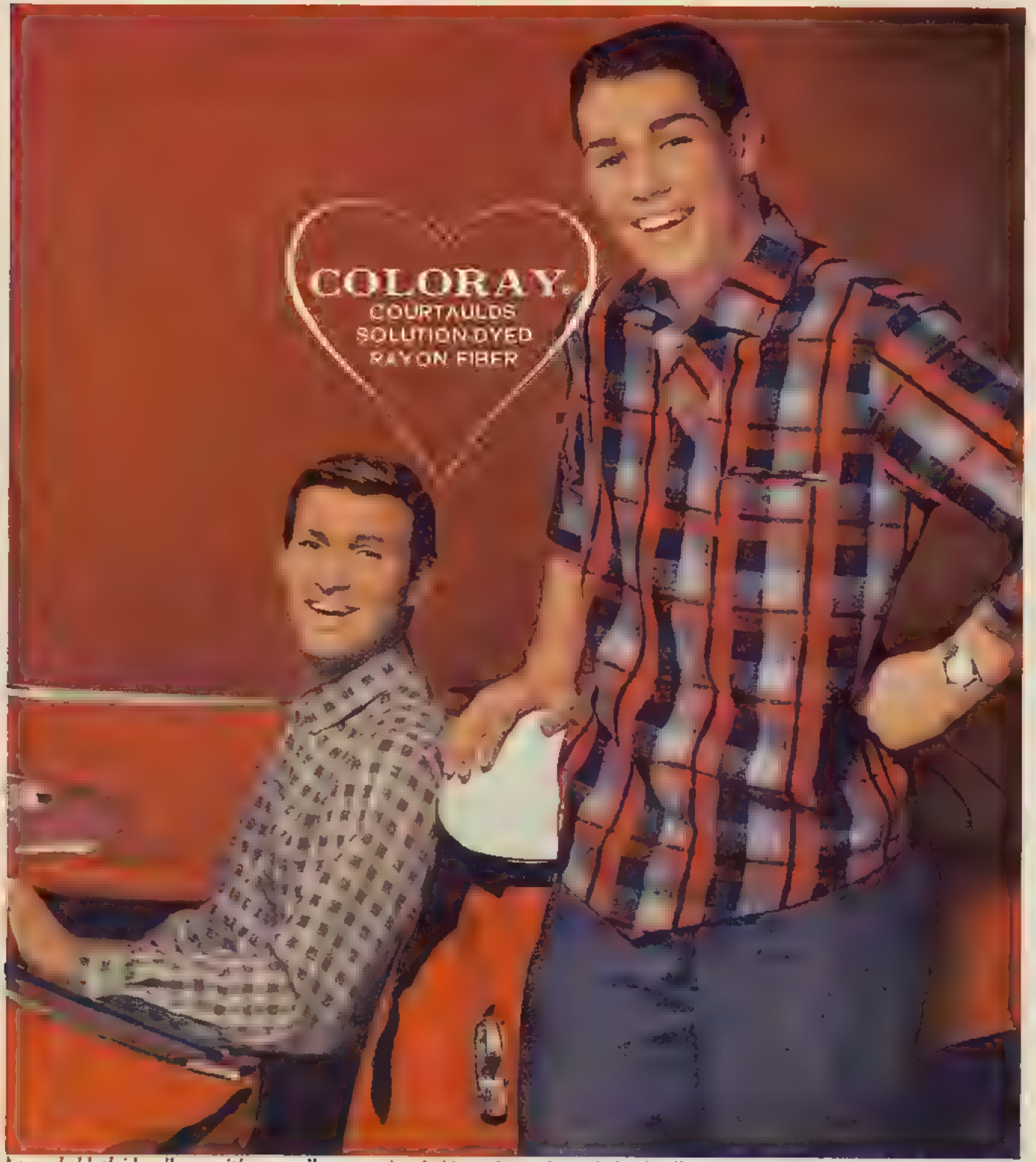
I can't begin to express my appreciation for the inclusion in your April issue of Mr. Arthur Knight's article, *The Far Out Films*.

Kenneth Young
Roseville, California

TAX VOBISCUM

The April piece, *Tax Vobiscum*, by Julian Werner, was quite interesting. The frank and open approach to the issues involved, without the usual circumvention and side stepping was refreshing indeed. Uncle Sam may pant but I am sure that many of his nieces

THE HEART OF THESE *BUD BERMA* SHIRTS



Loray bold plaid pullover with news all over: pointed shirt tail, continental shawl collar, three-quarter sleeves. Red, brown, blue. Devereaux traditional Ivy style in richly muted smaller-scale plaid. Gold, grey, olive. About $4.95, at good stores everywhere.

For flash, the blockbuster pullover with pointed shirt tail. For quiet, the toned-down button-down. Either way, you've got a shirt that's better-behaved than wool because it's 100% Coloray, Courtaulds' solution-dyed rayon with downy softness and glowing color that can't be washed out or worn out. Coloray, a product of Courtaulds (Alabama) Inc., 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.

COURTAULDS
COLORAY.

Carl Reiner: Actor, Playwright, Author, and Playboy.

Lucky Reggie, with all that money to throw around. Buys his Kohlúa* for Pom in Mexico. Spends $525 for a fun-filled weekend and brings back five bottles. Pues $105 a bottle

We've a word of advice. If Reggie bought dear Pomelo's Kohlúa right here in the good old U.S. he could save enough for a few minks suitable for dragging into restaurants and using for car coats. He figures to save about $1171.80 a case. So can you!

Kahlúa is a coffee liqueur...and great. It's best all alone in a glass (clear crystal for holding up to the fireplace and dreaming). It's something new when it's mixed with vodka over ice and called a Black Russian. There are many, many, many more ways. Send for the free Kahlúa recipe book suitable for reading out loud at mixed parties.
Write: Kahlúa SA, Avenida Juan Sanchez Azcona 1447, Mexico 12, DF.
Wait for nine days, then send an angry letter. You'll get it eventually.

53 proof KAHLÚA coffee liqueur

Jules Berman & Associates, Inc., Beverly Hills, California

and nephews will beam. Let's have some more of the same.

Leonard H. Stoll
Los Angeles, California

The article in your April issue, *Tax Tobacum*, was most enlightening and enjoyable. Mr. Weiner writes about a subject that has always been near and dear to the pockets of his readers. And, consistent with the style of PLAYBOY, the author's approach is quite romantic, whether it be with words or figures! After reading Mr. Weiner's dissertation and then filing their tax returns, the readers of his article should wisely invest a small part of their tax savings in a three-year subscription to PLAYBOY.

Barnett Reiskin
Brooklyn, New York

Your tax tips deserve high praise from every taxpayer. I have profited from your expense-deduction suggestions on my 1959 return.

A. A. Sevent, President
S & K Publications, Inc.
Santa Monica, California

Extremely clever and most informative.

Ted T. Fox, Manager
Bank of America
Los Angeles, California

I have just read Julian Weiner's *Tax Tobacum* in the April PLAYBOY and as a new subscriber was surprised to see in your pages such an intellectual article on the avoidance and attempted evasion of taxation.

W. J. Zimmerman
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Tax Tobacum the article by Julian Weiner, does violent injustice to Judge Learned Hand's famous quotation, "Nobody owes any public duty to pay more than the law demands: taxes are enforced exactions, not voluntary contributions." I'm quite sure that Judge Hand was not suggesting paying *less* than the law demands.

Phillip Singer
Los Angeles, California

The article *Tax Tobacum* is indicative of the moral decadence that is making America sick. Your gall in opening with a quotation from Judge Learned Hand on fairness regarding paying our taxes—only to revert, in the remainder of the piece, to advice on outright chiseling—is a shocking example of the thinking of too many Americans. Cancel my subscription.

Don McBride
Phoenix, Arizona

BABYLON

Arthur Clarke's *I Remember Babylon*, in the May PLAYBOY, has confirmed my

What a team of light-stepping winners! Vibrant varsity colors have been fashioned by Mansfield into soft-touch campus casuals! Glove-soft, yet rugged buckhide leathers, foam-cushioned soles and new low-sweep stitching give you a springy, walk-on-a-cloud satisfaction that can't be matched. These Mansfield Blazers take top honors for class and comfort, as you'll discover when you slip on a pair at your Bostonian dealer's.

Blazers are available in a wide range of Varsity Colors including.

Flag Red *Sailor White* *Blazer Blue* *Smoke Grey*

Mansfield Blazers put varsity color at your feet

by Bostonian

Top #9080, Tan Stallion glove leather Left #9047, Burnished Olive buckhide Center #9082, Florida Sand buckhide slip-on Right #9069, Burnished Bronze buckhide . Other Blazers in slip-on and boot styles Most Mansfield styles $11.95 to $18.95. Also makers of Bostonians and Bostonian Boys. © 1966 Mansfield Shoes Brockton, Mass.

BRAD knows

no matter how fast or how high success may take him, he can still knock a duck out of the sky in one shot, toss a fast football to his young son. He has kept his values, knows what's real and what isn't. Sees the nobility of wool, pure and true. Wool jacket, warm and dry against autumn damp that seeps into the marrow of the bones. Likes the touch of wool, rough, satisfying, deeply alive with a spirit nothing can imitate. Finds wool, since his college days, a mark of good breeding, instinctively right at any given moment. Brad knows that nothing measures up to wool.

Wool jacket about $45.00 by Stanley Blacker. For further information, write Brad, The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.

faith in the high literary standards set by your magazine.

George W. Playdon
Troy, New York

Knowing Arthur C. Clarke as I do, I believe every word of *I Remember Babylon*, down to the bottom of page 94. As for the rest, the science is, of course, correct. The propaganda is, unfortunately, quite possible.

Dr. Willy Ley
Jackson Heights, New York

The danger dramatized in *I Remember Babylon* could well become a reality.

John Pierce
Bell Telephone Laboratories
Murray Hill, New Jersey

Arthur Clarke's *I Remember Babylon* may sound melodramatic, but we are living in a melodramatic world, and it's all too true! In another ten years or so, two satellites about 180 degrees apart will provide ninety percent of humanity with a hundred TV channels and many thousands of radio channels. I suggest that we don't try shooting down a stationary satellite because we might mess up the diurnal orbit, which is going to be the world's most valuable real estate. Besides, the same effect can be achieved in other ways, like bouncing programs off the Moon. Let's see them shoot *that* down.

Lewis J. Grant, Jr.
Chicago, Illinois

I just finished reading Arthur C. Clarke's *I Remember Babylon* in your May issue and Mr. Clarke's fears regarding the brainwashing of the people in the "land of Lincoln and Franklin and Melville" he loves and wishes well seem to me entirely preposterous. For, you see, your whole country has been thoroughly and successfully brainwashed already. I offer as proof: most American films, all American television, most American novels, comic strips and magazines—including PLAYBOY.

Arturo Martinez Caceres
Mexico City, Mexico

I Remember Babylon is a disturbing story. It extrapolates a possible end result of moral degeneration. Symptoms of this moral degeneration may be found in such a materialistic magazine as PLAYBOY.

Dennis Kavanagh
Meriden, Connecticut

Your logic, Messrs. Caceres and Kavanagh, is a wee bit wobbly. If PLAYBOY *were indeed an agent of moral degeneration (which we don't concede for a moment), Mr. Clarke's disturbing extrapolation would never have been allowed in our pages.*

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

If this magazine has given Las Vegas a lot of attention over the years via ardent articles and pectoral pictorials, it's probably because we feel that Nevada is one of America's last frontiers, a citadel that has not yet fallen to the encroaching hordes of NOLs (Nasty Old Ladies, a virulent Anti-Fun Faction). We regret to report, at this time, that although Vegas, and perhaps Reno, are still the anything-goes communities we've known and loved for lo these many moons, the Nevada town of Stateline—a gambling spot, on the south shore of Lake Tahoe, which we recently visited—has fallen to the enemy. Even before unpacking our bags, we were aware that the NOLs had arrived in northern Nevada ahead of us, and in all too short a time, we learned to what extent they've invaded this lake-shore Disneyland for crap shooters. It all began when casino owners started employing polls to find out where the real suckers were hidden. Controlling the family funds, presumably by outliving their work-weakened mates, the NOLs, it was discovered, are the suckers of all time. Thus, the casino management happily hired bus companies to pick up *en masse* the NOLs from points as far away as San Jose, California, charging little or nothing for the round-trip rides. The NOLs fell for the pitch like shot pigeons, but they have exerted their baleful influence. While elbowing their way into controlling the play of the machines and tables, the NOLs have, in no uncertain terms, let the management know how they want things run. Not only is the nude from Las Vegas fought with spiteful vengeance, but even the dress of change girls has undergone metamorphosis. No longer flashy, sexy or even remotely eye-catching, the change girl is now turned out like a schoolgirl skipping to early-morning class. The abundance of name talent notwithstanding, the bar shows at Stateline are screened for "family" enjoyment, this despite the fact that minors are not allowed into casino areas. The decolletage of sophisticated female performers is checked as though for a Sunday afternoon television show. While Granny is tossing her dice, the grandchildren are being wooed in the Kiddies' Theatre. In restaurants, where minors are allowed, it is family night every night, complete with kiddie plates, and club routines of such comics as Ernie Kovacs or Jack Carter are properly tempered to meet the requirements of the NOLs. It is, in truth, no longer a place we like very much. It is now the oasis of wilted organdy. Ask when Lili St. Cyr is coming to the lounge stage, and a club bouncer will wash your mouth out with soap. This we dug not, so we hopped the next flying machine to our old favorite, Vegas, where we had a ball. But through the fun—like a vague and persistent headache—we wondered: If Stateline has fallen, can Vegas be far behind? To the city fathers of Vegas—indeed, to fun-lovers and free souls all over—we must therefore quote a corny but memorable utterance: Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

•

The melancholy message tacked on a Bethesda, Maryland, restaurant wall is: FREE LUNCH—NOW $1.

•

Who needs conversational clinkers like: "Lotsa luck" . . . "Be my guest" . . . "Too much" . . . "Easy does it" . . . "Take it easy" . . . "Be good" . . . "Now he tells me" . . . "You can't miss it" . . . "Can do" . . . "Will do" . . . "Long time no see" . . . "Between us girls" . . . "Big deal!" . . . "The powers that be" . . . "You *do* that little thing" . . . "Let's face it" . . . "Who needs it?"

•

Consider this idiocy of censorship: In England, where no one under sixteen can see a film that bears an "X" certificate, moppet Janina Faye will have to wait five years to see her own performance in public. It seems that *Never Take Sweets From a Stranger*, in which Janina plays a key role, has been deemed unfit for young eyes.

•

In Detroit, an electrical contractor's truck bears the sign: CALL US. WE'LL REMOVE YOUR SHORTS.

•

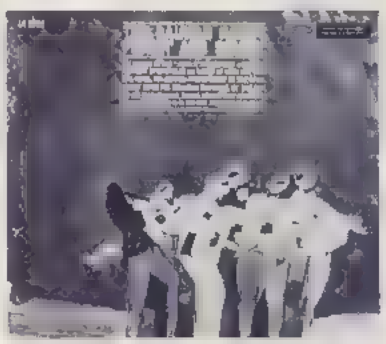
Deftly juxtaposed on the epigraph page of British writer Neil Bell's collection, *Corridor of Venus*, are two quotations which suggest that what makes one Sammy run does not necessarily make another Sammy do the same: "As soon as any art is pursued with a view to money, then farewell all hope of genuine good work" (Samuel Butler). "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money" (Samuel Johnson).

•

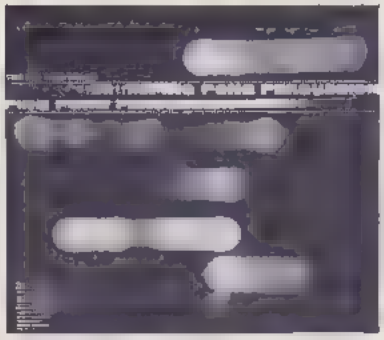
Our heart goes out to those strong souls secure enough to admit their own mistakes, especially when they do so in the grand manner as did Capitol Records in a press release we herewith reproduce: "Our classics man was indisposed last week and the pop-music types took a crack at writing up the classical album release. The results—as you probably know—were disastrous. Some examples: The three compositions contained in the album *Italian Landscapes*—Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony*, Hugo Wolf's *Italian Serenade*,

what ever happened to fun?

MUSIC FOR SILENT MOVIES... Fireman, save my .Ladies Please Remove Your. The perils of... It's all here and in stereo, too! An album no silent movie goer should be without. LN 3713/BN 577 Stereo



RAUNCH HANDS PICKIN' AND SINGIN' Today's trends in music as seen through the satirical eyes of six hardy Harvard Ivy Leaguers. A yard and a half of select selectrons. Some folk, some poke. Some old, some bold. LN 3698



PING PONG PERCUSSION.. Chuck Sagle and his Orchestra The speakers of the house. Your house Dazzling definition, sparkling stereo separation. Twelve great standards Who could ask for anything more. LN 3696/BN 568 Stereo

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF ENTERTAINMENT YOURS ON EPIC RECORDS

® "Epic" Marca Reg. "CBS" T M Printed in U S A

and Tchaikovsky's *Capriccio Italien*—are not, of course, 'three famous pieces of Italian music,' as the news release stated; but rather are three pieces of music by composers who found inspiration in some aspect of Italian life. Richard Strauss' tone poem *Don Juan* is in no way related to an opera, as the news release would have us believe. Our classics man is back on the job; the pop types are back at *their* jobs. And we all ask your indulgence." You have it.

FILMS

Psycho, the Hitchcock jolter from PLAYBOY-contributor Robert Bloch's same-name novel, starts slow but builds to shocks that make the most blasé of moviegoers clutch their partners and let out full throated shrieks of horror in the best tradition. The plot, which wild horses won't drag out of us, involves several handsome people: full-bosomed Janet Leigh (who spends most of the picture in her bra or nude in a shower); Vera Miles as her sister; newcomer John Gavin as the fellow Janet shacks with during lunch hours and for love of whom she swipes $40,000; and Anthony Perkins as a young motel operator. There is also a Mrs. Bates, who is not at all handsome. Which one's the psycho of the title? Go see. Murder is done, of course, and seldom has it been done on the screen in such loving detail, with such lingering lenses, at such length, with such gore and grue. Full of surprises, packed with real body blows, this is expert Guignol entertainment that recalls no other U.S. film but, rather, the goose-fleshy French *Diabolique* and *Wages of Fear* and some of Swedish Ingmar Bergman's most moribund moments. It is such stuff as bad dreams are made on, and is one of the few films about which we can say, without hoke, that coronary types should stay away.

•

It's either a feast or a famine. The film industry has survived for years without a movie about Oscar Wilde—and now there are two to choose from. **Oscar Wilde**, directed by Gregory Ratoff, is a screen version of a two-decade-old play by a couple of people named Stokes; in that old play, the title role was essayed by then newcomer Robert Morley, who repeats his early success for the cameras. The story, of course, is the true and tragic tale of the foppish and brilliant Victorian poet-playwright who, accused by a young man-friend's father of "posing as Sodomite," takes papa to court for the libelous label, is defeated, and is then arrested, tried, convicted and jailed for pederastic practices, emerging a broken man. The Morley film comes

In 10 seconds flat...

Discover the "closest thing to a second shave"

Ten seconds. That's all it takes to rub on Mennen Shave Talc after a shave. And what a difference those ten seconds make. Blemishes and skin irritations disappear. Shaving shine and redness vanish. And as for that last trace of beard well, it's just as if you *had* shaved twice. Not even a shadow remains. Nobody sees the talc, either—skin-tone Mennen *blends right in.* Many men use Mennen Shave Talc *twice* a day. Right after shaving. And just before dinner. Either time it's the "closest thing to a second shave."

MENNEN SHAVE TALC FOR MEN

...closest thing to a second shave

JAYSON AUTHENTIC SHIRTS present a fashionable study in contrasts . . . the neat and the bold. Authentically Ivy in every way, they have collars that button down, front and back. And they're taper-tailored to make you look your best. Left: neat geometrics on cotton oxford in birch, fawn or pewter. Right: heroic heraldics on fine cotton broadcloth in shades of muted loden, antique gold or apricot. About $5.00

Jayson

Available at fine stores everywhere, or write JAYSON, inc., 1115 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

A man gets seen in 417!

The man in "417" is a discerning student of books, women . . . and clothes. While conducting research in the first two categories, he displays his astuteness in the third by wearing a "417" sport shirt. Like all of Van Heusen's authentically styled "417" Collection of dress and leisure wear, his shirt is marked by an air of *confident* good looks and easy comfort. You'll find them at better men's shops . . . everywhere.

FROM THE 417 COLLECTION

by VAN HEUSEN

Write, wire, or phone today!

Did you invent the Bacardi Party?

For a year we've reported that playboys in the South, North, East and West claim *they* invented the Bacardi Party. But could it be *you're* the man we're after? If so, write and give full details—like date, place, and ingredients.

The Bacardi Party, (as you know if you invented it), is where the guests bring Bacardi, and the host supplies the mixings—*as many as he can think of*—ginger beer, cider, cola, etc. Fun!

It's becoming a big thing. So if you're the man who started it all, let's hear from you. There's no prize, but we'll love you for it.

BACARDI
ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

© BACARDI IMPORTS, INC.
595 Madison Ave, NY
Rum . . . 80 proof

alive only when the cameras enter the courtroom: what happens before that point is episodic stages and has the stale "canned" quality that is often the result of haste, too many interior shots, and a generally imperfect transition from stage to screen. ***The Trials of Oscar Wilde,*** written and directed by Ken Hughes, is as its title implies, a re-enactment of the court documents and little more. Peter Finch plays Wilde. Both him skittishly skirt, or only fuzzily touch upon, the fact of Wilde's homosexuality, turning the tragedy from one of a persecuted nonconformist to one of a man railroaded for crimes he did not commit. There's a difference. The two flicks must, then, stand or fall on the performances of the actors playing Oscar. Finch, a most capable performer, is however a handsome leading-man type who projects hearty heterosexuality. He does his best in the role. But Morley is another matter in this unique and gifted actor. Wilde lives again. On the physical level alone, the resemblance is astonishing: here is that same grandiloquent corpulence, those pouting babyish lips, that little parakeet nose set in that vast pyramidal face; here, too, is the cynicism and sentimentality, the winning petulance and unashamed egotism, the incandescent and infuriating wit, the secure poetic eloquence which can defend "the love that dare not speak its name" and move a Victorian courtroom to applause.

•

School for Scoundrels is nothing more than a nickname for that hallowed institution, the College of Lifemanship, presided over by a Professor S. Potter, played by funny Alastair Sim. When Ian Carmichael enrolls, he's the classic sad sack. His office manager keeps putting him down. He's on the verge of losing Janette Scott to a conceited cornball, Terry-Thomas. While Thomas whisks Janette off in a snappy sports car, Ian is stuck with a clunking 1922 roadster. At Sim's school, however, Ian is an honor student. In Partymanship he learns to be the life of any party; in Gamesmanship, he discovers methods for unnerving and defeating better players. And, most important, he masters the wiles of Woomanship. With Sim as his guardian devil, Ian returns equipped to deal with the world. In no time he's steering a Jaguar, governing his office and turning Thomas into a trembling wreck. He takes on Janette, gets her to his apartment and manages to get her drenched and into his bathrobe. What happens after that is the best endorsement any college could acquire.

•

Apparently Arthur Freed, the producer of all those big MGM musical fantasies, saw a chance to cash in on the beatniks. He won't. His latest, ***The Subterraneans,*** is based loosely on Jack

RELIANCE MFG. CO. • 350 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.1 • MAKERS OF AMBLERS SLACKS BY BIG YANK

Wembley®
NECKWEAR

All-Silk Colony Town Foulards

Ties whose cheer-up fashion colors share interest with their smart filigree designs . . . each with Wembley's Color Guide® for correct match with suits. $2.50

Other Wembley Ties to $3.50 at your favorite store.

As seen on Jack Paar Show NBC TV

Kerouac's novel and is so far out it's out. It's supposed to be all about North Beach in San Francisco, where the beatniks meet to bleat. North Beach and its beatniks do exist, of course, but you wouldn't know it from Freed's view. Basically, it's the story of a twenty-eight-year-old novelist who skips through a batch of cleverites, eccentrics and cavorting chicks in search of truth and a Nobel Prize. George Peppard, as the beat writer; Leslie Caron and Janice Rule, as the writhing wonders; and Roddy McDowall as the literary critic Zen mother contribute to the infantile quaking that rules throughout.

•

Perhaps Sinclair Lewis had no particular face in mind when he wrote *Elmer Gantry* in 1927, but he certainly would approve of the bustling, Barnumish revivalist portrayed by Burt Lancaster in the film version of his novel. Lancaster, relying on an idiotic grin, a steely-eyed stare and a pace frantic enough to cop him an endurance award, dominates this story of religious quackery attending a tent show. Lancaster joins the caravan more out of hunger for angelic Jean Simmons than a hankering for Heaven. It doesn't take him long to jostle Jean under a boardwalk in a jingle beautiful scene. Disaster awaits, however, in the form of Shirley Jones, a tasty trollop whose past precedes a meeting with Lancaster behind the altar of his church. But she recalls, "rammed the fear of God into me so fast I didn't even have time to hear my father's footsteps." Vengeful Shirley frames Lancaster, fervent folk tip over the revival site and everything goes up in fire and brimstone. But Lancaster mends matters and the believers flock back like true sheep as the hero marches off to bigger times. Arthur Kennedy, as the reporter who speaks for Lewis, and Edward Andrews, as a terrifyingly true-to-life personification of mediocrity (named Babbitt, of course) are invaluable. From the first wail to the final amen, however, it's Lancaster's tour de force.

DINING-DRINKING

Probably the most elaborate entry in the race to bring cabaret theatre to Chicago is *The Happy Medium* (901 Rush). Major-domos Oscar and George Mercenthal—also of The London House and Mister Kelly's—doled out half a million bennies to construct the place from the ground up. The theatre's interior (three hundred comfy seats ringed by tables plus a single circle of mezzanine tables) was designed by Broadway's Ralph Alswang. On a lower level, there's The Down Stage Room, a cozy cocktail

TO ALL BRAVE, HEALTHY, ABLE BODIED, AND WELL DISPOSED YOUNG MEN

who have any inclination to express their individuality, maintain freedom of thought and dress, resist the pressure to conform to mob rule, THE WILES AND BLANDISHMENTS OF FEMALES determined to dictate their choice of apparel, and the connivance of certain parties to unfairly tax their good taste by inflating the price of fashionable attire beyond the limits of REASON AND EQUITABLE PROFIT and despite all precedent and public protest·

TAKE NOTICE

Daroff, tailor, of the City of Philadelphia (The Cradle of Freedom in Menswear) offers to one and all, whigs, tories, and free-thinkers alike, INDEPENDENCE FROM COMPROMISE. Neither styles that make grown men ludicrous, nor workmanship that tries their patience. Rather, a well-tempered balance combining the much-desired AUTHENTIC NATURAL CUT with the lasting benefit of HONEST TAILORING at a fair, sensible, and equitable price calculated to GIVE SATISFACTION. BOOTLEGGERS, CHARLATANS, IMITATORS, AND COUNTERFEITERS TAKE WARNING: all Daroff of Philadelphia garments are clearly marked to prevent fraud and each and every one carries THE 'BOTANY' 500 LABEL as a mark of pride and a proof of QUALITY AND SINCERE INTENT. 'BOTANY' 500 tailored by Daroff clothes are sold only by apparel stores of HIGH REPUTE and EXTENSIVE EXPERIENCE IN CATERING TO GENTLEMEN OF GOOD TASTE and democratic sympathies. Prices begin at $65.00 and if your local merchant is not one selected to carry 'Botany' 500 Clothing, write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania, or 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. for the name of the store most convenient to you. Prices slightly higher in the West.

'BOTANY' 500®

tailored by DAROFF *of Philadelphia*
(The Cradle of Freedom in Menswear)

THERE IS SOUND AND

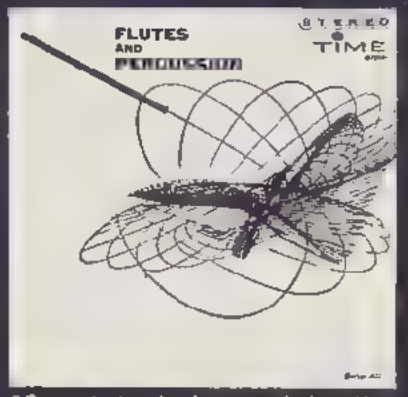
THERE IS SOUND

TIME SERIES 2000 FOR THOSE WHO DARE!

The vast excitement that all past recording has merely suggested... produced by the foremost artists and technicians in the world of music and sound. Brilliant stereo, monaural, 4-track stereo tape.

The real, vibrant sound of Paris, the songs that mean Paris to the world; live, immediate, real enough to touch! Fifty men. S/2005. Monaural 52005.

The fire-and-flowers drama of Spain; stirring sound with fiery percussion and skin soft guitars, authentic flamenco! S/2006. Monaural 52006.



12 great standards, recorded as they have never been heard before: 4 flutes against 5 percussion, with woodwinds. S/2001. Monaural 52001.

The pick of the musical stage in exciting arrangements: Hal Mooney's great orch., Gene Lowell Singers. S/2003. Monaural 52003.

—ALSO

PERCUSSION & GUITARS: 5 guitars, 5 percussion, flute, piccolo!
MURDER, INC: 12 originals = modern music, advanced recording.
JAZZ CONTEMPORARY: The exciting trumpet of Kenny Dorham.
$5.98 STEREO—$4.98 MONAURAL—also 4-TRACK STEREO TAPE

TIME RECORDS INC. ■ 2 West 45 Street, New York, N.Y.

refuge with dance floor and rather square combo sounds. We caught the preem of the initial revue, *Medium Rare*, and came away less than enthusiastic. For one thing, there's a strong Manhattan flavor to the show and little of the relaxed, improvisatory "Chicago style"; for another thing, some of the material is old (including the best skit, a Walt Disney version of *Medea*), having been borrowed from such as Julius Monk's and Ben Bagley's New York productions; for still another thing, much of the satire is labored, ineffective, or plain no good (surprising, considering the young, capable, largely Gotham-imported cast and such writers as *Fiorello*'s Sheldon Harnick and *Bye Bye Birdie*'s Strouse and Adams). But though *Medium Rare* needs a lot of its fat trimmed, it is hoped that future shows will be Well Done. Speaking of food, none is served there, but you can swig drinks and coffee at steepish prices during the performances (8:30 and 11:30; an hour earlier on Sundays; dark Mondays). Ducats range from $2.65 to $4.65. Another Chicago spot, the venerable **Trade Winds** (867 Rush), boasts new wrinkles, management-entertainment-decor-and-menuwise. Once the gathering place for Chicago's greet-the-dawn set (over lox, bagels and cream cheese), the Trade Winds entertainment policy is now the high spot, with the likes of Lenny Bruce, Chris Connor, Vic Damone and the Four Freshmen (not on the same bill) playing to packed houses seven nights a week. Show times are nine and twelve (with an extra two-A.M. performance on Friday and Saturday), and you'd be intelligent if you phoned impresario Buzzy Rukin for a reservation before you started out. Grub is hefty and hearty, everything from barbecued ribs to Maryland crab fingers; the prices are not exorbitant. Open till 4 A.M., 5 on Saturdays.

•

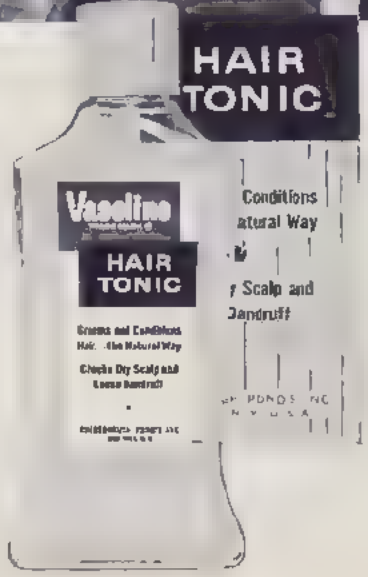
Denver's beatnik brigade, besweatered college folk and Brooksy young executives have found a meeting ground at the **Exodus Gallery Bar** (1999 Lincoln). The proprietors of the pub sluice in a stream of folk music and beat poetry readings in a smoke-steeped atmosphere new to the mile-high Colorado city. The artists inhabiting the room are represented by abstract paintings popping from one wall, the other walls are dotted with old master offerings and posters from Broadway plays. Behind the bar, bearded manager Gordon Witherspoon pulls beer from three wooden kegs and serves a limited but aromatic menu of salami and/or cheese sandwiches (from a nickel to a buck in price). Customers cluster around tiny tables and often polish off the sandwiches-and-beer repast with cups of espresso coffee. The Exodus invites participation daily from two in the

Two heads are better than one

Especially when one happens to be a delectable blonde-type head. Lovely young female heads are *always* attracted to male heads that (a) have hair (b) use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic for that hair.

If you use water on your hair (and who doesn't?) 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is for you. It's the *only* hair tonic made specially to use with water. Water evaporates, leaves your hair a dried-out mess. Alcohol tonics and hair creams evaporate—leave a sticky residue. But clear, clean 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic won't let your hair dry out —*it replaces oil that water removes. With 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic you can use all the water you want—your hair looks great, feels great and stays neater longer. A little does a lot!*

In the bottle and on your hair, the difference is clearly there!



IT'S CLEAR ♪ ♫ IT'S CLEAN IT'S **VASELINE HAIR TONIC**

'VASELINE' IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF CHESEBROUGH-POND'S INC.,

afternoon till midnight. A modest cover charge of 25¢ prevails on weekdays, rising to 50¢ on weekends. There's never a minimum.

BOOKS

If Frank Gibney, author of ***The Operators*** (Harper, $3.95) is to be believed, our nation is inhabited by just two kinds of people: guys on the take and guys who wish they were. The "if" above is rhetorical by the way Gibney's book does a very convincing job indeed of proving his contention. Fact is piled on fact as he examines every aspect of our economy—and lack of it—including drug firms, stock wheeler-dealers, advertising, corporate giantism, government, taxes, and a few other choice topics, including the pressures which drive "good" men to become embezzlers, the euphoria engendered by elastic expense accounts, and the whole subject of public morality. A good and sound reporter, Gibney keeps his fact and his opinion well labeled and separated, saves for his last chapter his value judgments and analyses. It's all highly readable, a lot of it is shocking and juicy, and the book—true to the genre of popularized socio-economics—proposes a new descriptive phrase, The Genial Society, to take its place with The Power Elite, Upper Bohemia, and others. But this is not merely a scolding book, in which The Genial Society is upbraided for its permissive attitude toward white collar crime. With wit and insight, Gibney shows what this costs all of us, morally, ethically, financially. Only trouble is, he's not explicit enough to be of much help to corruptibles looking for pointers.

•

"The chief importance of this book," writes Steve Allen as he nears the end of his autobiography, ***Mark It and Strike It*** (Holt, $4.95), "may be that it will come into the hands of those who ordinarily might not read works dealing with ideas." By his own confession, Allen writes much and edits little, mainly about ideas which are significant, but often about trivia. Together, they present a sprawling, somewhat undisciplined picture of a personality who expresses an ambivalence that is frequently puzzling, sometimes irritating, but always interesting. Allen pingpongs constantly with a mixture of humility and ego, comedy and tragedy, good taste and bad, sophistication and naiveté. He is an avid reader ("I buy books as if they were jelly beans . . ."), eschews watching television ("I have cut out of my life such unessentials . . ."), embraces causes (mental health, Chessman, cracking the Mafia, a sane nuclear policy) and enjoys subtle

YOUNG ALUMNI BY
Marlboro

YOUNG ALUMNI BY MARLBORO

Effortlessly at ease in the stadium or out on country lanes—handsome coats by Marlboro, in the rugged richness of all-cotton CONE MOBY DICK CORDUROY. In the misty colors crisp Autumn days call for: mustard, olive, antelope and black. Sizes 36 to 46. Left: Gamesman, a new straight-hang pullover with cotton knit collar and cuffs, $18.95. Right: Sportsman, hip-deep jacket with shawl collar, $29.95. At fine stores everywhere.

CONE CORDUROY
IS THE CONE

CONE
CONE MILLS INC

Member of the Corduroy Council of America

CONE MILLS INC., 1440 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

YOU'RE IN THE CONCERT HALL WITH

Add dramatic new realism to your recorded music

With dramatic Koss Stereophones, you'll thrill to new worlds of stereo sound reproduction. Your records or tapes sound just as if you had an orchestra seat in Carnegie Hall. Through these comfortable Stereophones, you hear music as perfectly as it can be recorded. Add personalized listening and sound perfection to your high fidelity stereo installation. $24.95.

KOSS STEREOPHONES

IN THE LAIR OF THE NATURAL MAN

THE OLIVE BLAZER
by **COLLEGE HALL**

Attribute the emphatic return of the Blazer—important now in Olive, too—to College Hall's dashing rendition. It sticks tenaciously to the principles that keep the Blazer young: classic all wool flannel, antiqued buttons, lower flap-and-patch pockets, and the comfort of the unrestrained natural line.

About $35

COLLEGE HALL FASHIONS INC., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York

comedy (Benchley Thurber, Perelman). Yet he will recount with some pride banal gags he has pulled (*Woman:* I can't get over the way you play the piano. *Allen:* It was a long time before my piano teacher could, too). Beyond the obvious paradoxes of Allen's personality, there emerges a picture of a man with courage, sensitivity, dedication and intelligence. He speaks out bluntly against the parochial mind, risking the slings and arrows of sponsors, networks and pseudo-patriots. As a cool spokesman for the intelligentsia of the Ivy League he is facile, articulate and persuasive. With more weeding and some seasoning he could become much more than that.

•

What might befall in a ***World Without Women*** (Gold Medal, 35¢) has been touched upon before by Philip Wylie in one half of *The Disappearance*, but collabs Day Keene and Leonard Pruyn now devote a whole novel to the disturbing theme. The title is a slight misnomer: a scourge wipes out all but a handful (we make a joke) of the world's wenches, and what follows includes rampant homosexuality and laws punishing rape with the death penalty (U.S.A.) and the legislative forcing of chicks between fourteen and thirty-five to mate with "as many men as the state shall designate" (U.S.S.R.). That's bad?

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Jazzophiles everywhere had good cause for glee when two top instrumentalists decided to chuck plans to form separate groups and united under the banner of the ***Art Farmer–Benny Golson Jazztet.*** We dropped in to audit the crew at the venerable Sutherland Lounge in Chicago recently and we were, as they say, gassed by what we heard. The sextet (trumpeter Farmer, tenor man Golson, trombonist Tom McIntosh, pianist Duke Pearson, Art's brother Addison on bass and drummer Lex Humphries) is strikingly aware of pacing. They opened a set with a fleet melodic version of LeRoy Anderson's *Serenata*—normally Boston Pops fodder—and followed it with a bright, droll *Killer Joe*, a Golson composed sketch in sound (with narrative) of a gold bricking hipster. Next came a mournful *I Remember Clifford* (a Golson original that's become a jazz standard) and, as the wrap-up, a soulful, sizzling *Mox Nix* (penned by Farmer). Through every bar, a respect for melody was apparent, and intelligently-arranged ensemble passages preceded, punctuated and preened the solos. There was none of that endless blowing by every member of the combo on every tune. "We want to make this group the best possible setting for soloists," co-leader Farmer told us, "without cluttering things too much. And we want a pre-

Something special in "see" stories: Lee Tapered Slacks

Best-looking and best-built . . . don't let this one get away! We're talking about any pair of Lee Tapered Slacks, of course. The connoisseur on the left wears bronze pleatless slacks with two-button, elastic side adjustment, $5.95. The bookworm in the middle reads between the lines dressed in beltless, cuffless loden black slacks in new miniature glen plaid pattern, extension waistband, $5.95. The marine biologist at right wears sand beige slacks of smooth polished cotton, $4.95. All Lee Tapered Slacks are wash and wear with a little care. Go back-to-school in style with Lee! And remember, Lee has something special in shirt "tales," too! From $3.49.

JUST FOR FUN...Leesures by Lee

©1960 THE H. D. LEE COMPANY, KANSAS CITY, MO.

unmistakably understated

THE HOPS/FORD®

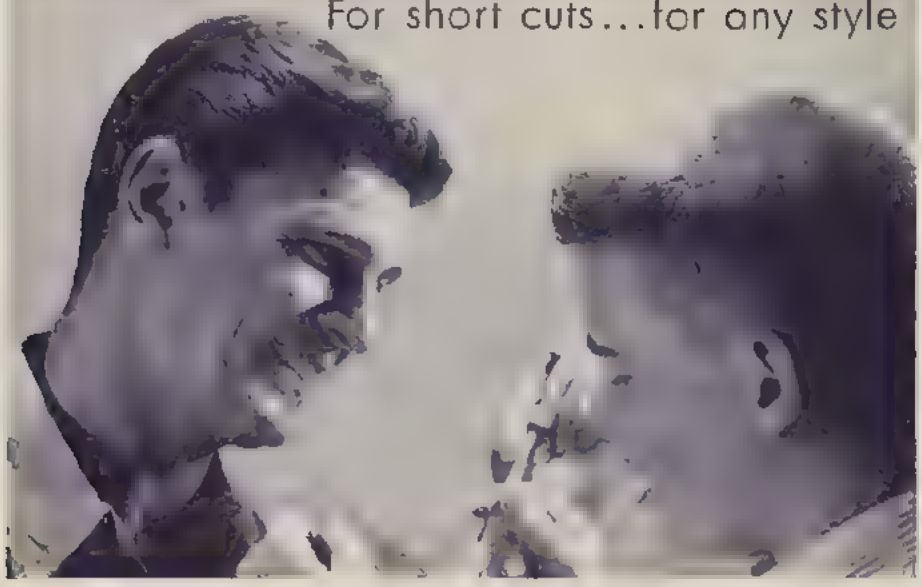
Button down collar . . . in white, blue, bamboo . . . exclusively Sero's.

at better stores, naturally

The Union Co. . . . . Columbus, Ohio
Rogoff Bros. . . . . Shaker Heights, Ohio
Hirsch Furnishings Inc . . Chicago Ill.
Moe Whitebook . . . . . Iowa City, Iowa
Henry's Inc. . . . . Wichita, Kansas
Ben Estes Co. . . . . Tulsa, Okla.
May Co Court Shop . . . Denver, Colorado
Oak Hall . . . . . Memphis, Tenn.

SERO OF NEW HAVEN • *new haven, connecticut*

For short cuts . . . for any style



Makes your haircut fit your head!

SHULTON

No matter how you like your hair cut—you'll look better when you use Short Cut. This new, non greasy hair groom adds body to the hair fibers, makes your haircut fit your head. Keeps hair neat all day and helps condition your scalp into the bargain. Takes about 2 seconds a day, costs a fast .50 plus tax

Old Spice SHORT CUT HAIR GROOM

cise, warm ensemble sound." This emphasis on cohesion is one of the Jazztet's most apparent assets. Another is Golson's knack of composing for the group with an array of tone colors as wide as that used by Duke Ellington for his big band. And Farmer's consistently inspired playing is of immeasurable value. With continued TV appearances, theatre, night club, concert and dance dates plus more LPs like its top-drawer debut disc, *Meet the Jazztet* (Argo), the Farmer-Golson *entente cordiale* should click with a jazz public hungry for just such sane, yet swinging, sounds.

RECORDINGS

If you've been unable to attend the Broadway musical **Bye Bye Birdie** per our recommendation (*Playboy After Hours*, July 1960), pick up a copy of the original-cast album (Columbia). The fifteen-tune score, by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, contains a batch of baubles—sung most effectively by Chita Rivera, Dick Van Dyke, Dick Gautier, Susan Watson and other wisely-cast talents. Gautier's rocking Presleyland mockery, *Honestly Sincere*, is a delightful demolition. Van Dyke's plea to Chita, *Baby, Talk to Me*, and Gautier's almost straight *A Lot of Livin' to Do* are standouts, too. The songs, a detailed plot summary and plenty of photos on the liner make listening to this almost as much fun as having a pair on the isle.

•

Regardless of your political passions **F. D. R. Speaks** (Washington) is a rare, historically significant package you'll want to add to your library. In this six-disc set are thirty-three of Roosevelt's speeches, covering the period from his ascent to the Presidency in 1933 to his report to Congress on Yalta in 1945. A thirty-fourth—a Jefferson Day address written shortly before the President's death—is read by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. The entire project—collated and annotated by historian Henry Steele Commager—is a stunning commentary on one of America's most volcanic eras.

•

Through the Opera Glass, three pressings of not-quite operas rate more than routine spinnings. Purcell's masque, **King Arthur** (London), to a text by Dryden, was premiered in 1691 but is a lively oldster—glow with crystalline melody, stirring choral numbers, brisk and biting "Trumpet Tunes." Dig particularly the superb *Freezing Chorus*. **Bluebeard's Castle** (Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft) is a one-act duolog by the late Béla Bartók. The dissonant music grows progressively blood-curdling as seven secret doors are opened by Bluebeard's new bride, Judith. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, the great German baritone, brings dark authority to the role of the pre-De Sade sadist, and

men are better than women! Seems like the tide's always against the gals. Guys even get the best-looking sweaters! But the ladies needn't despair. If they can't *wear*, they can at least *give* a guy a wonderful wool Drummond! Why wool? No other fiber drinks color like this—and holds it! No other fiber takes a beating, begs for more and bounces back to its natural shape like wool! Warm? You'll love its natural warmth. Hi-V Torino, cable-stitched knit pullover in olive, taupe, brass, black, white; $19.95. Club collared Roma, cable-stitched cardigan in olive, white, grey, beige, black, brass; $25. Jointly sponsored with the American Wool Council.

NATURAL WOOL
KNITTED IN AMERICA WW-4

DRUMMOND
Sweaters

FRANKLIN SIMON, NEW YORK & BRANCHES • B & B CLOTHES, JAMAICA, N. Y. • NEILS, BROOKLYN, N. Y. • MARSH'S, HUNTINGTON, N. Y. • THE BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. & BRANCHES • MUSE'S, ATLANTA, GA. • INDEM & OESS, CHICAGO, ILL. • HARRIS CO., SAN BERNARDINO & BRANCHES • HOWARD'S, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. • RIKE KUMLER, DAYTON, OHIO • ROGERS MEN'S WEAR, OAKLAND, CALIF. • MAYO & F. DENVER, COLO. • SCHLESINGER'S, WEST NEW YORK, N. J. • AL BERMAN, PHILADELPHIA, PA. • MEYERS BROS., SPRINGFIELD, ILL. • GIMBELS, PITTS., PA. OR WRITE TO: DEPT. P, DRUMMOND KNITWEAR CO., 350 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1 MILLS: GLENDALE, N. Y.

4 TRACK & 2 TRACK STEREOPHONIC RECORDER

Here, through your fingertips, you take complete control of sound, blending it to magnificent perfection.

A great symphony to record? With this superb instrument you are a professional. Touch your stereo level controls — feel that sensitive response. Dual V.U. Meters show precision readings as you augment the strings, diminish the brass. The richness of that low resonance is captured with your bass boost. The strength and delicacy of every sound—now yours to command.

On Sale only at authorized dealers, known for integrity.

Four and two track, stereo and monophonic, recording and playback, the SONY STERECORDER 300 — with its hysteresis synchronous motor, built-in stereo pre-amps and power amps, and a dozen more professional features — is truly *the ultimate* in tape recorder engineering. $399.50, complete with two dynamic microphones, two extended range stereo speakers all in one portable case. For custom mounting, $349.50.

Other *new* Recorders from world-famous SONY:

262-SL $199.50 — 4 and 2 track stereo playback, 4 track monophonic recorder. Sound with-sound for language, voice and music students. Complete with F-7 dynamic microphone.

262-D $89.50 — A complete 4 and 2 track stereo recording and playback tape transport.

101 $89.50 — Bantam transistorized precision dual-track monophonic recorder. Complete with F-7 dynamic microphone.

SONY SUPERSCOPE *The tapeway to Sterео*

For literature and name of nearest franchised dealer, write Superscope, Inc., Dept. 7, Sun Valley, California.

contralto Hertha Topper trots alongside him bravely. This single disc is an import with no English libretto, unfortunately. ***Der Mond*** (Angel) is one of contemporary Carl Orff's pyrotechnical stage pieces which he carefully avoids calling operas. Based on a Grimm fable about some rustics who swipe the moon, it's lyric and loud, rhythmic and roistering but with too much spoken dialog for our taste. Though not as unqualified a hit as the same composer's *Carmina Burana*, it's a fun work. Bilingual text included.

•

Most of the chicks we hear trying to sing these days are either bland, styleless note-purveyors or pathetic pastiches. Not so, thank Talent, a quartet of thrushes who crossed our turntable recently. On ***Swing, You Lovers*** (Dot), Keely Smith is alternately balladic and bouncy – and flawless in both realms – as she injects life into *Misty, I Love You, If I Could Be with You, All or Nothing at All, They Say It's Wonderful, At Long Last Love* and six other tunes. For a special kick visit ***Julie at Home*** (Liberty), recorded by Miss London and jazzmen friends right in the singer's California home. On *Everything Happens to Me* and *You've Changed* all you hear are the sounds of Julie and Al Viola's warm guitar chording; on ten other tours – including *Give Me the Simple Life, You Stepped Out of a Dream* and *By Myself* – all hands assemble. Four Freshmenite Bob Flanagan dropped by, trombone in hand, and sits in, too. Sarah Vaughan is coy, tender, vibrant and ***Dreamy*** (Roulette) in her latest outing. Backed by a studio string ensemble (arrangements by Jimmy Jones, trumpet solos by Harry Edison), she is most important – always Sarah. We found *I'll Be Seeing You, You've Changed* (we're grateful for revived interest in that neglected beauty), *Hands Across the Table* and *Stormy Weather* most alluring. Peggy Lee is ***All Aglow Again*** (Capitol) as she surveys a string of her hits and worthy misses (all previously issued as singles). *Fever, Mañana* and *Hallelujah, I Love Him So* are present and deftly accounted for. Best of all possible tracks is *You Don't Know*, two minutes and twenty-five seconds' worth of down-home blues writhing that sets the listener all ajiggle.

•

The best of contemporary comedy abounds on records, as you'll discover in delirious detail when you peruse *Hip Wits Disc Hits* in this issue, and two new entries definitely belong in your collection. ***Mort Sahl at the Hungry i*** and ***The Edge of Shelley Berman*** (both Verve). Sahl is his salty, spontaneous self – maligning the likes of Nixon, Eisenhower, the obedience of the masses, the A.M.A., popular songs and Adlai Stevenson. Anent the last, Sahl says that Khrushchev confided to Adlai, "If you want to be Presi-

THE LEAN SILHOUETTE
On Campus...and on The Avenue by
WORSTED-TEX

Worsted-Tex Ivy League styling clings to classic traditions, but — has added important new design details that impart a longer, leaner silhouette. In fresh new color-mix fabrics, gleaming with rich undertints. $69.50*

Sanitized treated linings and trimmings for hygienic freshness.

At our franchised dealers only, or write:
THE HOUSE OF WORSTED-TEX
200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
Makers of Worsted-Tex® • Tropi-Tex® • Custom-Tex® • Ivy League® • "10-Monther"® • D90-SPS™
*Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

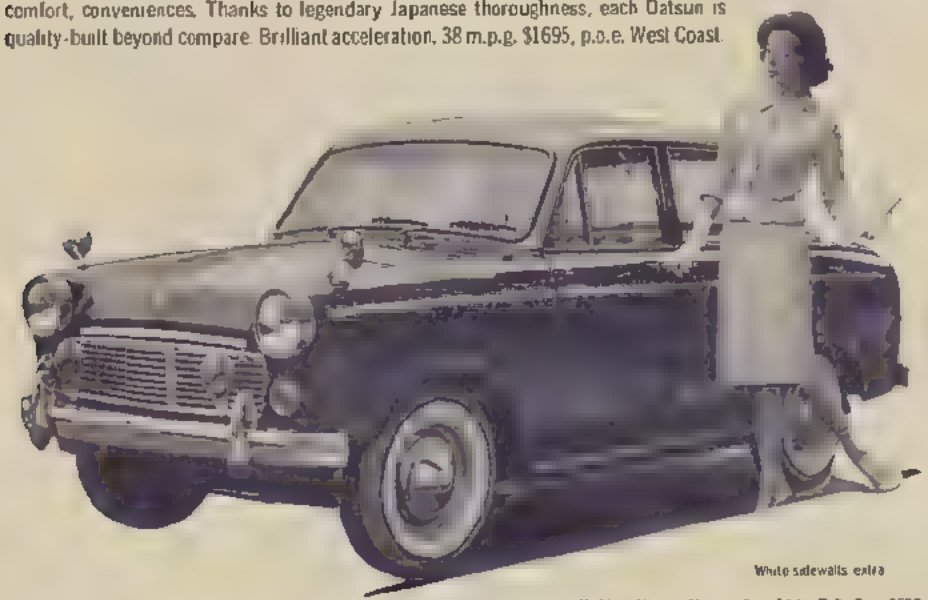
Color blendings in olive, copper, ebon red, ebon brown, beige, grey. At better stores everywhere, $12.95
Or write: Buck Skein Brand, 16 E. 34 St., New York, N. Y.
In Canada: Acme Waterproof Mfg. Co., 4060 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal

Jewel from the Orient! One of the World's Best Built Cars!

Japan's exciting new

DATSUN Bluebird

Ever fall in love with an automobile on sight? Then watch the way you'll go for this luxurious new 4-door Bluebird. It sparkles with plenty of overseas allure, but it's unmistakably American in advanced design, comfort, conveniences. Thanks to legendary Japanese thoroughness, each Datsun is quality-built beyond compare. Brilliant acceleration. 38 m.p.g. $1695, p.o.e. West Coast.



White sidewalls extra

At franchised dealers throughout U.S.A., or write nearest distributor. HAWAII: Von Hamm-Young Co., Ltd., P.O. Box 2630, Honolulu 3. WEST: Woolverton Motors, 5967 Lankershim Blvd., No. Hollywood, Cal. MID-SOUTH: Southern Datsun Dist. Co. 1501 Clay St., Houston, Tex. CENTRAL & EAST: Luby Datsun Dist. Ltd. 107-36 Queens Blvd., Forest Hills 75, New York City
NISSAN MOTOR COMPANY, LTD. • TOKYO, JAPAN • SINCE 1926.

dent, I want to tell you how to seize power." As Sahl's story goes, "Stevenson said, 'That's not the way we do things in this country.' But several members of the Democratic Advisory Council were present and admonished Stevenson to keep quiet and listen to this man." Berman on-the-telephone portrays a concerned father briefing his fifteen-year old daughter on her first date: "The first kiss is your business. The second kiss is his business. The third kiss is *my* business." As a *neb* getting the brush-off or being neglected by a buddy, Berman blends humor and pathos in a grand manner.

•

Hip indeed is the word for ***Mark Murphy's Hip Parade*** (Capitol), a dozen recent pop hits by one of the most knowledgeable young wailers around. Only astute musicianship could enliven the likes of *Firefly*, *Kansas City*, *Catch a Falling Star*, *Venus* and *Send for Me*, and Murphy unfailingly romps through them with insightful ease. In addition, his seat-seasoned piping on *I Only Have Eyes for You* is nonpareil. Bill Holman's arrangements — for jazz group (including the Candoli family trumpet duo, Conte and Pete), the Jud Conlon Singers and Gloria Wood — do Murphy the best possible service.

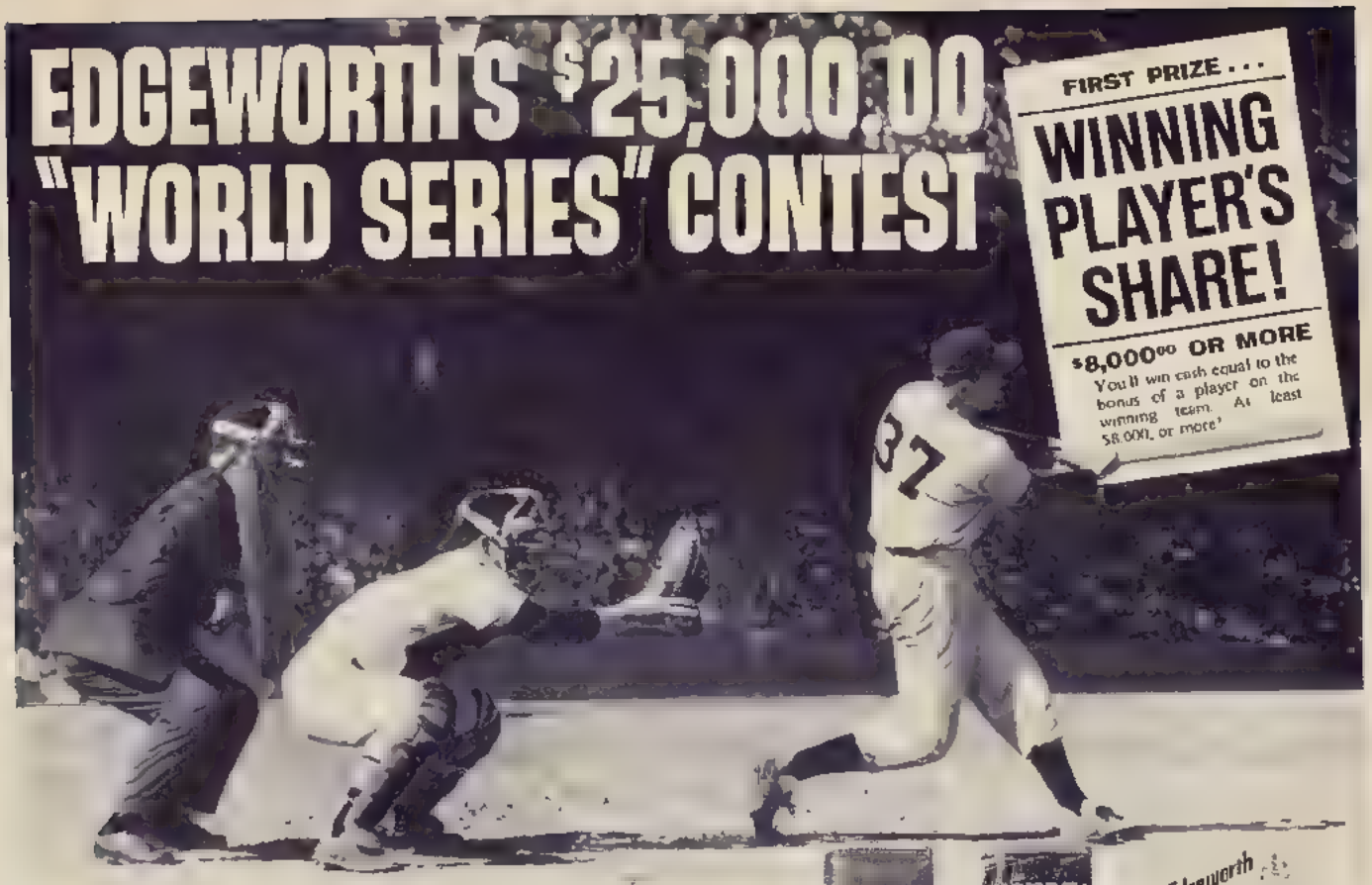
•

The Greatest Trumpet of Them All (Verve) is tilted and belongs, of course, to Diz. Joining him for this easy-going session are Benny Golson, tenor; Gigi Gryce, alto; Henry Coker, trombone; Pee Wee Moore, baritone; Ray Bryant, piano; Tom Bryant, bass and Charlie Persip, drums. Golson and Gryce composed seven of the eight tunes, which range from the simple, strong *Blues After Dark* to the tremulous *Smoke Signal* to the lonely lament, *Just by Myself*. As for Diz, who commandingly occupies most of the solo space, the title is apt.

•

Maurice Chevalier, at seventy-one, is an incredibly appealing showman. Whether he's thanking heaven for little girls on a movie screen, in a television spectacular or on a supperclub stage, Chevalier is the personification of the poised, witty artist. At an age when many men are content to count their blessings, Chevalier continues to accumulate his. One facet of his career — his 1929-1935 Hollywood years — is documented in ***Thank Heaven for Maurice Chevalier*** (RCA Victor). Ten of the dozen songs were recorded during his initial film splash; two are 1947 remakes of *Louise* and *Valentine* (from the 1929 film, *Innocents of Paris*). This isn't high fidelity, but we don't care. It's Chevalier and his fans can't ask for anything more.

EDGEWORTH'S $25,000.00 "WORLD SERIES" CONTEST



FIRST PRIZE . . .

WINNING PLAYER'S SHARE!

$8,000.00 OR MORE

You'll win cash equal to the bonus of a player on the winning team. At least $8,000, or more!

OVER 1,000 WINNERS!

FIRST PRIZE –Cash equal to the bonus of a player on the winning team in the World Series. Minimum of $8,000. It could be more!

SECOND PRIZE –Cash equal to the bonus of a player on the losing team in the World Series. Minimum of $5,000. It could be more!

3 20 Hamilton Electric Watches

One of the most popular watches ever. Powered by a tiny battery that lasts for months. Smart new style.

4 40 "Golden Throat" RCA Clock Radios

Smart, new styling, large clock face. Easy-to-operate controls. Famous RCA "Golden Throat" tone.

5 1,000 MEDICO CREST FILTER PIPES

World's largest seller, featuring Medico's "Throw Away" filter and guaranteed biteproof Nylon bit.

$2,000 FOR RETAILERS!

Ask your jobber about these retailer awards. They can add to your extra profits from the World Series Contest. Get your Contest Display Racks now to boost your sales on famous House of Edgeworth contest brands.

CONTEST RULES

1. Simply complete the jingle in this advertisement. Write your entry on an official entry blank or one side only of any sheet of plain paper. Be sure to print your name and address plainly on your entry. You may enter as many times as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by either an empty pocket size pouch, or the printed insert (or reasonable facsimiles) from medium or large size tin of EDGEWORTH READY-RUBBED, EXECUTIVE MIXTURE, HOLIDAY PIPE MIXTURE, V.I.P. MIXTURE, or any House of Edgeworth pipe tobacco.

2. Mail your entry to Edgeworth Contest, P. O. Box 5-F, Mount Vernon 10, New York. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, October 15, 1960. Be sure to use sufficient postage.

3. Anyone living in the United States, its territories and possessions and Canada may enter except employees of Larus & Brother Company, Inc., and its advertising agencies and the families of such employees. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant submitting it and be submitted in the contestant's own name.

4. Prizes, as listed in the contest announcement, will be awarded to the best entries judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, appropriateness, rhyme and meter. Duplicate prizes in the event of ties. Decision of the judges is final. Only one prize will be awarded in any one family.

5. All entries become the property of Larus & Brother Company, Inc., to use as it sees fit and none will be acknowledged or returned. Winners will be notified by mail. Full list of winners will be sent approximately six weeks after close of contest to anyone enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope with entry. Contest subject to all federal, state and local regulations.

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Just finish this easy verse about famous House of Edgeworth Pipe Tobaccos

If you're a pipe fan who knows the score
You're sure House of Edgeworth gives you more
Of choicest blends and mixtures, too

Your winning line might be: "You'll always find the brand for you." (Make your line rhyme with *too*.) Try one of your own . . . you may win as much as if you played on this year's victorious World Series team! And you're *sure* to win a lifetime of pipe enjoyment with these fine tobaccos: *Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed*, cool smoking white Burleys, famous for over 50 years. *Holiday*, with the aroma men relish, and women welcome, too. *Executive Mixture*, most luxurious tobacco mixture you can smoke. New *V.I.P.*, a uniquely aromatic blend of luxury tobaccos.

Mail to: Edgeworth Contest
P. O. Box 5-F, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y.

Enclose empty pocket pouch or printed insert (or reasonable facsimiles) from tin of any House of Edgeworth pipe tobacco.

Print Your Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ Zone_____ State_____

Enter As Many Times As You Wish!

ANDREW PALLACK INTRODUCES "THE BRITISH NATURAL*"

The man in the Andrew Pallack suit is "at home" on Madison Avenue, Wilshire Boulevard or flying to far off places in a BOAC Jet...in this flawless blending of British styling and American natural shoulder comfort. The suit is new, original, distinctive...slim line jacket with self-supporting pleatless trousers ...a new concept in styling for that self-assured "feeling of insouciance"!

Shown here in rugged "Scottish Worsted Twist" and of course, lined with luxurious Bemberg . . . $90

ANDREW PALLACK

Initial showing at the following fine shops: Brooklyn—Field Bros., Inc. • Buffalo—Leib's Men's Shop • Charlotte—Sherman's, Ltd. • Chicago—Turner Bros. Clothing Co. • Chicago—Murray Smukler, Inc. • Cleveland—Larry Simon, Inc. • Coral Gables—Surrey's • Detroit—Block's Clothes • Elizabeth—Al Norman • Hollywood—Leading Man, Inc. • Houston—Mack Clothes Shop • Jamaica, N. Y.—B&B Clothes Shop, Inc. • Las Vegas—Casual-Aire Men's Shop, Inc. • Lawrence, Mass.—Kap's, Inc. • Los Angeles—Mr. Guy • Milwaukee—Johnny Walker Stores, Inc. • New Orleans—Zoller Men's Wear • New York—House of Cromwell, Ltd. • New York—Maenie Walker & Sons • Philadelphia—The Arrow Store • Philadelphia—Irvings • Pittsburgh—Hughes & Hatcher • Providence—Richards, Inc. • Quincy, Mass.—Miltons, Inc. • San Antonio—Fincus Company • San Francisco—Mr. Chips • San Francisco—Howard's • Washington, D. C.—University Shop of Wash., Inc. • West New York, N. J.—Schlesingers

FOR NAMES OF OTHER FINE SHOPS, PLEASE WRITE **ANDREW PALLACK & CO., INC.**, 120 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

* TRADE MARK REG. STAT. ON APPLICATION

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

IN THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR, spanking new to our pages, we will attempt to answer your questions on a wide variety of topics of interest to the urban man — from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette. All reasonable questions addressed to *The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois,* will be personally answered, if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on this page each month, with only the readers' initials, city and state included.

•

I've been seeing a certain young lady almost exclusively for the past year now, and things have gotten a bit sticky. She's expressed more than just fond affection for me and seems eager, at this point, to tie the knot. She's a great kid and all that, but I don't share her enthusiasm for marriage. I'd like to call a halt to matters right now, hurting her feelings as little as possible. But how? — R. S., New York, New York.

You are on the horns of one of the most dangerous dilemmas in the history of mankind. Take either of these tacks and be resolute, quick and careful: (1) Your father has promised that if you remain single for ten more years, his 25,000 shares of A. T. & T., along with a rum distillery in Kingston, Jamaica, will be yours. Ten years isn't that long a time, you say. (2) An invented wife, whom you've been trying to forget in passion with current lady, won't divorce you. If these don't work, re-read Shepherd Mead's "Beware of Hasty Marriage" (in "The Permanent Playboy"), in which, among other things, he suggests: (1) The transfer of title, whereby you make a home for her in another's heart by introducing her to some of your better-looking friends. (2) The nameless horror — medical science hasn't found a name for it yet, but you've got it and it's hereditary. (3) It's bigger than both of us — probably the most effective of all, if you never reveal what it is that's bigger than both of you.

•

While entertaining some friends at a leading nightclub, I received excellent service from one of the waitresses. When I signed the check, I included a tip amounting to slightly more than ten percent. The girl seemed disturbed and indicated that if the service wasn't satisfactory, she was very sorry. I've always considered a ten percent tip quite satisfactory. Am I right or wrong? — E. L., Highland Park, Illinois.

Today, tipping fifteen percent is a fact of life — and don't be reluctant to tip twenty percent in the more exclusive and expensive establishments for service that pleases you. A waitress, of course, is acting improperly when she shows any dissatisfaction (even if tips comprise her entire income, as is often the case); the tip is your "Thank you" and she should accept any amount gratefully and graciously. If the service was below par, call for the manager and report it directly to him.

•

I am involved in a lengthy debate with a pipe-smoking friend. He says that it's necessary to remove the metal filter from a pipe to get the best smoke. I say that if the pipe-maker didn't feel the filter necessary he wouldn't have inserted it in the first place. Who's right? — R. M., San Francisco, California.

The purists among the pipe-smokers we know say "remove the filter." But some of the most respected manufacturers, like Kaywoodie, say the pipe smokes best with the filter in place. Try it both ways and make up your own mind, we say.

•

I'm sure that other bachelors have been troubled by this problem — one that I've never been able to solve satisfactorily. Whenever I'm entertaining a young lady *à deux* in my apartment, it seems that the phone rings and at the other end of the wire is invariably another young lady wanting to talk. What's the best way to ease out of this situation, without letting either girl in on it? — J. B., Chicago, Illinois.

When you escort a young lady into your apartment, for an evening of your own design, nothing should intrude. Turn down the bell on your phone (in both bedroom and living room) in advance, so it doesn't jar you or your companion. And if it rings, just gaze at the girl and murmur, "No matter who it is, it can't be more important than you," and don't answer it. The miss you're with will be delightfully flattered. The chick doing the phoning will think you're out, so she won't be bugged by visions of you and a competitor in an intimate situation. Wherever you are, including the bedroom, when the bell tolls, don't let it toll for thee.

•

At most of the best restaurants in the Midwest, the salad is served *before* the entree. In New York, the salad is served *after* the entree. I have learned this, to my considerable embarrassment, by asking for salad after finishing my appetizer, only to have New York waiters look at me as if I were a boob. What's the story? — L. M., Chicago, Illinois.

Confusion arises from the fact that conflicting customs govern the serving of salad. The so-called Russian Service — originated back in the days of the czars — required the serving of each course separately, and removal of the soiled plates before the next course was served. The English Service was strictly groaning board: all the food was put on the table at the same time, with the diners helping in carving, serving and passing. Haute Cuisine restaurants usually adhere to the Russian Service; salad may be served before the entree providing it is the kind of salad that is suitable as hors d'oeuvre, otherwise it is served after the entree. It is the use of dressed cold vegetables (raw or cooked) as hors d'oeuvre that has led to the service of salad before the entree in some more primitive parts of the U.S., but to precede this salad with the usual appetizers doesn't conform with good sense or good custom in the restaurants that pay homage to France by following the Haute Cuisine order of service. So, wherever you are, if you start a meal with an appetizer, ask for — or gracefully accept — salad after your entree. Only a boob would do otherwise

•

What's the proper tie — color and pattern — to wear with a light gray tweed suit? — R. T., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Your light gray tweed will coordinate well with any of the following ties: black silk knit, predominantly blue rep stripe, maroon ancient madder, blue-and-gold silk paisley, and gold or olive narrow silk foulards. For that country-ish, casual look, try the all-cotton ties, in wide stripes or small conversational prints.

•

I've rather had it with conventional Detroit products and I'm about to buy my first sports car. I'm torn between getting a Corvette or an MGA. Which should it be? — M. W., Greenwich, Connecticut.

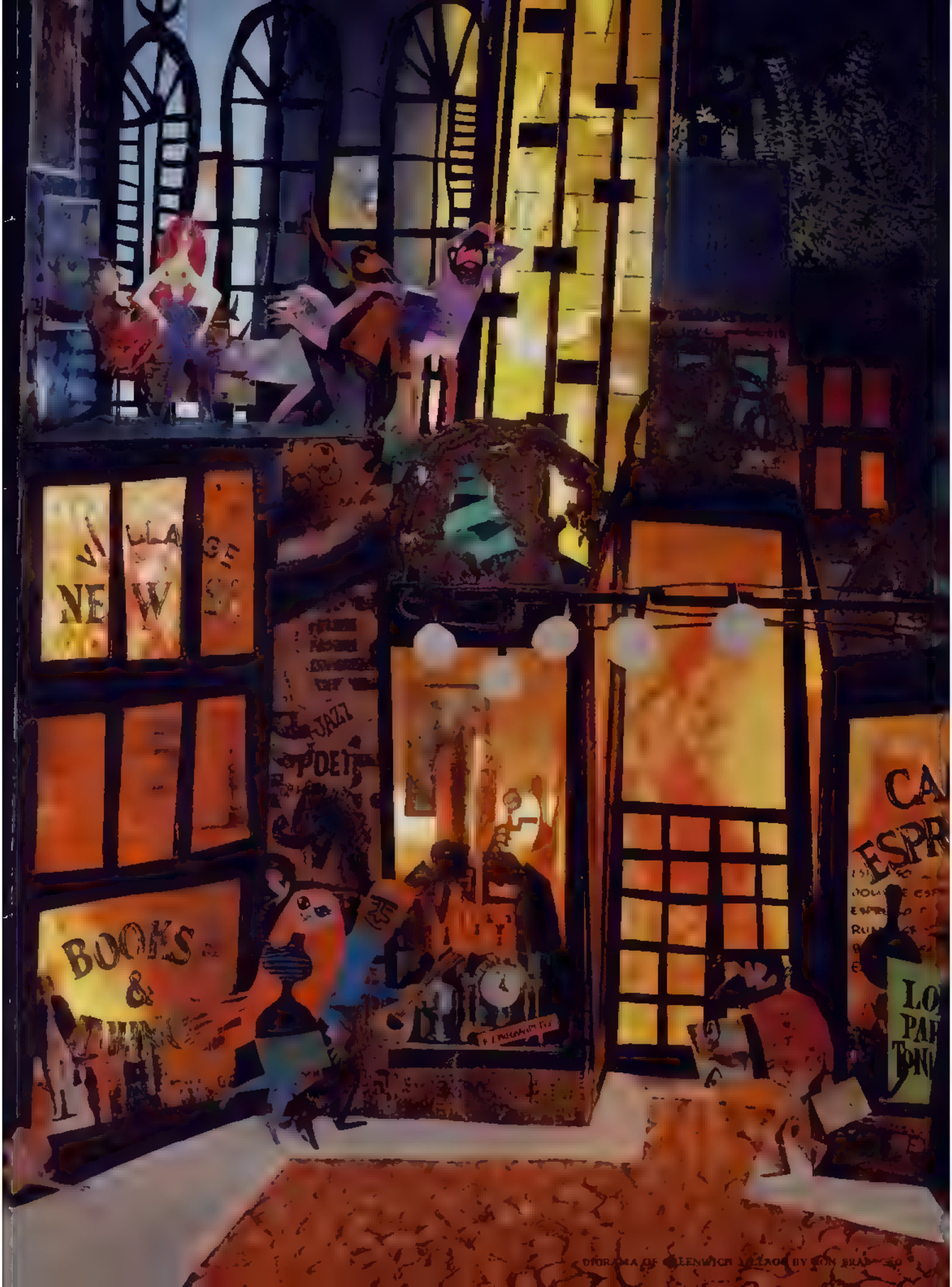
The MGA. The idea is to get fun, enjoyment, pleasure out of owning a sports car. Why start near the top, skipping all the intermediate stages? The Corvette has much more power than you can use or appreciate. After six or eight months with the MGA, when you feel you're fully in charge, put a supercharger on it and start over again. Then trade it for something a bit hotter and keep on like that until you're ready for a Corvette, a 300SL, an Aston Martin or a Ferrari. This way, you'll have much more of a ball than you would if you started with a Corvette — and when you get to the Corvette you'll be ready for it.

•

What do you think of those martinis and manhattans that come in those little plastic bags? — C. D., Houston, Texas

We think they should remain in those little plastic bags.

THEATRE
KOSHER
MEATS



DIORAMA OF GREENWICH VILLAGE BY SON BRADFORD

ON A DUSTY TABLE IN THE BACK ROOM of a Greenwich Village antique shop lies an etching that pictures a mighty stand of oak being cleared to make way for the construction of a cabin. A few disconsolate figures, their heads bowed, mourn the vile encroachment of the metropolis. The title of the etching is *The End of Greenwich Village* and the date on it is 1859.

Greenwich Village ended, then, more than a hundred years ago. The crooked lanes of "Grenege," the Green Village, where small landholders grew tobacco and whence large landholders fled to avoid creditors, were being joined to the busy geometrical grid of Manhattan. "This pleasant and salubrious corner," this ancient Dutch settlement of Greenwijk which had appeared on maps as early as 1645, was dying.

It has been "dying" ever since, regularly. Each generation, the Village has had its Cassandras to cry its coming doom, and the present generation is no exception. The truth, of course, is that Greenwich Village is no longer as it was *and never has been.* A living organism, not a fossil, its restless change is the constant proof of its vitality. Today the Village remains an essential element not merely of the New York scene but of America's long love affair with the twin mistresses Freedom and Rebellion.

The importance of the Village as actual place and symbol of change and experiment in America is demonstrated by the pathetic letter sent off by a Village wife, Mrs. Melville, to her mother: "Herman has taken to writing poetry. You need not tell anyone, for you know how such things get around."

The rumor did get around, alas for Herman, whose spouse passionately desired that he spend his time

ever changing, ever the same, greenwich village is still the vital nerve center of american rebellion

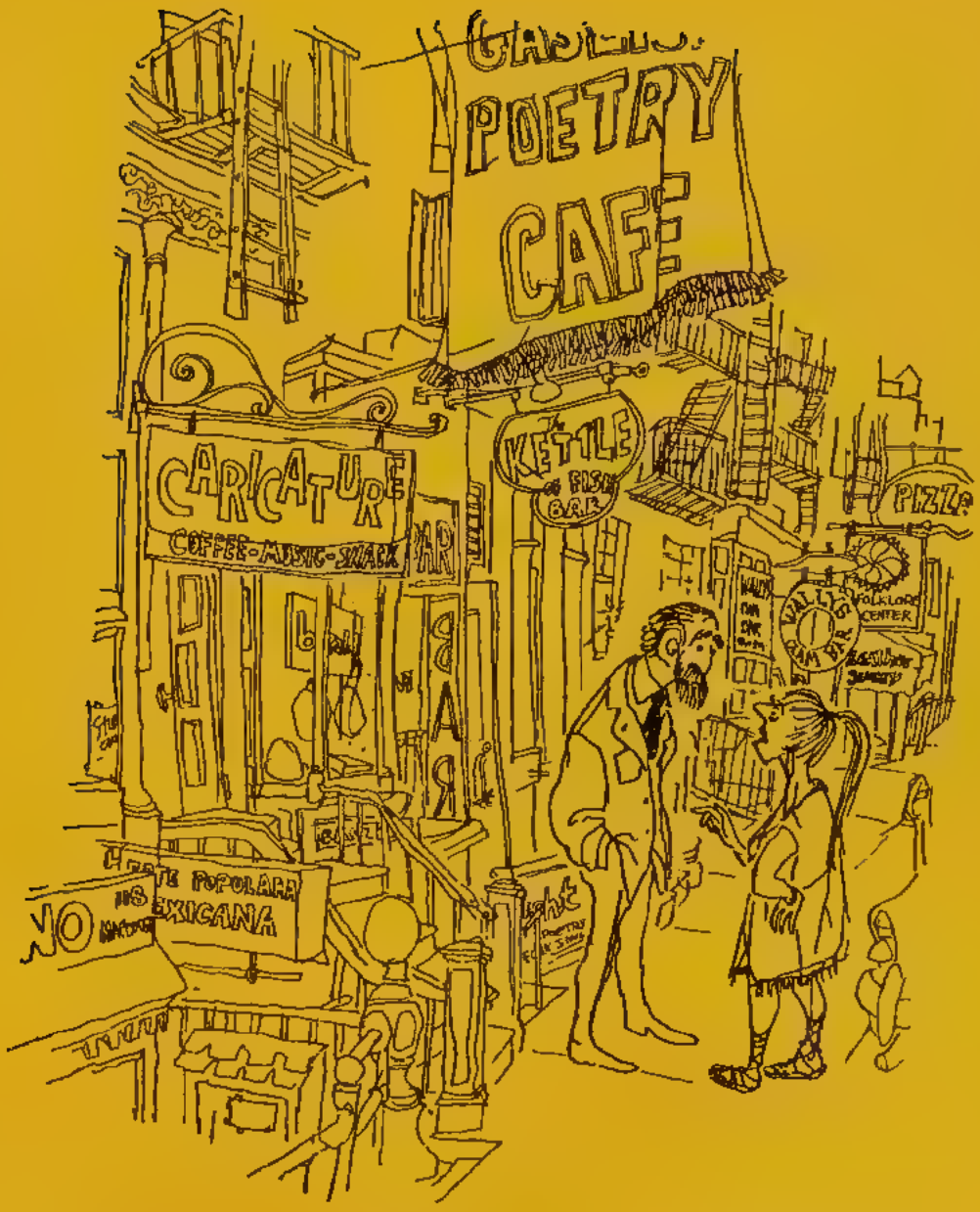
THE RESTLESS MECCA

essay **By HERBERT GOLD**

gainfully writing serial stories about whaling; Mrs. Melville bowed her head with oh! the shame of it, that her beloved Herman lay on his couch all morning, deceiving her with a muse; eventually Herman hired himself out as a salaried employee. But there has always been this small throbbing ventricle in the busy heart of New York where the poet might know honor and where the real shame for a wife would come if Herman *stopped* writing poetry. For all these years now, the inventors, composers, painters, poets, playwrights, and the various would-be and might-be geniuses have eventually floated upstream until they came to rest, at least briefly, in Greenwich Village, U.S.A.

They have sometimes been as respectable as Henry James, who later turned into a wooden-nosed Englishman, and sometimes as disreputable as Joe Gould, the shaggy Harvard-graduate hobo, author of the endless and unpublished *Oral History of the World,* a grinning gnome who lived on free cafeteria ketchup and national publicity, both of which are packed with vitamins and minerals. The geniuses have found inspiration in a certain lounging ease of life among an all-American stew of Italians, Irish, Chinese and Jews who lived in and around the Village simply because it was their neighborhood. As dogs have fleas, so the geniuses also found comfort in the hectoring company of the gaffers, cadgers, sexual experimenters, political evangels, and the doddering remnants of elegance near Washington Square and Fifth Avenue.

At its earliest beginnings, the Village was a trading post where Canarsie Indians bargained over hides with the Dutch settlers; there were springs of fresh water on Spring Street, and Minetta Brook wound along Minetta Lane, and wolves, panthers, moose, wild turkeys and heath hens inaugurated a tradition of good hunting which is carried on now only by the Continental-clad wolves who prowl the still-crooked streets of Minetta and Spring and the rest of the drained, lit, built-up and leveled-down Village of today. In those antique times, besides the Dutch and Indians, there came some English, some French Walloons, some Jews (a tiny pre-Revolutionary Portuguese Hebrew cemetery still slices into the barrage of real estate on Eleventh Street near Sixth Avenue); a number of Negro freedmen and escaped slaves took their best hold on liberty in the Village, and according to some authorities, a few Spanish pirates dropped their *(continued on page 56)*



"They're talking about us all over the Village — down at the Figaro, over at Whalen's, down at Joe's, up at the Bagel — they're all saying we're not sleeping together. Now maybe you don't give a damn what people think, but I do!"

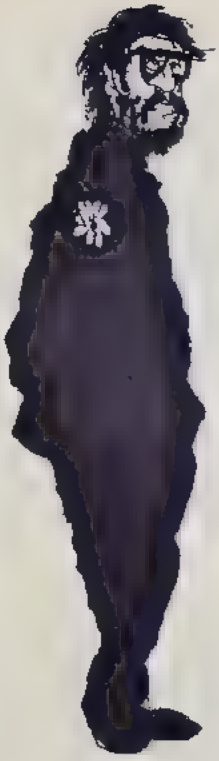
Silverstein IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

our globetrotting cartoonist reports on a beat and bizarre segment of the american scene

SHEL SILVERSTEIN, the free-wheeling humorist who has sketched many of the world's most exotic lands for PLAYBOY, has been living in Greenwich Village for the past year, recuperating from wounds incurred on safari (*Silverstein in Africa*, PLAYBOY, October 1959), working at drawing board and recording studio (his disc, *Hairy Jazz*, was reviewed in February's *Playboy After Hours*), and just generally absorbing. Before long, he will journey forth again to far-flung places, but in the meantime he has set down his impressions of a locale in many ways as exotic as any he visited across the great waters. A whole new philosophy, called Beat, blossomed forth in America while he was away, and it took root in the Village. On these pages, Shel depicts this town-within-a-town in all its beat and bawdy glory.

In the garden of Greenwich Village's Figaro coffee house, Shel lives it up with several other bearded artists and artisans.

Winter in the Village



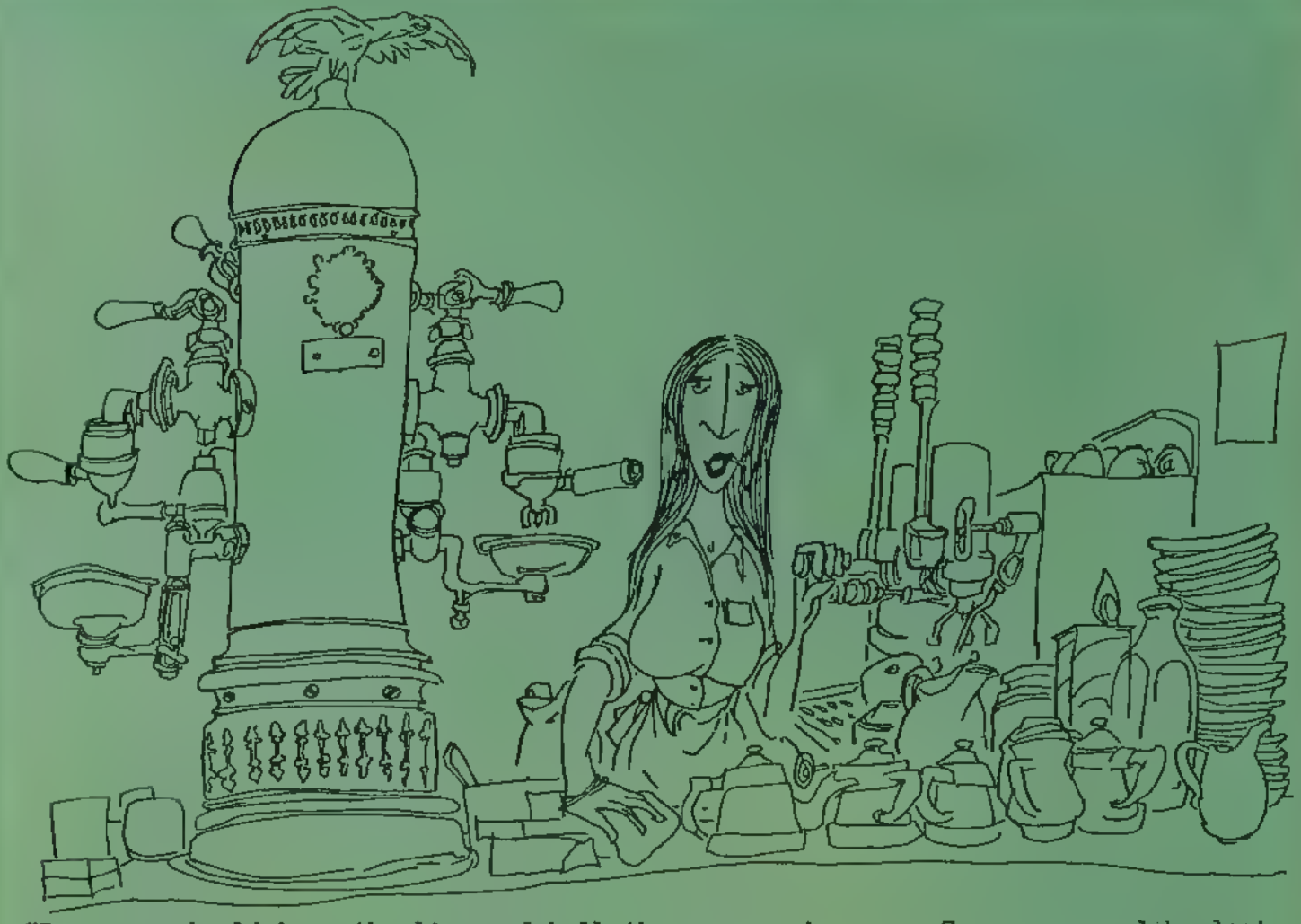
Spring in the Village

"OK, then it's all set — Georgie, you commit suicide by jumping off the Washington Square Arch, Ty photographs him in mid-air and sells the picture to the Daily News, Ted writes a short story about him and sells it to The New Yorker, Herb writes a play about him and sells it to the Phoenix Theatre, Lou writes a folk song about him and records it for Decca, John writes a poem about him and sells it to Harper's, I do a movie scenario starring Gene and Lois and sell it to Hollywood, Vern paints a..."

"Well how do you <u>know</u> you can't play 'Stardust' if you've never <u>tried</u> playing 'Stardust'?"

"What do you mean,
you'd sooner have a Marlboro?!!..."

"First of all,
you're not thinking like a swan..."



"Boy, you should hear the lines of bull these guys give me. Some come on like lost little boys — they need me to mother them — what a laugh! Then the hippies, they come on oool — they will 'let me make it if I dig to!' Ha!! Then the college boys from the Bronx — they want something sincere — an 'intellectual relationship.' Some try to overwhelm me — they say, 'I don't know you, but I want your body!!' Some come on gay and want me to help them be men again. Brother! How corny can you get? And yet they keep giving me these same square stories to get me to go to bed with them. Bull! Pure bull! I don't know why I always go."

"Marie?"

"What, baby?"

"Why don't you like me, Marie?"

"Baby, I dig you the end."

"You dig me? Does that mean you like me?"

"You're too much, baby, too much!"

"Too much <u>what</u>, Marie?"

"Tooooo much...you're something else!"

"What else, Marie — I don't understand???"

"You are the end. Uncool, man, but like I groove behind you!!"

"Marie, I..."

"Let's split, baby."

"You want to split up? You want me to go away?"

"No, baby, but this scene drags me...I am bugged..."

"You mean the mosquitoes, Marie? I think the light attracts —— "

"Let's cut out to your pad, baby. I dig to wail..."

"You mean, to cry, Marie? Did I say anything...?"

"To ball, baby...I dig to ball..."

"Whatever I said, I'm sorry, Marie. Here, use my handkerchief..."

"Man, <u>later</u>!"

"Later <u>what</u>, Marie? Do you want my handkerchief later? I don't under —— "

"No, man, like forget it!"

"Marie..."

"What?"

"May I hold your hand?"

"And every night at twelve-fifteen there she was at the stage door — waiting, so I figured, well, it won't do any harm to say hello. So I did, and the next thing I knew we were having coffee, and then I found myself taking her to dinner that Saturday, and I told her we could only be friends, and I explained all about Harvey and me, but the next thing I knew I was seeing her every night and sending her flowers and writing her poems, and I can't sleep and I keep thinking about her, and I think I'm falling in <u>love</u> with her!...I'm going to see a psychiatrist."

"OK, baby, now let me lay the ground rules on you. First of all, if you hit a fair ball to a fielder who is stoned, it's an automatic double. If you lose a sandle running to first, you're out. No smoking when you're on base and no hiding the ball in your beard. No fooling with the chicks except between innings. Now their butch right fielder has power, so keep the ball low to her. Their shortstop is great, but he should be busted by the fuzz by the third inning. Now the ump is a Method actor, so..."

Top: the less-than-silver Silverstein voice is raised in ethnic song, to the delight of professional folksinger Jo March. Bottom: Shel evaluates the work of a fair artist at an artists' fair on the Village sidewalks.

"Ernie... seeing as how I'm new in the Village...and seeing as how this is our first date...a blind date... and since we don't really know each other very well yet...would it be all right if...would it be all right if we went to bed <u>after</u> the movie?"

"Gosh, Louise — the last time I saw you, you were voted Miss Ohio State of 1956...now you'll have to fill me in from there.. "

RESTLESS MECCA *(continued from page 50)*

eye patches into the bounding main and retired to Perry Street. (Do they now model Hathaway Shirts? And is there really any buried treasure? Might be, beneath the pipes and cables and sewers and foundations upon foundations.)

All this began when the Green Village was a tidy little settlement insulated from the Manhattan colony, thanks to swamp, salt marsh, forest and cripple bush. Gradually the wild berries and nuts disappeared (later to reappear in health stores on Eighth Street, along with queen bee jelly and wheat germ); the English installed tobacco plantations; Sir Peter Warren owned almost the whole caboodle. He died in 1752, "removed by the Almighty from a place of Honour to an eternity of Happiness," and his various heirs began the continuous process of bickering and speculating, dividing and subdividing. On rainy nights bearded duffers warmed their backsides by the fire and grieved over the good old days of the Village.

Soon the skirmishes of 1776 came close; Aaron Burr galloped through the meadow where the Fifth Avenue bus turns around; history advanced. But advance as history must, New York City could never quite digest this winding knot of exception on its favorite island; Manhattan swallowed it down, it swallowed it up, but Greenwich Village would not be dissolved, straightened, tamed, numbed or numbered. And when it allowed itself partly to be numbered, it produced such examples of arithmetical chaos as an intersection of Fourth and Tenth Streets—a tribute to the old times of Indian trails, when "parallel" and "perpendicular" meant as little as "pension" and "job security" to the true Villager of today. The surveyors who laid out the map of Greenwich Village had irrigated their wits with birchbark wine.

That allegedly parallel streets should meet and cross perhaps helps to explain why Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper and Edgar Allan Poe came to the Village in the early and middle Nineteenth Century; West Tenth Street and West Fourth Street persisted in meeting and crossing, an assignation which must be a love match since it is the despair of logical minds, and so Ada Clare (author of "the most beautiful poems in the language," according to the *New York Atlas*), also came to smoke (!), drink (!) and talk impertinently with men neither her father, brother nor husband (!). Artistic types like dear Ada, who somehow had a child without being married (due to too much smoking, drinking and conversation), and Henry Clapp, who found in Greenwich Village the gabled houses and the charm of Paris, began to gather the noise of Nineteenth Century art about their organizing spirits. Walt Whitman toured the streets with crumbs for the birds on his shoulders ("All the critters come to me," he said); Mark Twain, rescued from bankruptcy by a lecture tour, lived at 14 West Tenth Street and then, perhaps trying to escape that maddening intersection with Fourth Street, moved to 21 Fifth Avenue. Here he took the courage to write blasphemous books which were published only after his death.

There were the famous from all over the world, like John Masefield, or later, like Maxim Gorky, who had a secretary with whom he was not allowed to register in his hotel because he admitted freely that they took dictation together. There were also the generous, like Luke O'Connor, in whose tavern almost anyone could cash a check. Luke's place came to be known as "The Working Girl's Home" because a girl could enjoy a quiet glass under the amiable protection of Luke without being disturbed by the police. When Luke's place closed, the old times were over once again.

Now, of course, time really is moving fast; the 1960 "End of Greenwich Village" tramples down that Greenwich Village which subverts the Greenwich Village which preceded it; and again change destroys its "essential character." New high-rise apartment houses, replacing the handsomely decrepit fretwork tenements, give sign of the alteration in olde New York wrought by cold cash and hot mortgage. The restless spirit of consumership has discovered the charm of nonconformity, along with coffee houses, hi-fi, and girls in tight pants; but the new, prosperous, intelligent, gifted wageslaves who seek to recapture their perhaps never-was youth by moving to the Village want to nonconform in comfort, like everyone else, with built-in air conditioners, speedy silent elevators, and a rent they are not ashamed to murmur aloud.

In the process, some of the traditional Village landmarks—the old Brevoort Hotel, the gingerbread apartment houses, and the Waldorf Cafeteria, where Maxwell Bodenheim came to make fun of the junkies, and stayed and stayed—have disappeared. Many fine blocks full of wood-burning fireplaces have fallen under the builder's heartless ax, making way for central heating, low ceilings and high rent. The Village is very much a state of mind, usually centered at such landmarks as Washington Square, Sheridan Square, and a shifting few favorite restaurants, streets, places and events; unofficially—there can hardly be an official map for a tradition—the outlines of the Village begin to manifest themselves at Fourteenth Street on the north, the Hudson River on the west, Canal Street to the south, and Broadway on the east. But these are not firm outlines, merely hints and histories. Since there are Villagers living on Fifteenth Street, is this not the Village? And what about Sixteenth Street? And Seventeenth? And Eighteenth? No, Eighteenth Street is certainly lost to another style, but still, how many hairs make a beard and what does a neighbor street need in order to join the Village?

Now the traditional locus of the Village is being bulged outward by an American need to build a bigger, better headquarters for nonconformity: There is the chic Fifth Avenue Village, extended up East Eighth Street; there is the clean, new, monumental and boring Washington Square Village development, which replaced an old slum just south of Washington Square with a huge tenement cake of glass and aluminum (abstract expressionist paintings in the lobby); there are the rehabilitated Italian and Irish slums adjoining, and the refurbished dockside tenements, and a general groaning and heaving of the land as real estate developers rush in to discover "the charm of Village living." Some brilliant mice seem to have discovered a deep truth: Build a better people trap and the world will beat a path to your door. All you have to do is stand in front of a building in a suit with wide lapels and the crusted bricks come slipping down, thinking they recognize a builder.

The Village's first stock brokerage office has opened on Sixth Avenue, around the corner from the offices of *The Village Voice*, on ground hallowed by the tread of patrolling actors, artists, technocrats, ancient crones, homosexuals; it lies catty-corner across from the Women's House of Detention, a dismal warehouse in which prostitutes, shoplifters, junkies, molls, accessories-after-the-fact are kept in inventory. Occasionally the girls stored in their coolers grow restive, as growing girls will do; they lean against the bars and holler at each other, or bang their eating tools, screaming curses or impractical invitations into the street. Now the stroller below, wild with desire, can shout back up at them the bid and asked price on General Electric or A.T.&T., fresh off the tape.

Today the Village seems, to those for whom it was a part of their youth, like one of those jigsaw puzzles in which you put together the two hundred pieces and are rewarded with a vision of a sylvan glen and a perfect beauty dawdling from a rope swing, dressed only in her smile. Under "B" in the index of a book on the Post World War I Village, we find these entries: Babbittry; Basement tenements; Birth control clinics; Block, the, as a unit; Bodenheim, Maxwell;

(continued on page 112)

THE GOURMET FRANKFURTER

a hardy commoner marries into the royal world of haute cuisine

THE TRUE GOURMET, AS OPPOSED TO THE FOOD SNOB, enjoys simple fare with as much gusto as he enjoys intricate and subtle delicacies. Nobody with good sense and a brisk appetite would snub, for example, the lowly frankfurter—provided it were well prepared. And, not long ago, the frankfurter was prepared to a Frenchy fare-thee-well by chef John Bandera of Chicago's Cafe Bonaparte, as part of a hoopla signalizing the hundredth anniversary of David Berg & Co., whose founder, we're told, was instrumental in introducing the succulent sausage to America. We were invited to the celebration because of our keen interest in gourmandise, and we ate well. Afterward, we became chummy with Mr. Bandera and, always working, pried out of him his recipes for the glamorous Gallicized franks we had enjoyed:

FRANKFURTERS SAUTÉ POIVRADE (*Hors d'oeuvres for six*) 8 frankfurters, 2 cups water, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon freshly ground coarse black pepper, 1 teaspoon marjoram.

Boil frankfurters in water for one minute. Drain. Slice each frankfurter diagonally into five pieces. Sauté in butter, adding pepper and marjoram. Turn until browned. Serve in chafing dish with toothpicks handy.

FRANKFURTERS BOURGUIGNONNE (*Serves four*) 8 frankfurters, ¼ lb. salt pork, diced, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 teaspoons chopped shallots (substitute onions or chives, if desired), ½ teaspoon minced garlic, 3 cups claret, 1 no. 2½ can small pearl onions, ½ lb. fresh whole button mushrooms, 1 no. 2 can brown sauce, 24 cooked Parisienne potatoes (small potato balls browned in deep fat).

Cut frankfurters in thirds. Sauté frankfurters and salt pork in butter approximately five minutes, turning to brown. Remove meat and add shallots and garlic to the fat. Simmer two or three minutes. Add wine. Simmer until liquid is reduced to one cup—takes approximately eight minutes. Add onions, mushrooms and brown sauce. Cover and simmer for fifteen minutes. Add potatoes and frankfurters.

FRANKFURTERS EN BROCHETTE, DIJON SAUCE (*Four skewers, two to three portions*) 4 frankfurters, ¼ cup butter, 1 green pepper cut into large squares, 8 fresh mushroom caps, 8 small pearl onions, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 teaspoons chopped shallots, ½ cup dry white wine, ½ cup canned brown sauce, 1 tablespoon Dijon mustard.

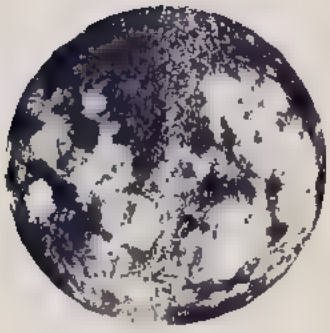
Melt ¼ cup butter over a slow flame. Add the green pepper squares and mushroom caps. Sauté until tender. Peel the onions and boil until tender. Cut frankfurters into four pieces. Thread on skewers, using frankfurters, mushrooms, green pepper squares and onions. Fills four ten-inch skewers. Brush with butter remaining in pan in which vegetables were sauteed. Broil under low heat until browned. While the brochettes are broiling, baste frequently with the following sauce:

Melt two tablespoons butter in a saucepan. Add shallots and sauté until they just begin to brown. Add wine and simmer until liquid is halved. Add brown sauce and mustard. Stir well with a wire whip. Bring to a boil and simmer two to three minutes.

As we were leaving Cafe Bonaparte, chef Bandera confidentially revealed to us one more fascinating recipe, CHIEN CHAUD, which happened to be his favorite. We found the ingredients strangely familiar: frankfurter, bun, mustard, relish, catsup (chopped onion optional, for antisocial types).

"I'd keep an eye on that new fellow. I think he's beginning to grow a beard."

ounce of prevention o



fiction By BRIAN RENCELAW

the association had a sure cure for war

THROUGH THE GREAT EYE, THE FIRST MATE followed the descent of the golden ball as it floated gently down to the surface of the world beneath his ship.

When it settled silently and secretly in the shadows of an obscure alley of the glittering city under him, he sighed with satisfaction.

The last of their deadly cargo had been planted.

He snapped off the Eye's glowing lens and briskly left the observation chamber.

The captain was mixing drinks in his cabin when he entered. "Ah," he said, "I was expecting you. Do you like a splash of water with yours?"

"Straight, sir, if you please." He took the chalice that was given to him. "We've laid the last egg, Captain."

"I know. I watched it go down in my Eye. Excellent job of direction, mister."

"Thank you, sir."

"To peace," said the Captain.

"To peace."

Their cups clinked. The potent liquor seared the first mate's throat and his eyes watered. He was not accustomed to strong drink and actually did not care for it, but a junior officer did not decline a toast with his captain. "Good stuff, sir," he managed to gasp.

"It's swill," the Captain said, flatly. "But it's standard ration for officers doing Prevention work. Wait until we get back to the other side of the galaxy. I'll take you to a bar where we can celebrate the end of our mission with some really good stuff."

"I'd like that, sir."

The Captain seemed pleased. "You're a good sort. Best first mate I've ever worked with. Now let's make for space and watch the fireworks, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

It was not long before their ship — a radiant, humming disc of golden metal — had pulled away from the intricate city beneath and was climbing steadily out of the planet's atmosphere and gravitational field.

In the observation chamber, the first mate and his captain sat and waited. The Eye showed them the slowly receding globe of the thriving world. Its vegetation appeared as great patches of lush green, and its oceans glimmered silver in the sun. Veil-like clouds encircled the globe in varying degrees of thickness.

Looming a short distance from this world was another, larger planet, to which this one was but a satellite. Their view of the larger world was almost completely obscured by clouds: only rarely could they catch a glimpse of its steaming seas and luxuriant primeval greenery.

The first mate broke the silence. "How long have you been in Prevention work, sir?"

The Captain said, wryly, "Ever since I lost my temper and blasted a few cutthroat natives on Colony 9230. The higher-ups decided I was too impulsive to be a benevolent governor, and so they reassigned me to Prevention. That's longer ago than I care to remember." His eyes grew hard.

The first mate was surprised by this overly-personal revelation. Perhaps the drink had gone to the Captain's head, he thought. Aloud, he said, "It's a worthy project, Captain; don't you agree?"

The senior officer grunted. "Worthy? I suppose so. Anything that promotes the welfare of the Galactic Association is worthy, isn't it? And anything that does not is — " there was a slight edge to his voice — " 'illogical.' And we must be logical by all means, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right. Then give the order to activate. The sooner you do, the sooner we go home. That's the best logic I know."

Instantly, the first mate walked toward a microphone. He snapped it on and, *(continued on page 128)*

what did the voice mean, about having something to show for it?

THE NEVER ENDING PENNY

fiction **By BERNARD WOLFE**

SO IT WENT, PEACHES ALL DAY, complaints all night. "If not too big a work, could you make the voice somewhat softer?" he said to his wife. "I pick the peaches ten large hours today and even my ears fall down from tiredness."

He refrained from observing that her tongue might soon fall down from its labors.

"Pick the peaches ten years and the house will still be small like no house," she said. "We are seven, we shall soon be eight, and we continue to live in a house with one room, not a house, a species of shed, and therefore we live like pigs and what do peaches have to do with it?"

He studied their own well-fatted pig that *(continued on page 66)*

ILLUSTRATION BY RALPH CREASMAN

"And all this time I thought you were knitting me another pair of Argyles!"

an invitation to join in the planning of an exciting new automobile

THE PLAYBOY SPORTS CAR

From Aceca to Zagato-Abarth the range of available sports cars would appear to be wide enough to accommodate most tastes. Then, for sheer luxurious comfort, there are the land yachts, à la Rolls-Royce and Cadillac; and, for maneuverability, the domestic and European compacts. Seldom if ever before has the car owner been offered a wider range of vehicles from which to select his preferred mode of automotive travel. Yet we here at PLAYBOY have long been intrigued with the notion that there still exists a very special automotive niche as yet unfilled: the ideal gentleman's sporting motor-carriage, which might give him, in one package, the amenities he wants plus the speed and roadability he demands from an out-and-out sports car. We have, therefore, decided to design – and perhaps produce in limited quantity – a Playboy car. Ken Purdy, our Contributing Editor and an internationally renowned automotive authority, has been working with us in establishing the criteria that will dictate basic design, though the final form of the car has not yet been determined. Instead of a standard chassis, the Playboy will have the welded space-tube frame that is the basis of contemporary front-rank racing cars. The space frame gives two great advantages: lightness and enormous strength. The rear axle will be De Dion for maximum roadability, and the differential will be of the limited-slip type. The engine will be American, for maximum torque combined with reliability and ease of maintenance. A four-speed manual gearbox will handle the power. Since the end of World War II, nearly every new and exciting conception in automobile body design has appeared on a car carrying the plaque of an Italian *carrozzeria*. That is why we have commissioned Bill Frick, the famous racing and design specialist, to go to Italy for us to solicit design-sketches from leading Italian houses.

The Playboy will probably be a full four-passenger convertible combining beauty of line and form with maximum performance and maximum comfort. It will be completely amenable to individual owners' preferences, from automatic transmission and a choice of exotic upholsterers' leathers to television, refrigerator and snack bar, rear-seat instrumentation, and so on. It is our plan to design an automobile of notable sophistication in luxury, operating on a performance level that will dominate with ease everything on the road except *gran turismo* cars designed specifically for competition. This has never been done – but it is not an impossible dream. A car can be a "fun" car, it can be designed to accommodate enough options for near-custom personalization, it can incorporate as many (or as few) as one wants of those push buttons to which Detroit has habituated a lot of guys who don't get much of a clout out of stick-shifting through city traffic or manhandling a rag top in a rainstorm – and it can still outperform anything but a racing machine.

We believe a car can, indeed, offer the best of both automotive worlds – luxurious comfort and sports-car performance – and we're going to have some fun trying to design one. And while it's in the planning stage, we'll welcome suggestions from a readership which is, perhaps, the most vehicularly hip of any magazine's. Share your thoughts, and we'll keep you posted on our progress in producing the Playboy, a unique and exciting motorcar.

gleaming gear for kings of the open road

ACCESSORIES, GIMCRACKS, GADGETS and kickshaws to pep up the pulse of any sports car owner. Left: 1. Presto refillable fire extinguisher and case, $8. 2. Kearfott time-speed-distance rally computer, $250. 3. Hickok electrical test chargicator, $15. 4. Minerva dash-mount rally timer, $32. 5. Amco chrome MG gear-shift knob, $3. 6. Dinsmore illuminated auto compass, $7.50. 7. Fisher indoor-outdoor auto thermometer, $10. 8. Heuer 12-hour timer, $75. 9. Gilbert Davis engine vacuum fuel pump tester, $5.75. 10. Gilbert Davis compression tester, $5.75. 11. Airguide illuminated auto compass, $7.50. 12. Stevens binary computer and case, $8.50. 13. Dräger tire pressure gauge and case, $6.50. 14. Westach electric tachometer, $38. 15. Tapley chrome accelerometer, $110. 16. Minerva dash-mount stopwatch, $32. 17. Heuer multi-sequence timer board, $18.75, shown with three one-fifth-second Heuer timers, $19.75 each, Heuer Auto-Rallye decimal one-hour dashboard timer, $39.50, Heuer Monte Carlo decimal dashboard timer, $52.50 and Heuer Master-Time eight-day dashboard clock, $57.50. Right: 1. Becker medium wave car radio, $250. 2. Bullock hub cap, set of four, $35. 3. Derrington racing screen, $20. 4. Impact Saf-Tee belt, $13. 5. Bell crash helmet, $37. 6. and 20. Signal flags, set of eight, $25. 7. Imported lamp mounting badge bar, $19. with Lucas fog and road lamps, $18 each, stone-guards, $7 each and imported auto club badges, $4.50 each. 8. Sala-Sport poplin racing suit, $16. 9. Pathfinder Spot-Lite plugs into lighter socket, $10. 10. Judson supercharger, $232. 11. and 24. Nardi-Italia hand-crafted steering wheels, $105. 12. International Auto Parts walnut dash panel, $33. 13. Streamliner racing mirror, $12. 14. Raydyot racing mirror, $6. 15. Raydyot interior convex mirror, $6. 16. Gonset multi-channel two-way radio, $150. 17. Marchal two-tone air horn, $80. 18. Sala Sport driving gloves, $8. 19. Indian brass car horn, $40. 21. Monza gas cap, $23. 22. Ah-Ooo-Gah horn for 6- or 12-volt systems, $13. 23. Left to right: *The Sports Car Rally Handbook*, Exposition Press, $3.50; *The Sports Car: Its Design and Performance*, Bentley, $6.50; *The Racing Driver*, Bentley, $5; *Omnibus of Speed*, Putnam's, $6; *Great Racing Drivers of the World*, *Guide to Buying a Used Sports Car*, *Accessories for Your Sports Car*, *A Guide to Rallying*, *Sports Cars of the World*, all from Sports Car Press, $2 each. 25. Amco grille for Triumph TR-3, $38. 26. Imported tool set, $16. 27. Imported hardwood luggage rack, $25.

SPORTS CAR ACCOUTREMENTS

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27

NEVER ENDING PENNY *(continued from page 61)*

was down at the corner of the property snouting some superior mud from here to there. He refrained from pointing out that this stoat of theirs lived fantastically better than they did, having as many rooms as he had muds, no peaches to pick, no woman to make loud noises in his ears.

"We need at the minimum two rooms more," she said. "Then our neighbors will see that we are people and not some animals in a barn or a sty."

He did not draw her attention to the fact that she was making noises better suited to the barn or the sty. He liked Herminia, though she had a tendency to overtalk.

He adjusted his back to a more comfortable position against the adobe wall, wiggled his dusty toes, and considered the sun, which was dropping away behind the mountain like a darkening boil.

"I have explained before and I will explain again," he said. "To build even two small rooms requires many hundreds of adobe bricks. To mix the adobe, shape the bricks, dry the bricks, then further to place the bricks, is an immense labor. I pick the peaches ten hours a day for Mr. Johannsen and this is enough immense labor."

These words were said with a first-grade teacher's kind and crisis-easing voice.

"And when you do not pick the peaches for Mr. Johannsen?"

"Then I pick the beef tomatoes for Mr. Predieu and the iceberg lettuces for Mr. Scarpio. When I am not picking other people's various things it is my taste to sit against the wall and pick my teeth."

"For that," she said, "it is first necessary to chew on something."

"I agree with a whole heart. I will ask only why you bother to make this very true and intelligent observation?"

"Because if you do not build the two needed rooms you will very soon be without the things to chew on. Do I make this plain? Your cook will be home in Durango, where human beings do not live like animals. You can write me a long letter about how you do not pick the teeth any more."

She went in the house with both hands made into fists, her rounded belly leading the way. Five children's voices came up in a soprano thunder, asking mama, dear and nice mamacita, for some pieces of crisped tortilla.

Life could be hard in this California. Troubles here had the tendency to grow like peaches and lettuces, in bunches. Though it was to be understood that even the much-accepting Herminia would not wish to bring out still another child in one cramped room. Yet adobe bricks would not grow in bunches, like peaches, lettuces and troubles.

He got to his feet and walked down close by the pig, to the well, to get himself some water. Standing there in his envelope of constant trouble, the tin dipper at his mouth, he said more or less to the pig, "I wish I had the miraculous penny."

This was what people like him sometimes said when they felt their troubles forming into a sealed envelope, themselves inside.

The pig maneuvered over on his back and flopped his happy feet in the air, perhaps trying to kick the sun.

From the bottom of the well a voice said, "What?"

When spoken to, Diosdado liked to give straight and full answers. So he explained:

"I was speaking of the penny that never ends, that when it is spent is replaced in the pocket with another penny. It is the poor man's idea of great wealth, of all the riches of the world, to have a penny in his pocket that always gives birth to another penny ——"

The voice said, "If you have to empty out your head every time you're asked a question, write a book or hire a hall."

Then Diosdado realized that he was leaning into the well, talking to somebody at the bottom of his well.

A man with a one-room house guards what is his with more spirit than a man who owns international strings of castles.

He leaned over some more and said, "What do you think you're doing there in my well?"

"I do this without thinking," the voice said, "because it's my job and the thing I'm trained to do. These days we all specialize."

"What is that, your job?"

"Listening. You think it's easy when you mumble?"

"Then you listen to this," Diosdado said. "This is my well and I want you to get out of it and off my property."

"This well," the voice said, "is as much Mr. Bixby's as it is yours."

"Who owns a hole is who did the digging. You go back to this liar of a Mr. Bixby of yours and you ——"

"Man, will you use your damned head for once? For more than to keep your ears in place? You dug this hole, yes, what belongs to you is the hole. You did not make the water that comes into the hole, I stress this, the water comes down from those San Berdoo mountains, from certain forest lands owned by a certain Mr. George Carol Bixby. Now, will you stop wasting my time and answer one simple question? Did I understand you to say you would like the miraculous penny, the never ending penny?"

"These were my words. It is only an expression ——"

"All right."

"What did you say?"

"I said, all right."

"All right what?"

"All right, you can have the never ending penny. You've got it. Spend it in good health."

Diosdado turned a sympathy-seeking face to the lurching, wallowing pig. "Mister," he said, "you get down in my well where you have no right to be, a person I have never been introduced to, and you tell me bad jokes. It is impossible to have such an article as the never ending penny. This is only an article people wish for. It is an express "

"I know what it is without speeches from you," the voice said. "The self-perpetuating penny, you might say, is my business. If you don't want it, fine, just say so. If you do, it's yours. What coins do you have in your pocket?"

Diosdado made another face at the pig, one pleading for the two same parties left in the world to join against a general madness, and pulled all the coins from his pocket.

"Four pennies, two dimes and a quarter. This is what I have in my pocket and in the world."

"Fine. Now, put them in your shirt pocket, all but one penny. Put this single penny back in your pants."

"If it gives you pleasure."

"Now take the penny out, then feel in the pocket again."

Diosdado withdrew the penny, placed it in his right hand, reached inside again with his left.

There was another penny in his pocket.

He pulled this one out and explored once more.

There was a third penny

There was a fourth. There was a fifth.

• • •

When there were fifteen or more pennies in his sweaty hand he looked for explanations to the pig, with beggar's eyes. The pig was busy juggling the sun with his paws. Diosdado began to shiver.

He thought he understood, partly, anyway, the excitement of this moment. Once, when a boy in Durango, while walking down a country road, he had seen a shine in the dust. His foot explored the mystery. The shining objects were bright new centavo pieces. At the sight of these unexpected riches he had felt precisely this kind of throat-tightening and eye-widening heat in a flash flood through his body. For one ballooning, scooping moment Diosdado had

(continued on page 78)

PAINTING A PLAYMATE

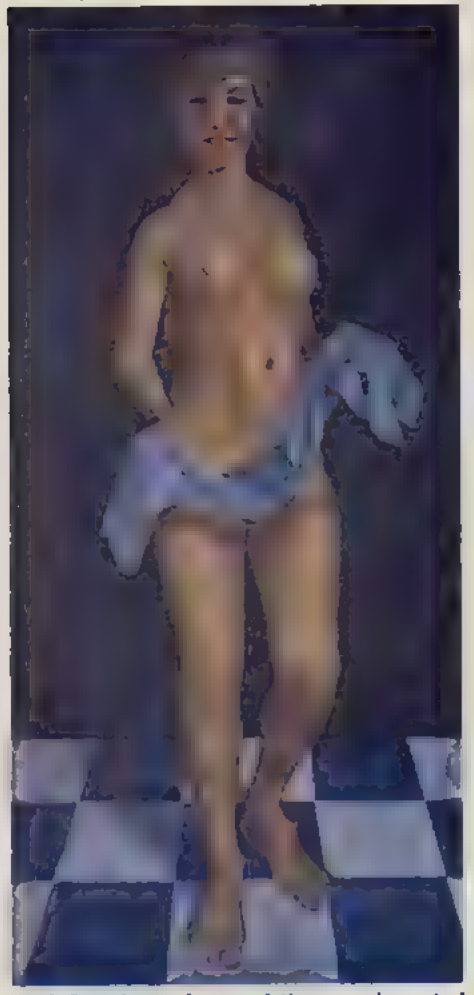
eleven playboy artists interpret miss september

Richard Frooman, whose illustration for *The Third Martini* in this issue is his first for PLAYBOY, viewed our September Playmate in the manner of Georges Seurat, the Nineteenth Century French artist. Frooman utilized Seurat's pointillistic technique—the ordered application of colored dots—in sensitively rendering on oil-on-masonite study of Ann Davis in a particularly pensive, decidedly alluring pose.

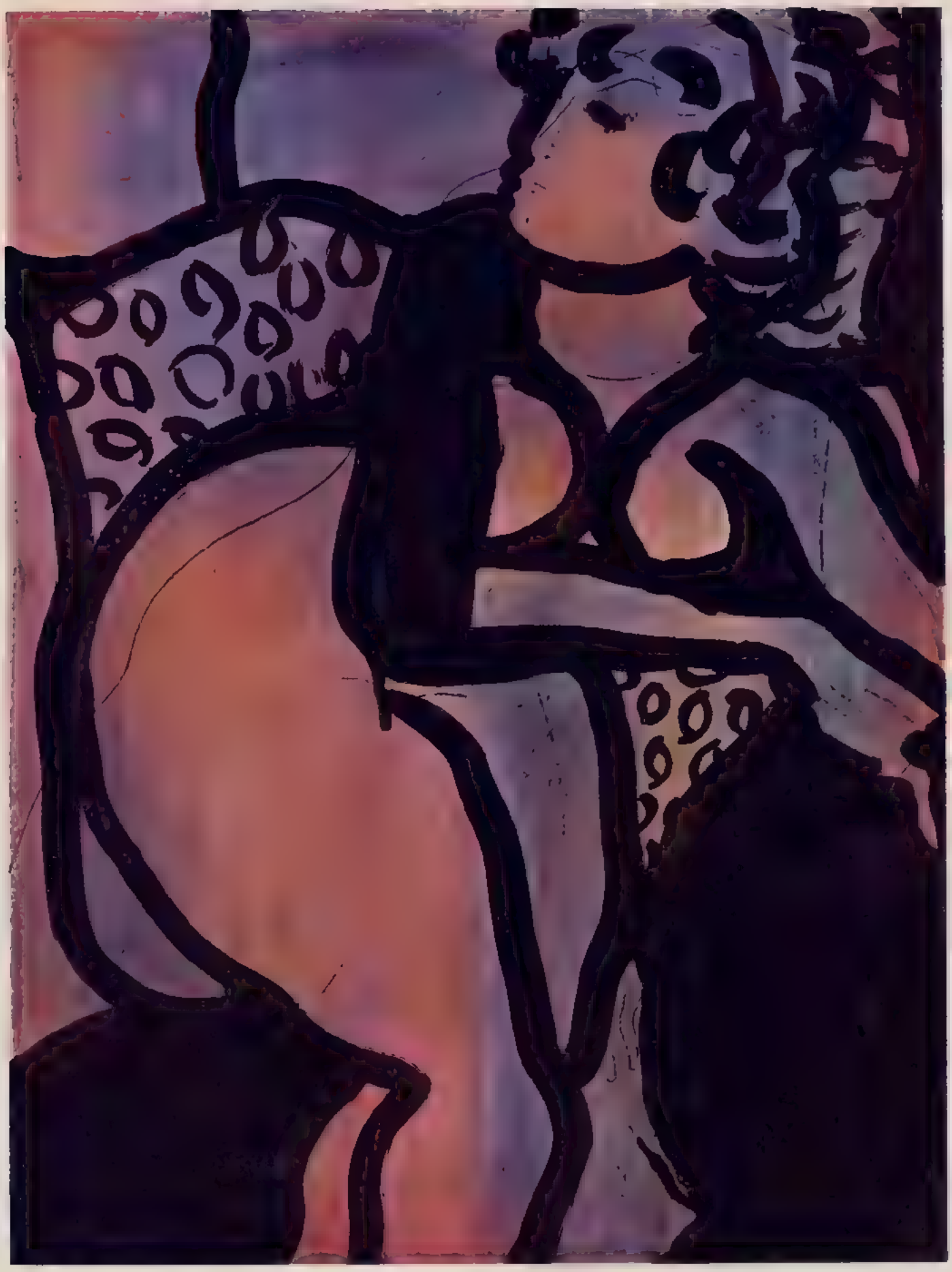
Ron Bradford, a versatile artist (see his impressive diorama illustrating *The Restless Mecca* in this issue), chose to transfer his oil image to rice paper from a wet surface.

SINCE PLAYBOY went into orbit half-a-dozen-plus years ago, there's been no doubt about the popularity of our center gatefolds, thanks to the inspiring beauty of the femmes who fill them. In our brief history, too, the magazine has been honored with more than fifty awards for the excellence of its art and design. Putting the first and second facts together, we decided to place our September Playmate, Chicago secretary Ann Davis, in a staff photographer's bachelor pad, surround her with eleven first-rate PLAYBOY artists and present their interpretations of her in our pages. As we see her, in photo and fine-art renditions, she's a memorable Miss September in both media.

The strength of simplicity marks the work of Misch Kohn, as it did in his striking etching for *The Runaways* in June. His ink-on-paper sketch here depicts a classic pose in a bold, uncluttered, wholly modern manner.

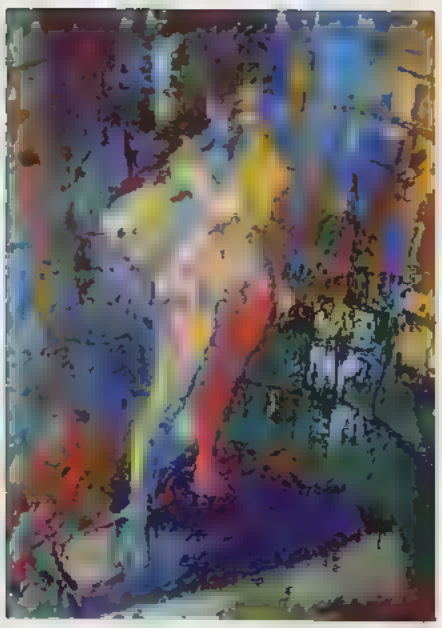


Herb Davidson, whose painting complemented Jack Kerouac's novelette *Before the Road* in our pages last December, interpreted Ann in direct, realistic terms, using the medium of oil on canvas.



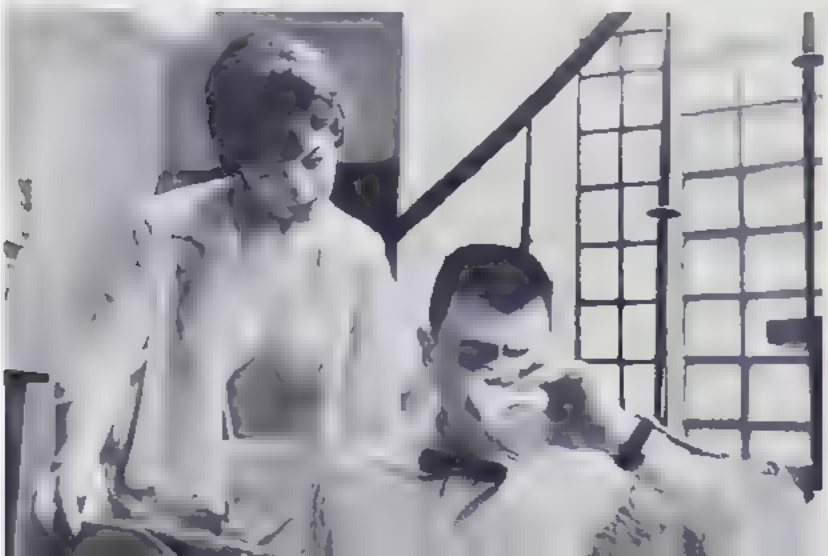
PLAYBOY Art Director Arthur Paul, a charter member of this magazine's staff, used colored inks to accent his basic black patterns in expressing his view of the voluptuous Playmate. Paul, whose sketch of jazzman Miles Davis graced these pages last month, has won national recognition for his art direction, design, illustrations and photography; his keen eye has been vital to PLAYBOY's success.

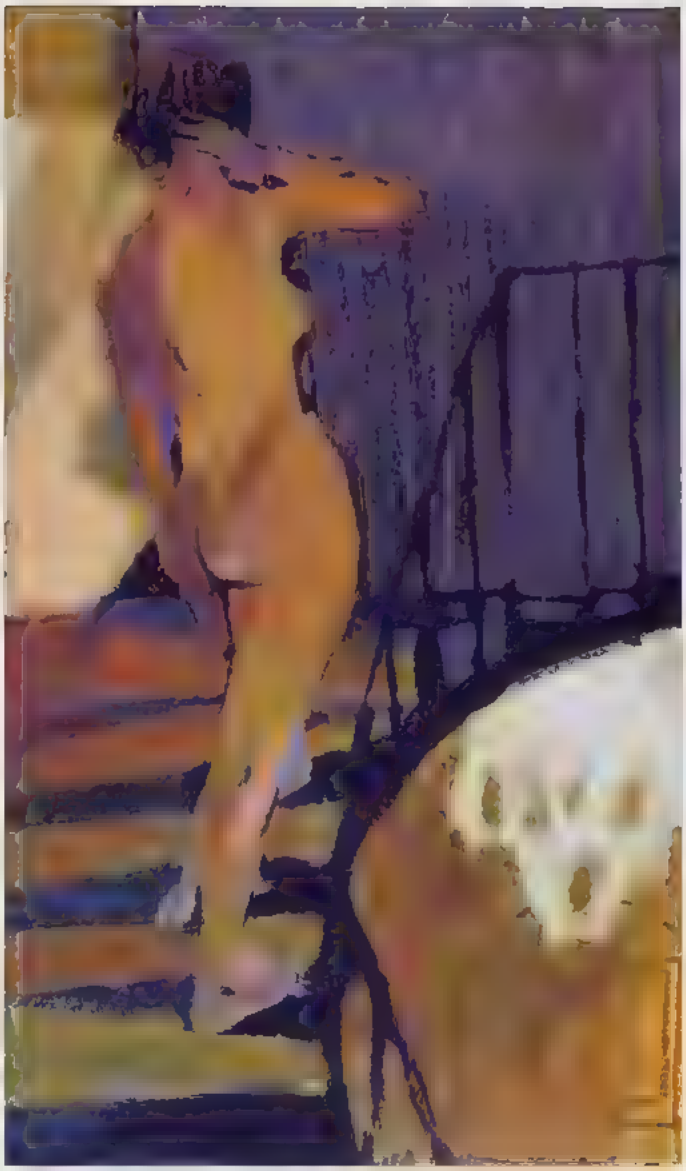
Seymour Rosofsky, who illustrated *O You New York Girls* in July, responded to our Playmate with fluid watercolor strokes and fine pen lines, applied discreetly to newsprint. Rosofsky, a Chicago artist, recently returned home—just in time for our Miss September session—from a Fulbright-sponsored painting spree in Italy, where his work was exhibited and admired in Rome and Naples.



LeRoy Neiman's Playmate painting, in oil on masonite, indicates his staircase view of her in its appropriate perspective.

Above: Neiman, internationally known for his work in PLAYBOY, sketches Ann. His devotion to fine art—evident in his fashion, fiction and feature work for us—has won him many top art awards. Below: Miss September glances over the shoulder of artist Franz Altschuler. Altschuler won PLAYBOY its first art award, for illustrating *Bird of Prey* in January 1954.

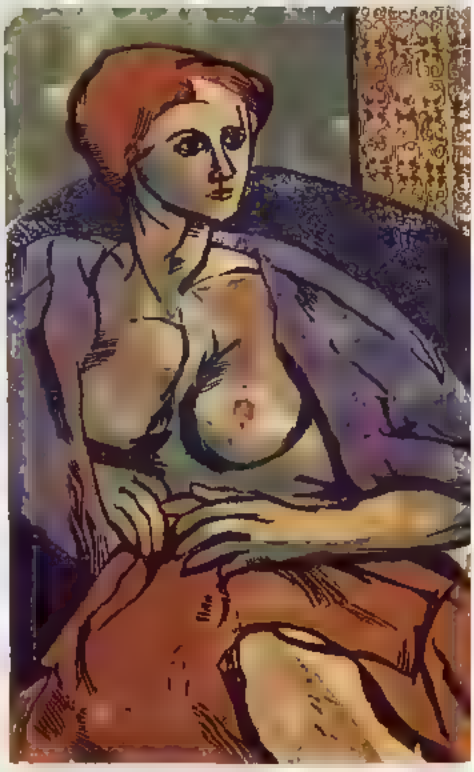




Above: Merle Shore, last represented in these pages with the award-winning illustration for *The Man in the Well* in May 1958, expressed our Playmate in casein and chalk on paper. Below: Bob Christiansen, whose work often appears in PLAYBOY (last appearance—*The Bargain*, April 1960), turned to casein on masonite for this expressive cameo-like portrait of Ann, mirroring her obvious freshness and grace.

MISS SEPTEMBER, PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Artists Davidson, Paul and Christiansen complete their preliminary sketches, as Ann, wrapped in sunshine, provides form for thought. While the artists documented Ann's beauty, PLAYBOY staff photographer Don Bronstein joined in with his ever-focused Nikon.



Left: Altschuler captured Ann in a soft pastel drawing. A winner of several awards for his PLAYBOY efforts, Altschuler illustrated *A Very Fine Son* in our December 1959 issue. Above: Peter Gourfain, who made his PLAYBOY debut last month with the artwork for *A Thief in the Night*, cut five woodblocks and used nine colors to achieve this brilliantly textured rendition of Miss September.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The current re-emphasis on education in our colleges is typified by one Midwestern university which has ruled that no athlete be awarded a letter unless he can tell at a glance which letter it is.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *the sport of kings* as queens.

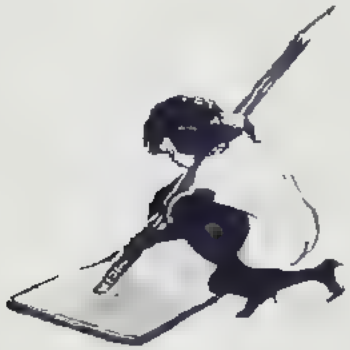
The newspaper account of George's tragic death said: 'His friends could give no reason why he should have committed suicide. He was a bachelor."

Sally and Hortense were busy, in the age-old manner of secretaries on their lunch hour, gabbing and gobbling at the same time. The subject was men, and strangely enough it was Hortense, the plainer of the two, who was doing the talking

"I tell you, Sally," she said excitedly, her eyes sparkling, "he's the only guy in my whole life who's made me feel this way. Oh, the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice, the — "

"You certainly sound pretty far gone on him," Sally interrupted amusedly

"Oh yes," said Hortense brightly. "This time it's the real thing — *sex*."



A modern motto explaining the gentle art of conquest: Ply now, Play Later

The beautiful Belinda knew that Mervin had relatively little experience as a lover and she was surprised when he parked the car in a dark and romantic spot, then swept her into a passionate embrace. After several minutes filled with kisses, he drew back rather proudly, straightened his tie, and asked, "How was *that*?"

"You know, Mervin," she confided, "you're the first man I've met whose kisses make me sit up and open my eyes."

"Really?" he said, quite obviously pleased.

"Yes," she admitted. "Usually they have the opposite effect."

Affirmation of an ancient proverb comes from a sporty acquaintance of ours who assures us that two heads are indeed better than one, especially when they happen to be on the same coin.

A good resolution is like many a pretty modern girl — easy to make but hard to keep.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *race track* as a place where windows clean people.

An artist's model is nearly always unsuited for her work.

The censors of the cinema have never given proper credit to a group probably more responsible than any other for keeping sex out of the movies: ushers.

Sam and Arthur, expectant fathers both, nervously paced the floor in the waiting room of a maternity hospital.

"What tough luck," grumbled Sam. "This had to happen during my vacation."

"You think you've got troubles?" said Arthur. "I'm on my honeymoon."

We recently met a beautiful creature who is so dumb she believes that the English Channel is the one on TV on which you watch British movies.

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy $25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"That's the city for you—you live next to someone for years and never even catch a glimpse of them."

NEVER ENDING PENNY *(continued from page 66)*

thought, what a glory if this place of miracles should turn out to be a well, a cornucopia, a production line of pennies. Can there be too much of a good thing?

Maybe this, the centavo with a big fertility, has always been a general dream of seven-year-olds. Maybe this is why it finally became a saying, an expression. But even a *six*-year-old, even one not very bright, knows that the nice idea is finally in the head and not in the world. Some young sense of the true nature of things tells him that the perpetual penny is a pleasant wish, not a reasonable expectation. Dreams, he somehow knows, circle around the impossible.

Now here he was, he, Diosdado, with the dream of dreams in his pocket. He was a small boy again, kicking at the Durango road and finding the road fully cooperative, sensitive to his balloons and scoops of moods, jumping to his large orders.

"If you have the power to give this thing," he said shakenly into the well, "why do you give it to me, a nobody?"

"For one thing," the voice said, "you asked for it."

"It is enough only to ask?"

"Oh, no, oh, no, we can't go around giving these things out just for the asking. A lot of our countrymen come up north here, you know, many of them have troubles and ask for the repeating penny. We follow them and we listen to them. In my territory, for example, Southern California, I give out two or three of these pennies in a year, an average year. There's no set quota."

"People around here call for the miraculous penny all the time, why am I the one to get it, sir?"

"One, you're a steady worker. Two, you don't spend all your earnings in the nearby bars. Three, you're reasonably good to your wife, though you make silent comments at her. Four, you have another child coming and could use the penny, or think you could. Don't ask for more reasons. Let's just say I like your curly hair."

Diosdado scratched his head. Absentmindedly he pulled two more pennies from the production line in his pocket.

"But, listen, if two or three people around here get the penny each year, how have I never heard about this?"

"News like this doesn't get around, fellow. The owners of these family-bearing pennies develop a very strong urge not to tell anybody about it. You'll see."

Diosdado pulled three more coins from his penny garden of a pocket.

"I've got to run now," the voice said. "Somebody over to the Bixby place is making a racket about wanting the penny. It's probably nothing, just a false alarm, most of my calls come from drunken bums in roadside bars who have just run out of tequila and pulque money, but I've got to go and see. Oh, one more thing. I have the power to grant you two wishes. Now you have the first."

"And the second, what is that?"

"You make the wishes, I grant them. Do you expect me to do all the work around here?"

That night Diosdado did not eat his supper. The kids hooted and threw frijoles at each other and he sat there over his food seeing and hearing nothing. The newly acquired pennies in his pocket were a ton of hotness against his thigh, several times he was on the verge of blurting out to Herminia the incredible thing that had happened but each time his tongue got stiff.

Herminia wanted to know why he did not eat his frijoles. He said he had eaten many peaches this afternoon at Mr. Johannsen's and was not hungry. With embroidered casualness he announced he was going to cut some kindling and went out.

As soon as he was inside his wood and tool shed he bolted the door and went to work.

Diosdado soon discovered that he could pull pennies from his pocket at the rate of one a second, sixty a minute, three thousand six hundred an hour. This meant he was making thirty-six dollars an hour, roughly what he got for a full week's work in Mr. Johannsen's orchards. It was good pay for a job that could be done with one hand, without climbing a ladder.

For one hour he stood drawing out the coppers and dropping them on the dirt floor. His arm was tired, a cylinder of hurt. He thought he might sit down for a time but it was too hard to reach into his pocket from a sitting position. Next he tried taking his pants off and lying down, but it was a strange thing, the penny would not reproduce itself when the pants were not actually on his body. He had to become a rich man standing up. At the end of the second hour he had almost seven thousand pennies on the floor, almost seventy dollars, and his arm was full of fever and gassy beer, there were shooting pains from the wrist to the shoulders. He was getting rich and he was getting lumbago.

He considered how much faster the harvesting of this penny crop would go if he could call in Herminia and the kids to help with the picking. With his whole family working they could go through the night in shifts. But it did not seem right to bring others into the secret, not even his near and dear.

Herminia called to him to bring some wood and he answered that he would be right there.

Now there was a problem. He could not leave a small fortune in pennies lying around in plain sight on the shed floor. He felt it was better if his family did not know about the pennies that grew like toadstools that wish to make headlines.

In the corner were some coarse burlap bags, left over from last year's flood season when he had prepared sandbags to build up the banks of the nearby stream. His seven thousand pennies almost filled one bag, which he hid under some odds and ends of lumber.

He went toward the house wondering why it was that he kept looking back. He was about to be the richest man in the world and he looked over his shoulder as though he had something to hide.

* * *

During the next days, whenever he had a minute, he went to the shed to pull pennies and fill burlap bags. Before the week was up he had to buy a new supply of bags at the general store, and his arm was so sore that he was not able to pick many peaches for Mr. Johannsen.

Finally he had so many full bags that there was no way to hide them in the shed. Some new thing had to be done with them to keep them out of sight.

He began to discuss the matter with himself:

"What are pennies for, exactly? For spending, this is certain, yet I do not consider the possibility. Why not? Well, the first thing is, there is no way to spend ten thousand pennies, then ten times ten thousand, and so on. If I ordered adobe bricks from the brickyard and offered the man bags of pennies for them he would say, where did you get all these pennies, Diosdado? Could I answer that I got them from my left pocket, boss? He would get suspicious and tell the chief of police about it, or the tax collector, or both. Pennies can be deposited in the bank, of course, just like dollars. Yet peach pickers do not usually have moneys of any type to place in the bank. The president of the bank would think the matter over and report it to the tax collector, or the chief of police, or both. There is but one way. I must hide these bags from all eyes. From my wife and my children, them especially. I did not know what a trouble it can be to have money. Surely it is not robbery if I take pennies from my own left pocket, so why do I feel like a robber and keep looking over my shoulder?"

So he did not spend the pennies. Neither did he tell his wife about them. He hit on a way to hide the bags. He

(continued on page 122)

pre-season picks for the top college teams and players across the country

DESPITE THE POSSIBLY APOCRYPHAL LEGEND of the Britisher who, watching his first American football game, said "It is frightfully rude for a dozen or so men to gather in a bunch and whisper with thirty thousand other people present," there is nothing in amateur athletics to rival the game's color, excitement and pageantry. On campuses across the country, no substitute has been found for a football team as the rallying point for a large and diverse assembly of students. Fortunately — or unfortunately — no other facet of college life has inspired so much interest, and such heavy financial contributions, by alumni.

We feel vehement about the virtues of the game. That's why we're disturbed by the assaults being made on it from opposing factions: boneheaded, fanatical fans and narrow-minded academic purists alike. Let's examine these two beasts separately.

We're all acquainted with the win-or-else extremists and their vacuous ignorance of the meaning of amateur athletics, because they make most of the noise that's widely reported in the press. The most recent examples of their malicious behavior occurred at Florida and West Virginia universities, where two of the best coaches in football, Bob Woodruff and Pappy Lewis, were treated disgracefully, called on the carpet publicly, and subjected to humiliating abuse in the press. Their sins? After many a successful season during which their abilities and good labors were evident, they'd had a bad season. That's all. Woodruff was mercifully fired; Pappy Lewis gave up and quit this spring in the middle of practice.

Notre Dame fans around the country still have a bad taste in their mouths from the Terry Brennan episode. And up at Minnesota last fall, Murray Warmath and his family were the victims of abuse almost unheard of in a civilized community — dozens of letters in each morning's mail filled with bitter, abusive and profane harangue; anonymous phone calls at four in the morning came in from vicious crackpots; trash was dumped on his lawn during the night; his children were subjected to abuse on the streets and in school. Minnesota, like all football teams, has an unwelcome and uninvited percentage of beady-eyed fanatics among its followers. Credit for repelling them must be given to the Minnesota administration for completely ignoring both the local meatballs and an irresponsible press. Warmath — a superb coach — has been working under the handicap of trying to build a winning team in a state that has a dearth of good native talent and very little attraction for out-of-state athletes. If Minnesota does field a winning team this year or next, and they

sports **By ANSON MOUNT**

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

ALTERNATE ALL-AMERICA TEAM

(Since nearly all major schools this year will use a two-platoon system, with both units of nearly equal ability, here is our alternate team.)

Ends: Mike Ditka (Pittsburgh)
Earl Faison (Indiana)

Tackles: Tom Cox (Oklahoma)
Ed Nutting (Georgia Tech)

Guards: Pat Dye (Georgia)
Ron Maltony (Purdue)

Center: Rip Hawkins (N.C.)

Quarterback: Bob Schloredt (Washington)

Halfbacks: Lance Alworth (Ark.)
Curtis McClinton (Kan.)

Fullback: Ed Dyas (Auburn)

Sophomore Back of the Year:
Quarterback Stan Gann (Ga. Tech)

Sophomore Lineman of the Year:
End Pat Richter (Wisconsin)

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(All of whom are likely to make someone's All-America eleven)

Ends: Mitinger (Penn State); Brewer (Ole Miss); Collins (Maryland); Kimbrough (Northwestern); Manghan (LSU); Arbanas (Mich. St.); Millisor (Miami, Ohio).
Tackles: Beabout (Purdue); Fewell (S. Car.); Minihane (Boston U.); Gegner (Wash.); Olsen (Utah St.); Suggs (Miss. St.); DeMarco (Dayton).
Guards: Novak (Miami, Fla.); Rutgens (Ill.); Allen (Wash.); King (Rice); Lee (Texas); Vanderbush (Army); Kammerer (COP)
Centers: Larson (Minn.); King (Rice); Goode (Miss. St.); Baldwin (UCLA); Pyle (Yale).
Backs: Mayo (A.F.); Norman (Stanford), Gibbs (Miss.), Tarkenton (Ga.); Keeling (Tulsa); Weidner (Colo.); Harris (LSU); Bull (Baylor); Bellino (Navy); Atkins (N. Mex. St.); Traynham (USC); Hill (Wyo.); Mack (N.D.); Stock (Northwestern); Purdin (Northwestern); Hartline (Okla.); Watkins (Iowa St.); Cunningham (Pitt).

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

National Champion·
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA 9-1

2.	Syracuse	8-1
3.	Illinois	8-1
4.	Auburn	9-1
5.	Mississippi	9-1
6.	Washington	9-1
7.	Wyoming	9-1
8.	Texas Christian	8-2
9.	Oklahoma	8-2
10.	Texas	8-2
11.	Iowa State	8-2
12.	Arkansas	8-2
13.	Wake Forest	7-3
14.	Louisiana State	7-3
15.	Colorado	7-3
16.	Clemson	7-3
17.	UCLA	7-3
18.	Georgia Tech	7-3
19.	Michigan State	6-3
20.	Northwestern	6-3

Possible Break-Throughs: Penn State, Georgia, VMI, Miami (Florida), Pittsburgh, Ohio State, Minnesota, New Mexico State, Arizona State, Baylor, Alabama, Kansas.

should, it will be because of the top-drawer coaching and recruiting job done by Warmath under the most hairy circumstances.

Strange bedfellows—or unwitting comrades-in-arms—of the fanatics are the academic purists, whose dearest dream is the complete emasculation of college football. The Big Ten variety of this species has been most in evidence in recent months, so it'll do for an example.

The Big Ten faculty groups—who for some incredible reason are the ultimate authorities in athletic matters—are tightening the screws on the athletic administrators, with an especially well-nourished prejudice against the game of football. These faculty groups voted early last spring to prohibit all *(continued on page 88)*

COACH OF THE YEAR: Johnny Vaught, Ole Miss

PLAYBOY's pick for National Champs, Southern California, explodes in action against UCLA. All-America end choice Marlin McKeever is at right.

PLAYBOY'S 1960 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA TEAM

Clockwise, from one o'clock:

QUARTERBACK:
Dick Thornton—Northwestern

HALFBACK:
Calvin Bird—Kentucky

FULLBACK:
Bill Brown—Illinois

END:
Fred Mautino—Syracuse

TACKLE:
Ken Rice—Auburn

GUARD:
Mike McKeever—USC

CENTER:
E. J. Holub—Texas Tech

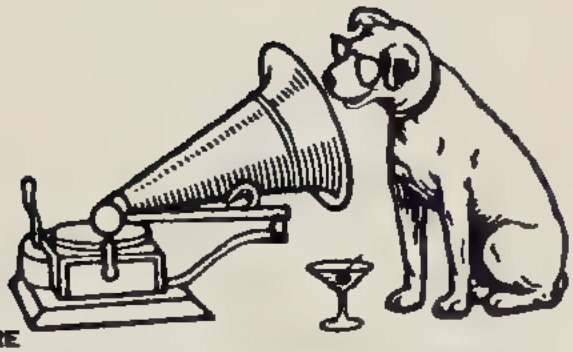
GUARD:
Tom Brown—Minnesota

TACKLE:
Robert Lilly—Texas Christian

END:
Marlin McKeever—USC

HALFBACK:
Ernie Davis—Syracuse

"Who'd have thought when we were married that I'd live to be 103?"



entertainment By ROBERT LEGARE

HIP WITS DISC HITS

sophisticated club comics are breaking records in the record biz

"I MAKE RECORDS because I honestly believe that what I say in the clubs the rest of the country should hear. Y'know, people are very evangelistic about comedy records. They play them for one another, like we take out our best silver for our friends." So says Morton Lyon Sahl, a self-confessed "Night Blooming Serious" and also one of the strong reasons for a humor record sales boom that has set industry executives smiling to the chatter of cash registers being rung up in record shops across the country.

Never before has a hip humor LP—*Inside Shelley Berman*—occupied a top position for so many months on *Billboard*'s best-seller list. Keeping it close company (as of press time) are *The Button-Down Mind of Bob Newhart*, *Outside Shelley Berman* and *The Wonderful World of Jonathan Winters*—proving that witty, penetrating social satire, once heard only in the more avant-garde night spots, is now as commercial as it is chic. Serving up Nichols and May with cocktails, then Mort Sahl on disc for dinner, followed by Lenny Bruce with the cognac, is the latest cachet of social awareness—a sort of do-it-yourself nightclub with a bill of entertainment that no single club in the country can match.

Newest, driest and currently one of the hottest of the group is Bob Newhart, whose debut disc orbited past the 100,000 mark in its first four weeks on the stands and has, to date, sold more than 250,000 copies. His sudden zip to fame is credited specifically to his LP, not his club dates (he had worked only three before the record's release, to pre-test the material to be included on the platter). Thus, Newhart is probably the first of a new breed of comic who came to the public attention through LP rather than personal appearance. Today, he's one of the most in-demand humorists around the country, a situation that was also helped by his smash fill-in performance on the Emmy Awards show in June. Although some of his material is drawn from the oft-used themes of airlines, politics and the advertising dodge, and his style is somewhat reminiscent of Shelley Berman's, his ideas are fresh and, like most of the other new hip comedians, he creates almost all of his monologs himself. He satirizes everything from driving schools (second instructor, inquiring after the first, "And just how fast were you going when Mr. Adams jumped from the car?") to a chaotic TV "walk through" of Khrushchev's visit to the U.S. ("All right, cue the flower girl . . . where's the little creep with the flowers? . . . all right, hang onto the flower kid . . . she's running up the ramp . . . she's supposed to be at the foot of the ramp . . . all right, let her go . . . tell Khrushchev he's going to have to watch the door . . . he's going to bang—he *banged* the kid with the door . . .").

Warner Brothers has been taping Bob's new routines at Freddie's in Minneapolis, the Hungry i in San Francisco and the Crescendo in L.A. and expects to release a second LP in October or November. (Almost all the humorists of the hip school eschew the recording studio, are taped right on stage during their shows, and the best of the material is edited for pressing onto vinyl.)

More frenetic and farther out than Newhart is Jonathan Winters. Winters gets more yuks from an idiot sound effect, a loony twang or a rube chuckle than from anything he actually says. His first Verve LP—*The Wonderful World of Jonathan Winters*—is over the 100,000 figure and one of its salient features is his pet-shop skit (first introduced to PLAYBOY readers in November 1955). Jonny gently chides the customer who's just had his finger taken off by a piranha fish: "Heh, heh, heh. You know it's a funny thing that you never have to feed that fish nothin'. There's always some clown like yourself putting his finger in the bowl . . ."

With piston smoothness, he can shift from a nee-noo-nahing kid to Oscar Deever, the m.c. at the amateur show in the American Legion Hall: "I would like to say thanks to Ed Micklechek, Past Commander here. Thanks so much, Chek. Uh, please don't come up—you're a little gassed." Seconds later, he's a Godfrey type who tells one of three singing contestants, Lamar Gumbody, "I knew your dad, Lamar, in World War I. He was a traitor."

In the company of close friends, he may launch into his "closed circuit sick bits," like his portrayal of Pierre Andre, the Little Orphan Annie announcer: "And the secret word for today, kiddies, is Sandy is a faggot and so is the Asp." But his strong Puritan streak ("I'm an Episcopalian—that's a Catholic who flunked his Latin") rules out blue material on his club circuit and, hence, on his LPs.

In a spidery corner of the hierarchy of the hip is Tom Lehrer, a Harvard graduate and math instructor and modern forerunner of the sick, sick, sick school of satirists (PLAYBOY, July 1955). By casting himself as a sort of musical Charles Addams, Lehrer became the comedy darling of the campus, and as the nightclub bosses will testify, he made it professionally on the basis of his first album (which—a rare feat—he recorded and sold himself). Here, he plinks out a ditty on his saw-toothed piano about the Boy Scouts: "Be prepared!/ That's the Boy Scouts' solemn creed./ Be prepared!/ And be clean in word and deed./ Don't solicit for your sister,/ That's not nice./ Unless you get a good percentage of her price . . ."

Tom's ghoulish assault on misdirected emotionalism, "recorded in a concert hall, before live corpses," involves just

(continued on page 131)

attire By BLAKE RUTHERFORD

what's afoot?

If your shoe fits into the urban fashion scene today, you can bet your boots it is definitely lightweight and more than heretofore tapered at the toe, in keeping with the slimmish lines of this year's Ivy and Continental suits. You'll want an in-town shoe wardrobe that includes not only traditional blacks and deep browns, but cordovan shades and burnished olive tones as well. Too-flimsy Italian styling has gone by the boards, but a lesson has been learned: city shoes are light afoot. Set on flexible leather soles cut close to the shape of the shoe, one's step can be jaunty without sacrificing elegance. Shoes for the cosmopolitan gentleman are cut to fit snugly for a neat, trim look. Linked to the demand for slim-

the trend in gentlemen's shoes that befits the urban scene

mer lasts is the trend toward slightly higher and smaller heels. Slip ons are popular and correct, but a still dressier look is achieved in the three-eyelet blucher or a stylized wing-tip. Decorations are held to a minimum, and are handled with discretion and taste. Beware of fancy etchings and curlycues. Below, on the left. three elegant urbanites are shod in, left to right: vintage brown calf slip-on with black details, by Taylor-Made, $19; dark olive llama-finished calf slip-on with a hidden inner gore, high tongue, by British Walkers, $28; black calf slip-on with elastic border, by Bostonian, $30. Below, right: the guy with the girl wears a black calf three-eyelet oxford with squared-point toe, perforated toe detail, by Bostonian, $23.

"Damn it, Lorenzo — not so romantic!"

A POISON PEN FOR DEAR MISS WREN

words of admonition to a very proper lady

By RAY RUSSELL

THIS IS A POISON PEN NOTE, in a way, to a dear person named Miss Wren, or Miss Sparrow or Miss Bullfinch or possibly just plain Miss Byrd, who taught fifth grade at the Edward C. Delano Elementary School in Chicago more years ago than it is healthy to think about.

I'm sorry I'm a bit foggy about your name, Miss Wren, but you mustn't take it personally because I'm a bad one for names and you must accept my word for it that I remember you, in all respects save your nomenclature, with clarity and even love. You parted your hair in the middle and wore pince-nez, but otherwise I liked you fine. The poison pen note is because you had one failing that irritates me to this day.

I would stand up to deliver an address (at which time all the books would slide out of my open-front desk and thunder to the floor, but that's beside the point) and I would, on occasion and if the topic required it, make use of the word *sweat*, which was your cue to point out that I didn't really mean *sweat*, I meant *perspire* or *perspiration*. "Horses sweat," you would say, "gentlemen perspire, and ladies glow." I was easily manipulated in those days.

But, Miss Wren, you were wrong. I meant *sweat*. I found out I meant *sweat* years later when I became acquainted with the "taint of gentility" Fowler abhorred and began to read Jespersen, Skeat and other etymologists, all of whom assured me that *sweat* is a thoroughbred. It traces its lineage all the way back to the Sanskrit *sveda*. I learned with reverence. As long as I have the books open, I may as well also mention the Middle English *sweten*, from the Anglo-Saxon *swætan*, which is akin to the Old Frisian and Old Saxon *swet*, the Dutch *zweet*, the Old High German *sweiz*, the German *schweiss*, the Old Norse *sveiti*, the Swedish *svett*, the Danish *sved* and the Latin *sudor*, although I doubt if any of these, singly or in concert, would cut much ice with you. When you were a little girl—with your hair parted in the middle even then, probably, but without, I hope, pince-nez—that five-letter word was a four-letter word, too down-to-earth for your mother's drawing room: if inadvertently spoken, I imagine gentlemen frowned and ladies blushed. What did horses do?

You know what is kind of funny, Miss Wren? What's funny is that you not infrequently wore sweaters. You wore loose sweaters, with buttons, and pockets at the sides stuffed with handkerchiefs and a pitch pipe, and the really funny part was that you called your sweaters *sweaters*. "Ray," you would say, "it's getting a little chilly in here; will you please fetch me my sweater from my chair like a good boy?" Without batting an eye you'd say that.

Why didn't you call it a *perspirer*? Or a *woolly*, which Fowler tells us is a British genteelism? Or just a *jersey*? Could it be that you knew, and honored, *sweater*'s lengthy tenure? Were you aware that it was first used as a name for a woolen vest in 1882 by Flover in *Unexplored Baluchistan*? Is it possible you were cognizant of its appearance, over half a century prior to that, in connection with the very beast you used as a negative example ("a . . . strong horse going along with his sweat, loaded with sweaters"—*Sporting Magazine*, 1828)? Is that why *sweater* was OK with you, even though *sweat* was not? It's possible, I guess, but it doesn't seem very likely, that you knew about these remote tidbits, when you apparently didn't even know what a much more popular writer and a deity of yours, Shakespeare, thought of *sweat* and *perspire*. Or maybe you did and just didn't give a rap.

Shakespeare used *sweat* as a noun sixteen times, as a verb twenty-three times, *sweating* nine times, *sweats* five times, *sweaty* two times, and *sweaten* and *sweatest* one time each, a total of fifty-seven *sweat* references, by actual count, which is an awfully big bucket of sweat. He never once used *perspire* or *perspiration*.

Miss Wren, I must admire your courage in bucking such a formidable authority as Shakespeare. Schoolteachers usually err on the side of Bardolatry, but not you, eh? No, ma'am. You would have told him, "Willy, you don't really mean that. What you really mean is 'Who would fardels bear to grunt and perspire under a weary life.'" And you would have chided the author of Genesis, too, and coerced him, in your gentle way, into writing "In the perspiration of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." Sir Winston Churchill would have glowered at you in Karshian rage and chewed his panatela, but he would have backed down, finally, and changed the title of that book of his to *Blood, Perspiration and Tears*. The only one who might have given you a little trouble would have been Longfellow: after all,

His brow is wet
With honest perspiration

doesn't even rhyme. I guess, though, that you would have sweet-talked him into changing it to

Wet as a sun-splashed limbo-
dancing Haitian
Is his brow with honest perspiration

and, as a matter of fact, that mightn't have been a bad idea.

But, bad idea or good idea, I suppose I ought to come right out and say it was punk of you, Miss Wren, to pass on to impressionable minds the limp euphemisms of your own Victorian upbringing. How many of my little colleagues, I ought to rhetorically ask you, colleagues more trusting and less ornery than I, have gone on to man-and-womanhood with those wisps of lacklustre language clinging to them like old frayed doilies?

I ought to, but I have a hunch I won't, not in so many words. Because, for one thing, I liked you very much, Miss Wren. For another thing, I'm afraid I'd be flogging a dead—how about that? horses again!—and there are plenty of live horses I could flog to more profit, probably.

What I mean is, the old battle between *sweat* and *perspire* is over, and *sweat* has won. And now that it's won, I'm not so sure that I'm precisely drunk with victory. Characters sweat in just about every modern novel I pick up—sweat trickles down the smalls of their backs and beads their upper lips and sometimes it's cold sweat and sometimes it's hot sweat but either way it's sweat, not perspiration. I should be thankful, but I don't know. Sweat is approved for use in movies and television, too—I understand it comes out of a spray gun—and not only do the characters sweat profusely, glistening in the klieg lights, but they also talk about it, at least on shows like *Playhouse 90* (which gets away with *hell* and *damn*, too, because it's so emancipated and bold and unafraid). The old "taint of gentility" has been banished, all right, and I suppose that's fine; what has banished it, though, may be nothing more than another taint . . .

But what kind of reactionary flapdoodle is this I'm uttering? And what ever happened to that poison pen note? Miss Wren, though it is only a memory of you that hovers over my desk at this moment, I note that I can still be easily manipulated by a charming and persuasive lady.

Especially a lady who glows.

PIGSKIN PREVIEW *(continued from page 80)*

post-season football engagements — a decision that was fortunately later reversed, thanks to a legislative technicality. But this illogical attitude on the part of faculty members, whose stock in trade is logical thinking, is doubly incongruous: there are no such restrictions against post-season activity in other sports; during an average season, Big Ten teams lose only four days of classes, and *none* as the result of a Rose Bowl trip. Far more class time is lost each year by the members of the swimming and golf teams. Do football players suffer academically, or do school academic standards suffer from football? Neither. More than half of all athletes attending Big Ten schools on scholarships are in the upper twenty-five percent of their classes. None are below the upper two thirds. The percentage of withdrawals for academic reasons among athletes is less than that for the rest of the student body. And not because athletes are given breaks in their grades; many a faculty member, smoldering with hostility, seems to relish the opportunity to flunk a halfback.

What are the roots of this preposterous situation? The baser elements of human nature, such as jealousy and snobbery, and some bad interpersonal relationships between athletes and faculty members are responsible. A professor of medieval history rankles, understandably, at the thought of a football coach getting twice his salary and a hundred times more publicity. And he may also resent (consciously or not) a star football player having his picture splashed all over the local papers and being socially lionized on campus, while his most brilliant classroom performers go through college unnoticed.

With a situation like this, you can imagine the effect of a press release such as emanated a couple of years ago from the University of Colorado, announcing that Dal Ward had been dismissed as football coach and was being *reduced* to the rank of full professor.

Many of the purist-inspired restrictions placed on financial aid to athletes don't make sense, either. A young man of our acquaintance is in pre-med school at a large Midwestern university. The tab for his whole tour through college and medical school is being picked up by a doctor who is a friend of his family, with the tacit understanding that later on the young M.D. will share the practice of his benefactor. Many people know of this arrangement, and everyone thinks it's just peachy. But what would happen if this fellow should decide to go out for football? His benefactor might be branded a villainous adulterer of amateur athletics and the lad might be called a paid gladiator. His school could be put on probation by the NCAA. And his coach might even get fired. What's the difference who pays the bill, if the young man does his schoolwork and keeps up his grades? The ultimate test of amateur athletics is whether or not it debases the academic integrity of the institution.

Despite whatever controversy may boil up around the edges of college football, the game itself will be even more exciting and unpredictable than ever this year. With so many former have-nots bulging with potential, this promises to be the most spectacular season in recent history. So let's take a tour around the country and see what awaits us.

THE EAST

INDEPENDENTS

Syracuse	8-1	Boston College	5-4
Penn State	6-3	Boston U.	5-5
Pittsburgh	6-4	Holy Cross	5-5
Army	6-4	Colgate	3-6
Navy	6-4	Villanova	1-9

IVY LEAGUE

Cornell	8-1	Columbia	5-4
Yale	7-2	Dartmouth	3-6
Harvard	6-3	Pennsylvania	3-6
Princeton	5-4	Brown	1-8

MIDDLE ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

Rutgers	7-2	Gettysburg	5-4
Delaware	6-3	Lafayette	3-6
[illegible]	6-3	Temple	3-6
Lehigh	5-4	Muhlenberg	3-6

YANKEE CONFERENCE

Connecticut	6-3	New Hampshire	2-5
Massachusetts	5-4	Vermont	2-5
Maine	5-3	Rhode Island	2-6

[illegible]

Carnegie Tech	7-1	Trinity	5-3
Hofstra	7-2	Springfield	5-3
Coast Guard	6-2	Tufts	5-3
Buffalo	5-5	Amherst	3-5

In the East, Syracuse is loaded again. Coach Ben Schwartzwalder has been shedding tears for some departed linemen, but he isn't eliciting any sympathy from us. The Orange is still fat and healthy, and the boys from Syracuse have a backfield probably unequaled anywhere in the country. Speedy halfback Ernie Davis and end Fred Mautino are among the best in college football.

If the Eastern crown is taken away from Syracuse this year — an unlikely event — it will be done by Penn State or Pittsburgh. Although about equal in potential, these two powers will play entirely different brands of ball. Penn State, not hurt as much as you might think by the loss of Richie Lucas, will throw a wide-open offense at opponents with plenty of passing by Galen Hall and Dick Hoak. Pitt will play a grind-'em-out style of ball in an extremely tough coast-to-coast schedule. If the Panthers have a good year, a rock-ribbed defense will get most of the credit.

Army and Navy share a common and thorny problem: no quarterback. And there are no outstanding prospects in view. The Cadets can probably adapt their offense to this situation better than the Middies, and thanks to better returning material should be able to avenge last year's walloping by Navy. Neither team, though, will have a spectacular season.

Boston College is definitely on its way up in the football world. With a new coach, heftier linemen, more team speed and a flood tide of exceptional sophomore talent, the Eagles could do some mighty high flying this time out. If not this year, it won't be long. Both Boston University and Holy Cross will be largely dependent on sophomore contingents this fall, and lack of experience will probably preclude a better-than-average season. Colgate and Villanova had dismal seasons last fall and are beginning serious reconstruction. Some improvement should be noticed this year in both squads.

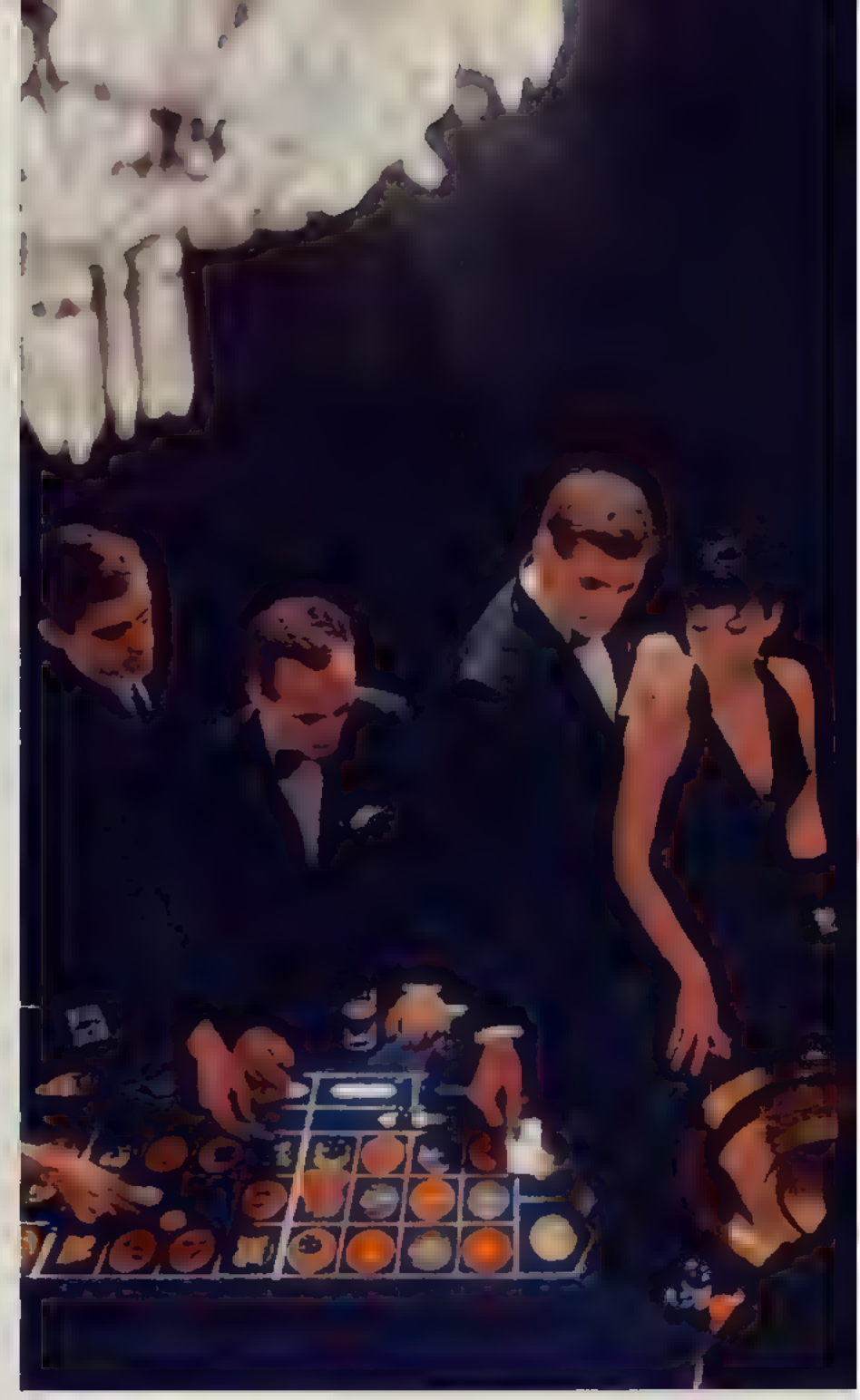
With no spring practice, severe academic standards and limited subsidization of athletics, the Ivy League probably represents a purer amateurism than any other major circuit. Yet every year some of the most exciting and colorful football in the country is played by the Ivy squads.

Everybody in the East seems to be talking about a big battle between Harvard and Yale for the Ivy crown, but even though these two look stronger than last year (when they had identical 6-3 records), Cornell looks even better. This should be a favorable year above Cayuga's waters. The Big Red has speed, size and the best bunch of sophomores in ten years. Dartmouth suffered too much from the inroads of graduation to be a contender this year, while Princeton is in the unique predicament of having only a meager roster of players from its junior class, making the Tigers heavily dependent on unproven sophomores. But they'll be tough by the end of the season.

The snazziest performance in the annals of administrative bumbling was turned in last year at Pennsylvania when Steve Sebo was fired after the best season the Quakers have had in years. Reports from the East say the powers had decided to fire Sebo before the season even began in the belief that the Quakers were in for a dismal time of it. When the opposite occurred, the administration felt the need to save face and gave Sebo the heave-ho. So now the Quakers, still loaded with talent, face the task of adjusting to new coach John Stiegman and a different style of football — without the benefit of spring practice. The prospects look dreary.

The most exciting team in the East this year may be Columbia. After years

(continued on page 140)



Under the spreading credit card, cash is being cast into shadow more and more. Soon, swank Vegas and Monaco casinos may honor cards as chits.

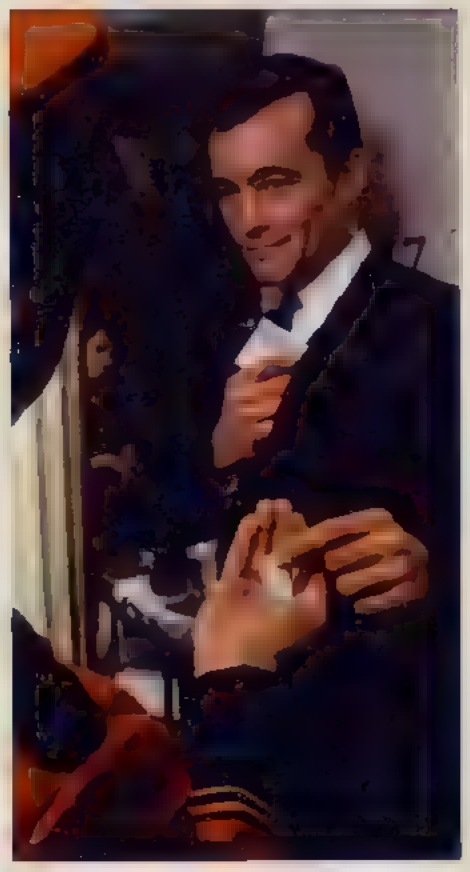
playboy suggests some brave new ways to expand their usefulness as cash becomes all but obsolete

CREDIT CARDS

satire By JERRY YULSMAN

Left: an heiress apparent receives, as legacy, a late admirer's most prized possession. Others—relatives, family retainer and faithful dog—are downcast at the prospect of receiving nothing but stocks and bonds.

Below: small change bites the dust as the bite-size credit card takes over for tipping. This credit card, j.g., can also be used for bus fares, church collections, cigarettes—all purchases under a dollar.



Folding money, gone underground, is purveyed by pushers and accepted at shady establishments only. Left: customer gets the once-over at "cash speakeasy."

Below: the bidding is customarily hot and heavy at Far East slave auctions, and the mighty credit card makes it possible for American tourists to stock up, too.

On-the-spot fixing of traffic tickets is easy for Briber's Club members. At right, officer is ready with credit card imprinter to record transaction.

Below: the world's oldest profession welcomes the world's newest mazuma. The madam checks customer's card as he checks merchandise on display.

Come April 15th, income tax payment is made painless with Credit Card 1040. Expanded credit system would also permit charging of earlier charges due at end of the month to another competitive credit card, thus putting off actual payment of bills indefinitely.

Below: a special International Credit Card is given to official of friendly foreign country, representing U.S. loan of several billion dollars; loan is backed up, not by gold, but by other credit cards in government vaults at Fort Knox. World press records important event.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9

fiction **By JOSEPH CARTER**

THE THIRD MARTINI

there she was waiting for him—the golden girl of his youth

ALL THROUGH THE DAY CURRAN'S MIND KEPT DRIFTING FROM HIS WORK and he felt inside himself the feeling he had forgotten for so long, the feeling he associated, when he thought of it, with youth, with being a young man, desperately and foolishly in love, and quite inexperienced, and love is a field in which the amateur is of no use whatsoever. How desperately and foolishly he had been in love with Anne. She had been the magical and beautiful girl for him as a girl can be only when you are young and all is wonderful and unknown and you first notice the tilt of her head and the lilt of lip, the turn of wrist and sway of ankle. It is utter sweetness and complete misery.

He had been twenty-one then, indecently old to be so innocent. He was on the point of speculating what life might have been had he been experienced, when he realized that was a waste of time. It was silly enough to be thinking about Anne at all. Had he disappointed her then as much as he had disappointed himself?

"It would be nice to think it isn't impossible," he thought.

As for his feeling, the feeling he had forgotten, a tightening of the stomach, a nervousness that was not a nervousness really, a tenseness that he had known so often with her when they had both been young. That, he thought, was love. Or a symptom of love. Or of infatuation. Or of passion. Or simple lust.

"Knock it off," he warned himself. If he were going to try to square his feelings with what the lady magazine psychologists said love was he would end up in an asylum.

Now here he was, thirty-eight and happily married and three children and a tightness in his stomach because a girl he had not seen for ten years had called him up.

"John told me where you were working," Anne had said in that smooth husky voice that had always reduced him inside to mush, "John Walters. Do you remember him? [Curran did remember Walters indeed, and his face tightened. A slick, fast handsome type he could well do without.] You don't think I'm forward for calling you up?"

"Your problem is, you were never forward enough," he said.

She had laughed.

"That was your problem," she said.

It was then, earlier that morning, that he had suddenly felt his stomach tighten.

Her laugh, and the sudden vision of her lovely gray-blue eyes, her warm soft lips, the way she walked — all that came into his heart.

And so, they had agreed, a couple of martinis after work, just for old-times' sake, because he was married and she would only be in the city a few days.

He had called his wife and told her he would be late — he had an appointment with a client at the Astor.

Now, there was a piece of folly for you.

Why a client? Why a lie? He had absolutely no intention of anything except a couple of martinis. For one thing, even if he had been the sort of man who automatically made a pass at every pretty woman he met — and he was not:

while he could not claim he was without sin, he by no stretching of the truth could be described as a rounder — even if he were, he was aware that circumstances made it highly unlikely that he would go popping into bed with a girl he had not seen for ten years. Then why the lie?

He shrugged his shoulders.

He forced himself to work carefully through the day for he knew he could not trust his mind to be automatically correct, as he normally did, and he was still working at six-fifteen when his eye caught the clock.

"Christ," he thought, "late for my first date in ten years."

He put the work he would do at home into his brief case, washed quickly, looking suddenly anew at his face in a critical way that was not usual with him, and went down in the elevator.

The Biltmore was where he was meeting Anne. He rarely went there and was not known, his friends were the Commodore type. Of course, you never could be sure of not meeting someone — but why the hell was he worried?

He wasn't going to an assignation, but he was assuming all the worries of going to one. He would get Anne on the record when he got home, to clear up that end of the matter.

And, as he hurried through the sunlit streets, sunlit with the late-afternoon sun low in the sky, its light funneled through the cross-town streets, pushing through the homebound crowds, he felt again as he had felt when he was twenty-one and on his way to a date with Anne. The palms of his hands were sweating and he smiled a little as he remembered himself, years ago, standing on the porch of her home surreptitiously wiping the palms of his hands after he had rung the bell and heard her light, quick step coming toward the door, so his hand would be dry when she shook it.

"Like they say, you never learn," he muttered to himself.

What did he want here now, going to see Anne? He was not sure. Why the date? He did not know. Certainly it could be nothing in his life. He was happily married, he had a lovely wife, three fine children. He was not the sort to be searching for a mistress, that need was not in him, or if it was it was buried deep under the rest of his life so he never saw it.

But — and even as he thought he felt the tightness — Anne had been in his life, she was of the past. Why must he see her now again? To re-examine what had happened? Because nothing had happened? Was it that the love affair had been unfinished, was it so important that even now it had to be finished? Now he was wise enough to know they could not recapture it. Now he no longer believed in the poet's concept of love, the boy and girl who can love none but the other, who love though the heavens fall, who die for lack of the other's love. That was romantic but unreal, Curran knew

He did not know why he was going to see Anne.

He checked his brief case at the Biltmore. So he would not have to hear her laugh — a gay laugh, true, but a laugh still — if he tucked his badge of life beside his chair?

He remembered, in the years past, that she was going to become a great actress and he — God, he'd forgotten. Doctor? No, architect it had been. Well, he was no architect and he didn't know whether she were an actress, and neither of them was "great."

Then there she was, waiting for him, sitting low in one of the low leather chairs of the cocktail lounge. He could feel his heart suddenly pounding as he wiped his right palm inconspicuously on the side of his trousers.

She half started to get up but the chair was too low and she took his hand and pulled him slightly toward her and he bent forward to kiss her; her lips were still as soft and sweet as he had remembered, but because of the way she was sitting and he standing it was not a satisfactory kiss.

They both laughed.

"We haven't improved our technique in all this time?" she asked.

"Well, the way I was standing — " he started and then halted, realizing he was explaining what need not be explained, just as he used to.

"Walt," she exclaimed, "you're blushing."

He sat down, recovering himself. After all, he was no longer twenty-one.

"Piffle," he said. "It's wonderful to see you. You look wonderful."

"You mean I haven't changed?"

"You've changed — but it's an improvement."

"How nice of you. My figure hasn't changed much, thank God. I still wear the same size dress. But if you look at me closely in a very bright light you'll notice a few lines that didn't used to be there. And I'm very, very careful about my hair. You're the one who hasn't changed. My God, what a relief to meet a man my age who doesn't have a tummy and who has his hair. I assume it is your hair and not a wig?"

"Pull," he said. "Martini?"

"Love one, I'll pull when I get out of this damned chair. I'm surprised this hotel doesn't have a rape a day, the way these chairs trap a girl."

Curran ordered the martinis and waited until the waiter came back before he said:

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"Well you. I haven't seen you for years, you remember."

"You first."

"I work. Not an architect. Airplanes, I'm — " he was about to say "I'm sorry to admit," and caught himself "Married. Live in Ossining. Children, three. All boys. Excellent health. Fairly decent salary. Good prospects. Sedate suburban life with garden, two nights a month in New York with my wife, also every birthday and anniversary. Boys six, four and two. No more."

He took a long sip of his martini and smiled.

"You," he said.

She put her glass on the table and lowered her eyes. He saw the shadows of her eyelids and remembered how they had touched his heart, when he was young, with their ineffable, imaginary sorrow. When he had dreamed he wanted great tragedy to strike her, her to become a harlot or a murderess so he could take her in his arms and shelter her from the world or if they were killed share her damnation in hell.

"Nothing," she said after a long pause and raised her eyes again. She smiled a little but it was not her gay smile.

"What do you mean, nothing?"

Again she waited a little.

"I work. Not a great actress," her smile warmed and he knew that she had remembered. "A bit actress, and temporary public relations girl and model and hostess and whatever the hell else you have to be in Hollywood to live if you're a woman and not hard as nails or bright or sensationally pretty the way they want you to be. In other words, scraping along on the hundred-dollar-a-week average. Few prospects. Married. Married twice, to a couple of heels. No children. In New York on a hot tip about a job and fed up to here with Hollywood."

She finished her martini in a gulp. Curran signaled for two more.

"Sorry," she said. "Didn't mean to feel sorry for myself. Haven't talked like that in years."

Curran felt a wave of pity for her.

"Were you ever in love with me?" he said suddenly.

She waited again, a long while.

"Certainly I was, didn't you know that?" she asked. "You could have had me for the asking. Now why ask me?"

"It just occurred to me you'd hardly talk the way you've talked without that."

Again she waited and finally said:

"Would you like to know something else? I don't think I ever really got over being in love with you." She laughed, brief and low. "It's a lucky thing for you, my fine-feathered friend, that you're safe behind the bars of matrimony and I'm ethical or you'd have a slightly touched-up brunette after you

(continued on page 138)

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

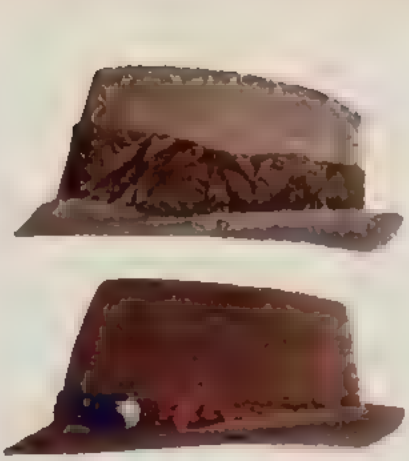
haberdasherial accoutrements to complement the collegiate wardrobe

CAMPUS CHECKLIST

CAMPUS-BOUND FELLOWS can close their trunks with a comfortable sense of being really turned on to the fashion scene—*if* they pay close attention to those ineluctable extras that allow the fullest use of and add the greatest flexibility to the basic collegiate wardrobe. Get set for twists on the traditional and a batch of bold new departures—from hats to hose—reflecting contemporary concern for cut, fabric and pattern. Members of all classes, pace-setting seniors and incoming freshmen alike, will want to pore over our annual campus checklist for tips on timely touches that make an undergraduate wardrobe truly distinctive. Like so:

SWEATERS: Highlighting the innovations in this all-school staple is the high V-neck, a shortened version of the classic V. Shawl collars, too, have a fresh look; they're narrower and pointed this season. For versatility, try a cardigan with convertible collar that zips from a spread to a high turtle neck in a jiffy. Whatever you select, balance your sweater wardrobe between patterns and plain models. A solid sweater in a flat knit looks and feels just right under a sports jacket. A pattern—and Navaho and Icelandic are among the latest—is perfect for casual country-style wear.

SPORT SHIRTS: Traditional Ivy influence is popping up in shirts other than the buttondowns. Pullovers, tapered cuts and shorter-point buttondowns will be seen on all campuses, in an elegant array of fabrics and prints. Collegians will take to madras-type plaids, district checks, glen plaids, colored hopsack and revived regiments of tartan checks. Some of the alluring color combinations include blends *(concluded on page 140)*



1. Above: hand-blocked fur felt casual hat, trimmed with wide batik band, by Hopkins, $10; below: brush-finished felt casual hat, feather lei band, by Dobbs, $20. **2.** Wool pullover sweater with squared shawl collar, by Puritan, $16. **3.** Left to right: cotton knit hose, by Interwoven, $1.25; Or-

4

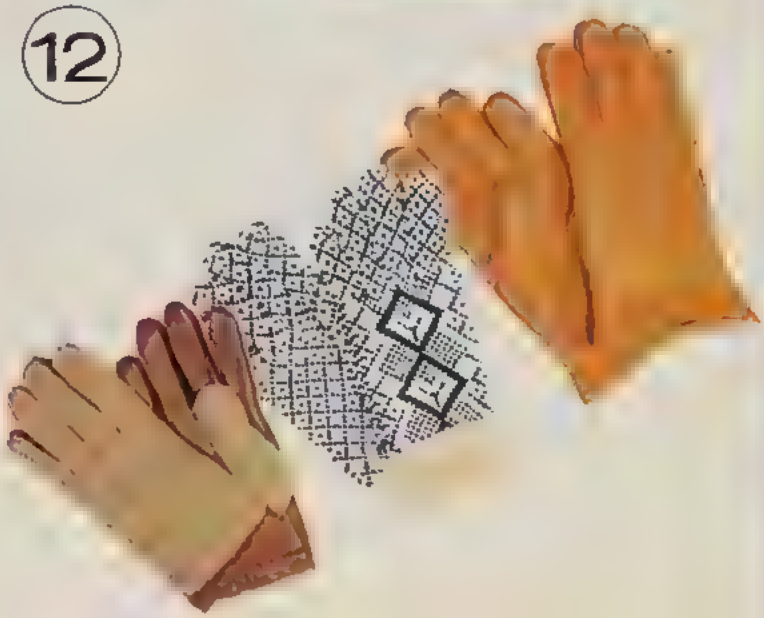
5

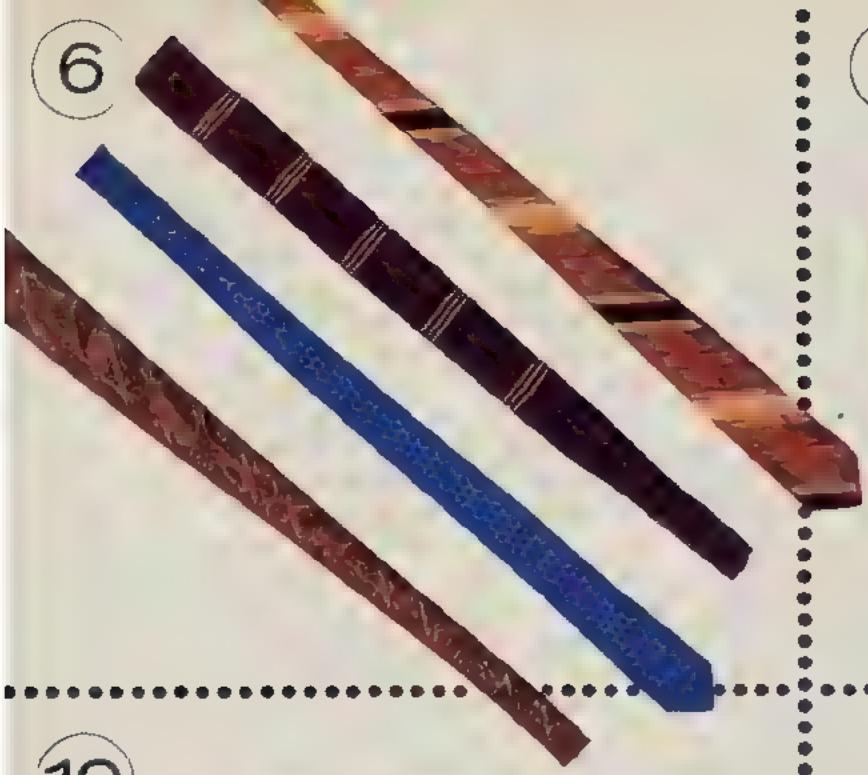
8

9

11

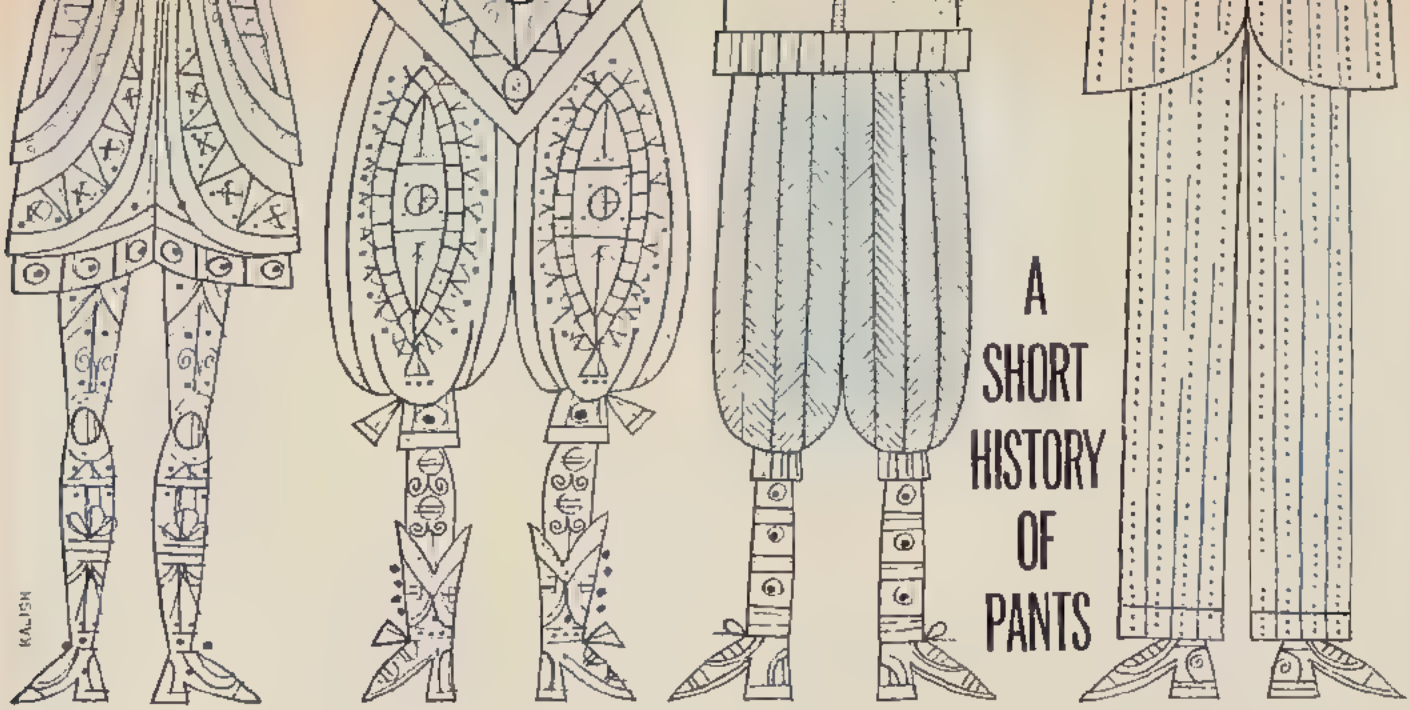
12





lon and wool hose, by Esquire, $1; Orlon and wool hose with single cotton stripe, by Esquire, $1.50—all with nylon-reinforced heel and toe. 4. Left to right: Scottish plaid shetland wool scarf, by Handcraft, $5; imported shetland wool scarf, by Cisco, $5; imported striped shetland wool scarf, by Cisco, $5. 5. Soft capeskin moccasins with foam-rubber innersoles, in medallion-design cloth traveling pouch, by Inter woven, $5. 6. Left to right: English hand-blocked wool challis tie, by Reis of New Haven, $2.50; silk foulard tie, by Wembley, $2.50; full-fashioned silk knit tie, by Matt Nickels, $3.50; five-color silk rep tie, by Reis of New Haven, $2.50. 7. Imported camel's-hair high V-neck pullover sweater, by Lord Jeff, $30. 8. Top to bottom: ribbed elastic belt with silver-toned round initial buckle, by Swank, $3.50; elastic belt with mahogany leather buckle tab, brass buckle, by Canterbury, $2.50; tartan elastic belt, leather-covered buckle, by Canterbury, $2.50. 9. Sueded elk jacket with alpaca lining, framed alpaca shawl collar, zipper front, slash pockets, knit panel side inserts and cuffs, by Breier of Amsterdam, $60. 10. Left to right: cotton chambray shirt with snap-tab collar, convertible cuffs, by Van Heusen, $5; lightweight wool-angora-and-nylon pullover shirt, three-button placket, regular collar, buttoned flap pockets, by Cisco, $16; hand-washable Creslan and rayon buttondown shirt, back pleat, back collar button, hanger tab, barrel cuffs, by Gant Shirt Makers, $10. 11. Textured chain-stitch pullover sweater with shoulder-shawl collar, semi-raglan sleeves, by Puritan, $16. 12. Left to right. imported Italian gloves with capeskin palms and cuffs, hand-crocheted wool knit backs, lined with Orlon, by Astral Accessories, $8.50; French "Norwegian" pattern wool knit gloves, ribbed cuffs, by Astral Accessories, $4; pigskin gloves with Orlon pile lining, by Fownes, $9. 13. Wool and mohair zippered cardigan sweater, with a collar that zips into a turtle neck, by Jantzen, $18.

"Just as this invisible shield protects me . . ."



A SHORT HISTORY OF PANTS

PANTS, TROUSERS, BREECHES, BRITCHES, SLACKS, SHORTS, JEANS OR DRAWERS: in one form or another these rather whimsical two-legged togs are easily the most essential garments in the male wardrobe, and the *sine qua non* of all social life in the Western world. While men have been known to achieve success and happiness as shirt-sleeve executives, hatless college presidents and barefooted philosophers, no man has ever managed to get very far in our society without pants. On a good day, he'd be lucky to make it to the corner mailbox.

Important as pants are, their origins are as murky as those of Stonehenge, mumblety-peg and the wheel. Even the Bible offers no dependable clues. According to the Geneva text used by our Puritan forefathers, Adam and Eve "sewed figge tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches," while the King James version contends that they made "aprons," or "things to gird about."

In the light of later developments, both readings appear correct. The Persians, Syrians, Phrygians and other Middle Easterners wore pants, while the Egyptians and Greeks favored aprons and "things to gird about." Though it's strongly suspected that the Romans wore some sort of briefs beneath their tunics, nothing showed below the hemline until the imperial legions first encountered the "breeched barbarians" of the north, who wore ankle-length trousers of hides or wool bound to their legs against the severity of their climate.

The shivering Roman troops stationed at northern outposts soon began turning up for guard duty in tight-fitting woolen pants that hugged the leg from hip to knee, much as milady's modern snuggies. Despite their fondness for these cozy garments, the Romans were apparently at a loss as to what to call them. The Irish had already named theirs *brigis*, derived from *braci*, which meant "speckled trout," and was descriptive of the small-checked pattern that characterized their early woolens. The Romans Latinized *brigis* into *brages*, thence to *braccae*, and so on down through the years, till man found himself wearing "breeches."

Similarly, the words "drawers" and "trousers" derive from trews, trouses, trouzes and trooze, which, according to the Eleventh Edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, were adapted from the French *trousser*, meaning "to pack, bundle up, tuck, tie up, girth." The *Britannica* admits that the origin of *trousser* is doubtful, and adds that the English word "trousers" was first applied to "the leg garments of the Irish." For which reason, many scholars suspect that all names for trousers stem from the Gaelic *triubhas*, and that the French notion of packing, bundling up, tucking and tying actually originated on the Ould Sod. In fact, the oldest pants ever found were a pair of Irish trews recovered from a bog in County Sligo. How they came to be there, and who lost them, are secrets known only to the leprechauns. But on the basis of such presentable evidence, Ireland can well support her claim to being the ancient seat of all Western culture.

The Franks, Gauls, Goths, Picts, Jutes, Danes, Swedes and other hardy northern types all wore trousers that were cut on the general pattern of vacuum-cleaner bags, and foreshadowed the popularity of knickerbockers earlier this century. The Saxons wore theirs tight to the leg, and wrapped their calves in gold bindings with tassels at the knee. This was high style for the period, and led to a vogue for cross-gartering that persisted among the peasantry as late as the Sixteenth Century.

Except for military use, upper-class Romans were inclined to consider pants the mark of a barbarian, and sought to discourage their growing popularity by prohibiting the wearing of any sort of breeches *(continued on page 104)*

article BY WILLIAM IVERSEN

two-legged toggery—a richly rewarding romp through its origins, uses and splendiferous variations

ON THE SCENE

IRV KUPCINET:
loving kup

THE DAY-AND-NIGHT DOINGS of a big-city newspaper columnist require an athlete's stamina. Irv Kupcinet, whose nationally regarded *Kup's Column* is the best-read entertainment feature in the *Chicago Sun Times*, has been an athlete. A former football stalwart (college All-American and Philadelphia Eagles quarterback), the Chi-born writer joined the paper's sports staff in 1935, shifted to his own column eight years later and has been growing in influence ever since (he now appears also in New York, Miami and London papers, as well as the *Army Times*). A calm, amiable type, a constant supporter of a string of charitable causes and a battling liberal on matters of civic concern, Kup never has joined the ranks of needling, nasty gossipmongers. "I love people. A friendship is more important to me than an item for my column," he has said. When CBS in Chicago chose him in February 1959 to host a three-hours-plus, late-night conversation show, *At Random*, there were some who thought the ex-football player would be out of his depth exchanging quips and comments with the likes of Adlai Stevenson, Mortimer Adler and Julian Huxley, but it was Kup who gave the show its real verve and flavor, turned it into a solid Saturday night hit with more than a million Midwestern viewers, winning Kup an Emmy. This has been Kup's year for awards: two Chicago associations have picked him as their Man of the Year and another honored him for his devotion to the betterment of race relations. Brimming with ever-accumulating integrity, respect and honest power, Kup's cup runneth over.

EDWARD PADULA:
no time for tragedy

THE HOTTEST TICKET ON BROADWAY is a musical called *Bye Bye Birdie* and the most talked-about new talent on the main stem is its producer — only recently risen from the relatively lowly ranks of production manager — forty-two-year-old Edward Padula. Vitally interested in theatre since childhood when he played with marionettes in the coal bin, he's assisted Lawrence Langner, John C. Wilson, Maurice Evans ("I owe more to Evans than to anyone — he's the most

beautifully organized man in theatre"), got a break as production manager of *No Time for Sergeants*. When it closed, the old what-am I gonna-do-now blues gripped Padula, and out of it eventually came *Birdie*: "I wanted to do a musical *comedy* in the old style, though with a contemporary theme, but every script I looked at was a musical tragedy." So he started from scratch with a bare idea: why not a show about American teen-agers — not *West Side Story* J.D.s but clean-cut, kookie, unBeat kids? He assembled talent: Michael Stewart, once Sid Caesar's top writer; songsmiths Strouse and Adams, rescued from the resort circuit; dancer Gower Champion in a switch-of-roles: director. *Birdie* was three years in the planning, during which time Padula earned his living as production manager of the lackluster shows *Rumple*, *Seventh Heaven* and *Saratoga*. A solid hit, *Birdie* opened to no advance (no stars) but to rave notices from all the daily critics save Brooks Atkinson. Padula, shrugging off that dissenting review from the vantage point of his posh new East 79th Street penthouse, grins. "Who cares? Atkinson's returning."

QUINCY JONES: *moans of delight*

MOST LIKELY HEIR to the Ellington dukedom seems to be composer-arranger-trumpeter-bandleader Quincy Delight Jones, Jr. In the partisan, trend-conscious realm of jazz, nothing is so prized as newness, and Jones, at twenty-seven, is one of the multifaceted young pioneers transfusing fresh sounds into the jazz mainstream. He's not a Ud-inspiring eccentric, however, so his laurels probably won't wither. His major challenge, it is announced, is due soon when he'll showcase his conducting and orchestrating skills as musical director of the Johnny Mercer–Harold Arlen musical *Free and Easy*, batoning a pit band of his own jazzmen — a departure for Broadway. He's been well prepared for the task: thirteen years of trumpet playing, study at Boston's Schillinger House (on a scholarship), two years with the Lionel Hampton band, a State Department-sponsored Near East crusade with Dizzy Gillespie's crew, study in Paris with Nadia Boulanger (mentor of Aaron Copland and Leonard Bernstein), arranging for pop and jazz record dates — from danceable ditties for Ray Anthony to bouncy blues for Count Basie. A zealous explorer, he spent '57 and '58 hopping from New York to Paris to Stockholm — composing, playing and just digging. As his next giant step, Jones wants to compose his own musical comedy. Twisting a Twainism, he says, "All the musicians moan about American popular music, but *all* they do is moan about it. Not quite all. The moans of Jones, unlike those of other cats, are productive.

SHORT HISTORY OF PANTS *(continued from page 101)*

under threat of banishment and expropriation of goods." Rome fell, however, and pants remained.

In the centuries that followed, a kind of pan-European mode evolved, based on the old Roman tunic and a combination of breeches and hose. The Ninth Century writer, Eginhart, reports that the Emperor Charlemagne's attire consisted simply of a shirt, drawers, tunic, stockings, leg bandages, shoes and a sword-belt. But Charlemagne was far from a natty dresser, even for his time, and considered the inflow of Byzantine silks and finery essentially un-Frankish—an invitation to foppishness and a threat to the Empire.

Though his son, Louis the Pious, wore good embroidered hose and encouraged a certain elegance among the nobility, it was Charles the Bald who first entered into active relations with the Byzantine Court, and thus opened the door to a kind of creeping dandyism which burgeoned during the periods of Charles the Fat, Charles the Simple, Louis the Stammerer and other leading spirits of the Dark Ages.

When feudalism was in flower, English pants were called "brechs," "breeks" and "hosen," and were denounced as evidence of worldly pride in Franciscan friars, who sometimes wore them to ankle length when chill winds blew "in harde weder." The secular accent was on long tunics and fancy tunics, however, and it wasn't until plate armor began to replace chain mail in the Fourteenth Century that breeches and hose emerged from under medieval wraps, and the Golden Age of Pants was born.

Form-fitting breastplates and leg casings resulted in a shortening of the tunic and a display of skin-tight breeches and hose that captivated the young and caused the older generation to react with indignation and alarm. The St. Denis *Chronicle* of 1370 attributes the loss of the Battle of Crécy by the French to the Almighty's wrath at the brevity of their tunics, which were "so short as scarcely to reach their buttocks." The editor complains that a Frenchman bending over reveals his breeks and what is inside them to those standing behind; and by the same token these garments are so tight that help is essential both for dressing and undressing, and when taken off it looks like skinning."

The picture becomes even more vivid when one considers that the current rage was for parti-colored hose, with each leg halved or quartered into various shades of red, yellow, green and black. To make matters worse, the doublet eventually shrank to the waist, and breeches and hose were joined in a one-piece garment that resembled our modern stretch-tights. Obviously something had to be done in the interests of common decency, and in the following century the Church responded with an order that the conspicuous fly-flaps had to be covered with a pouch, which the English called a "codpiece." This was but a garbled approximation of *gaudipisse*—a name the ever-resourceful French had concocted from equal parts of *gaudir* ("to make merry") and *pisser* ("to make water").

Never in the history of dress has there been such a miscarriage of modesty. In the process of hiding the fly-flaps, the codpiece merely created a new center of interest which soon became a sort of Early Renaissance prestige symbol. To quote one commentator, the codpiece was padded and puffed until it was "as big as a baby's head," and "was finally decorated with bows to attract attention." Indeed, "so little opprobrium attached to this accessory of masculine costume that it served as a pocket in which a gentleman kept his pocket handkerchief and purse and even oranges which he would pull out before the ladies eyes and hand to them."

"As for my breeches, my great-aunt Laurentia long ago told me they were designed solely for the codpiece." Pantagruel declares in the third book of *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. "I believe this as implicitly as I believe gay old Galen, when . . . he tells us the head was designed for the eyes."

Rabelais, who wrote a chapter "Concerning the Supremacy of the Codpiece as Armored Protection," describes therein the anxious concern of My Lord of Merville's wife:

Her lord, bound for the wars, was fully armed,
Yet she observed his codpiece stood exposed.
"Protect what I love best, lest it be harmed."
She wept. "I would not have it indisposed."

The good lady, "seeing that he was covering the staff of love and bundle of marriage with merely coat-of-mail considered he took but scant care of them. Meditating at length thereon she decided he had much better shield and armor them behind a huge tilting helmet which lay idle in his closet."

A tilting-helmet was small pumpkins however, compared to the codpiece Rabelais fashioned for Gargantua: "In shape it resembled a buttress; it was most gallantly fastened to two handsome golden buckles, caught up by two enameled clasps. Each had a large emerald, the size of an orange, set in it. . . . The gibbosity or bulge of the codpiece stretched out about five and one-half feet. It was jagged and pinked, with flaring blue damask, like the breeches."

Though the prize for size must surely be awarded to Rabelais' fictional hero, the all-time trophy for carelessness belongs to one Hans von Schweinchen, a soberly factual diarist of the period, who relates that he had fifty gold pieces sewn into his sturdy German codpiece for safekeeping, and was surprised to find that they had been filched from his person while visiting Cologne.

The Fifteenth Century passion for padding took an almost equally bizarre turn in 1477, when the victorious Swiss arrayed themselves in the shreds and tatters of the Duke of Burgundy's tents and battle flags by slashing their breeches and sleeves, and stuffing them "with huge puffs of taffatee or linen." The resulting fad for slitted breeches, puffed out with contrasting materials swept all Europe and survives down to the present day in the traditional Swiss uniform of the Papal Guards. Nowhere did this fashion take hold as it did in Germany, where enormous knee-length breeches were stuffed with as many as two hundred ells of silk. The murmuring rustle when the wearer walked was likened to the sound of "the Elbe stream flowing under a bridge or over a weir."

France, Italy and Spain developed their own grandiose variations. In England, where padding was known as "bombasting" or "blistering," the style evolved into the short, balloon-like breeches one usually associates with full-length portraits of Sir Walter Raleigh. By then, the slits and slashings were often merely indicated in the fabric, and men were wont to

Furnyshe forthe their pryde,
With woole with flaxe with hair also
To make their bryches wyde.

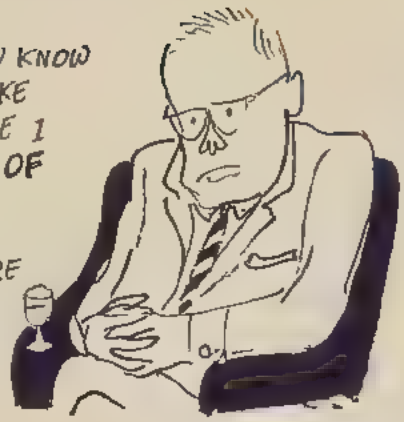
So sang the anonymous balladeer in *A Lamentable Complaint of the pore countrymen for the losse of their cattelle's Tails*—the hair of which was used for stuffing. In *Passions of the Minde* Thomas Wright dispassionately stated that he had once seen the actor, Tarlton, "play the clowne, and use no other breeches than such sloppes and slivings as now many gentlemen weare, they are almost capable of a bushel of wheate and if they be of sackcloth, they would serve to carry mault to the mill."

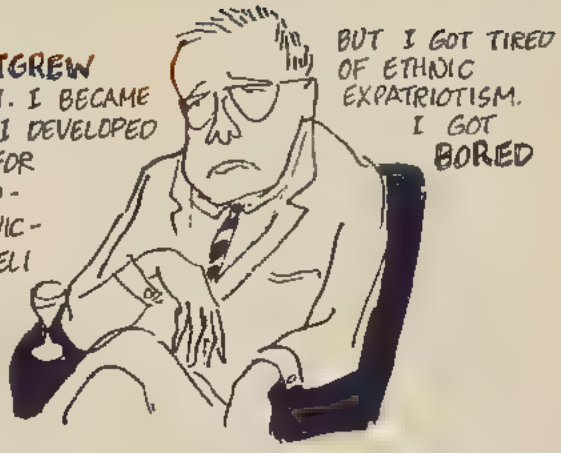
The comment seems to have been taken more in the spirit of suggestion than satire, for breeches were later bombasted with a variety of cereals. The story is told of one fine gallant who snagged his breeches on a nail while paying court to a group of ladies, and suffered the embarrassment of having bran pour forth "as from a mill that was grinding, without his perceiving it, till half the cargo was unladen on the floor."

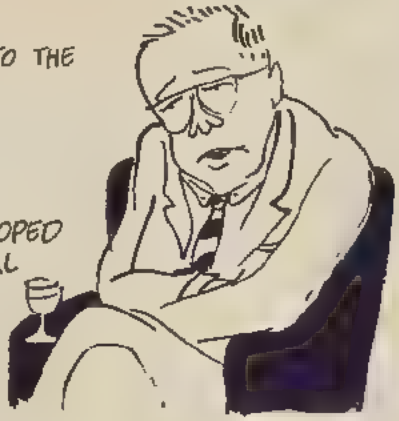
So popular were these "great, round, abominable breeches," that special scaffoldings had to be erected in Parliament

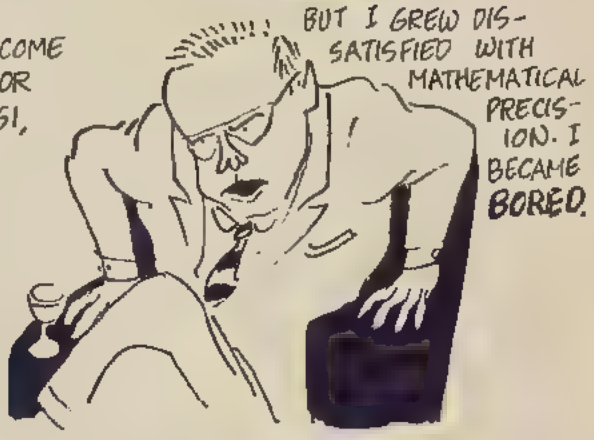
(continued on page 108)

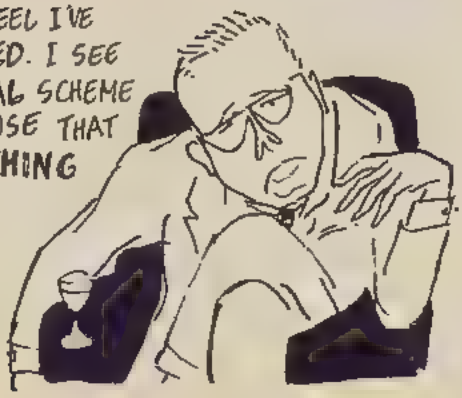
The Music Lover

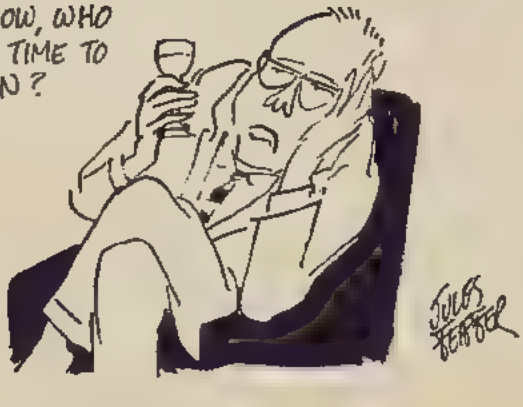












A newly retold tale from the Spanish
El Libro de los Enganos

Ribald Classic

The Burning of the Books

A CERTAIN YOUNG MAN, desirous of learning all the tricks of women, attended a university that offered courses in these matters.

After long and arduous study, he started home loaded with many volumes and notebooks, secure in the belief that no woman could ever get the better of him. He stopped one evening at the house of a farmer and rented a room for the night. Over supper he tried to impress his host with his knowledge, and the simple man, seeing all the books, was much impressed. Nevertheless, he ended up by saying: "Women are very clever, and I would wager this house against your horse and its trappings that even my uneducated wife could fox you if she set her mind to it."

The scholar agreed to the wager.

The farmer told his wife of all this before he set out for the city to sell his produce. Therefore, the wife, no sooner than he had left, called the scholar to the bedroom and said quite frankly: "I am a young and beautiful woman and my husband is always so tired after his labors in the fields that he almost never lies with me. He hasn't for at least a month."

The scholar at first thought she was trying to trick him, but when she had stripped and had invited him to do likewise, he felt in his heart that she meant what she said. "There can be no deceit here," he told himself. "Her husband is away, and surely he would never let her go as far as this knowingly."

As he took the woman in his arms, she suddenly began to scream for help, and almost before he could set her down, the farmhands were at the door knocking.

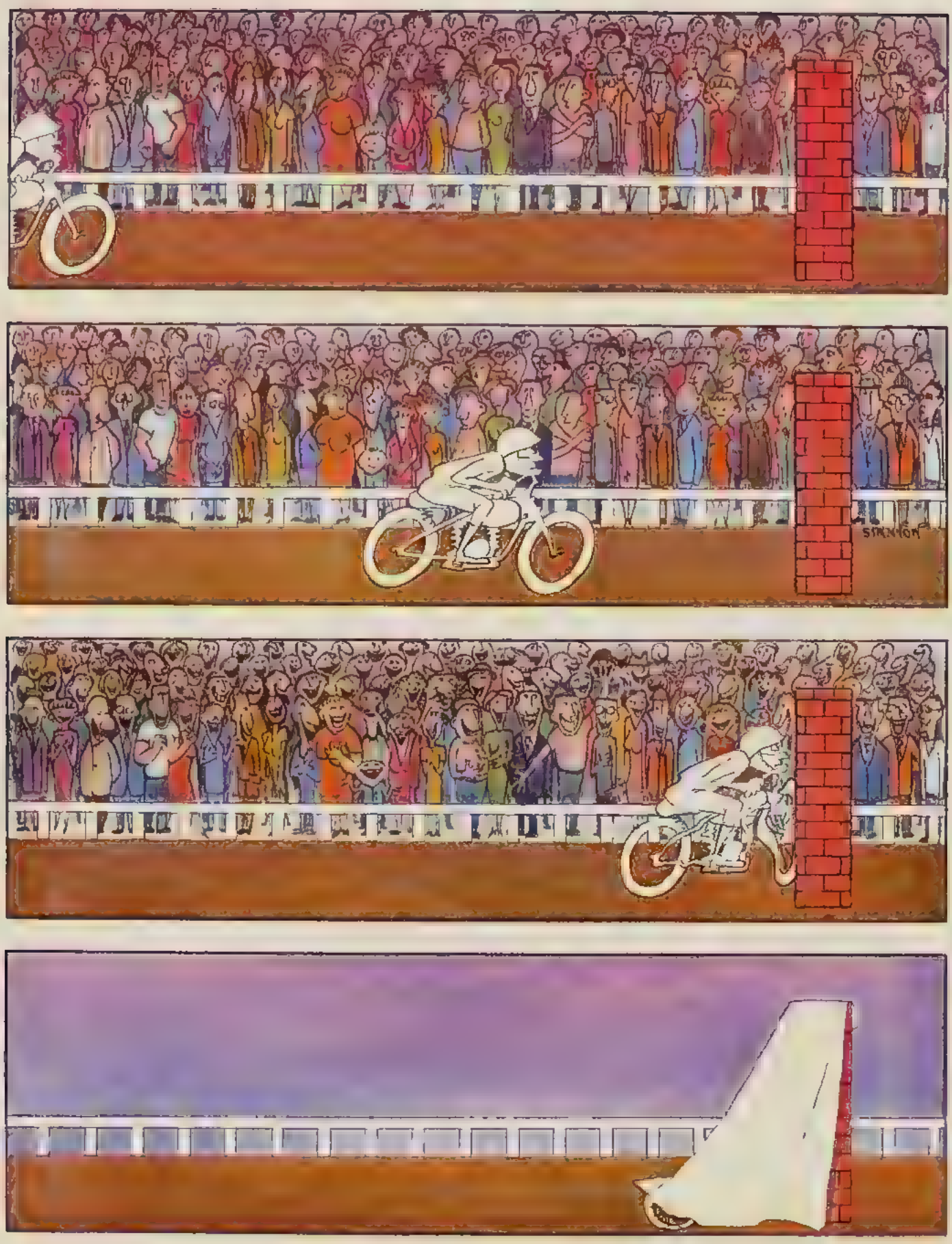
"Stretch out on the floor!" cried the woman. Then, quickly slipping into her dress, she opened the scholar's mouth and thrust into it a large piece of bread. Finally, she went to the door and admitted the farmhands.

"This guest of ours," she said, "has choked on a piece of bread and is dying. Help me!" The farmhands forced open the young man's mouth, and he all the while pretended to be unconscious. The woman meanwhile bathed his face and chest with a wet cloth. At last he opened his eyes.

When the men had returned to the fields, the woman laughed and said: "Did you find anything like this in your fine books?"

The scholar shook his head sadly. "Upon my word," he said, "I thought I had read all that there was on the subject, but you have proved me in error." And so saying, he carried all his tomes and notebooks into the patio and burned them in a large fire. As he departed on foot, leaving his horse and its trappings in payment of the lost wager, the woman heard him say: "All knowledge is not in books and the deepest knowledge belongs to serpents—and women."

—Translated by J. A. Gato


SIMMON

SHORT HISTORY OF PANTS *(continued from page 104)*

to accommodate members who could no longer fit in their seats, and legislation was passed to prevent shop-boys and apprentices from bombasting beyond their proper station in life. Holinshed chronicles the story of one Elizabethan lawbreaker who had padded his "extensive receptacles" with an inventory of household articles that included two sheets, two tablecloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a comb, a mirror and a few odd nightcaps.

The fashion for these aptly named "trunk-hose" continued through the reign of James I, who was reluctant to relinquish padding of any sort because of his morbid fear of assassination "by the stilete." In Germany, meanwhile, padding had gradually disappeared from the voluminous breeches. They now hung limp and baggy under the richly descriptive name of *Schlumperhosen*.

A similar tendency to calculated droopiness was discernible throughout the Continent, and took a dashingly opulent form in the Cavalier mode affected by the English under Charles I. Broad brimmed hats, ostrich plumes, floppy boots, Spanish rapiers and flaccid flounces made every man a D'Artagnan. His straight-cut breeches, trimmed with fringe, met lace-topped hose at the knee, as he sallied forth to meet the disapproving scowls of the Puritans and Roundheads.

With the rise of the Commonwealth, all such elegance went underground or into exile. While the Roundheads were not above a discreet show of lace at the boot top, and sat through the Rump Parliament in what appear to be loose-kneed Bermuda shorts, the purer Puritans underplayed their pants with austere, dark breeches worn in solemn conjunction with plain white stockings, and limited their "vanitie" to Biblical texts embroidered on their underwear.

Stuart fripperies came back with a beribboned vengeance in the "petticoat breeches" of the Restoration. These languid garments, brought over from France by the returning exiles, were among the fanciest pants of all time. About as long and as wide as kilts, they hung in frilly points about the knee, and were ornamented on either side by large bunches of gaily-colored ribbon. The exquisite's legs were further prettified by ruffled hose tops, and lace-fringed boots "turned down as low as his spurres, which jingled like the bells of a morrice-dancer as he walked."

Such was the contemporary *Picture of an English Antiche*, and the full effect of breeches, bows, plumes, periwig, muff and walking-stick was something to gladden the heart of a Pepys. But what with the Plague, the Great Fire of London and the Great Frost of 1683, sober second-thoughts seemed to be called for. Retrenchment set in, and the style eventually disappeared under the long, square-cut coats of the second James.

Across the Atlantic in the colonies, Elizabethan trunk-hose and bombasted "Spanish kettledrums" had long since been abandoned for more practical knee-breeches that were part Puritan and part Dutch knickerbocker. The sailor's loose, devil-may-care trousers had come ashore, and were to be seen on men plowing in Pennsylvania, or hoeing corn in the Carolinas. The pioneer in his wilderness had rediscovered the hide breeches of his Saxon ancestors, and had passed them on to the Indian, who added beads and fringe.

Though news of the latest fashions in London and Paris blew in with every ship, and were echoed in the dress of the gentry, instances of pants-across-the-sea were rare. Few flaunted the garish silk breeches that were so popular with the dandies of London's exclusive Macaroni Club. French polka dots and Italian candy stripes were a bit too Macaroni for the Yankee Doodle dandy. He stuck a feather in his hat, and just called it that.

Even the mother country railed against this aping of effete Continental fashions, as witnessed by the oddly hip-sounding title of an Eighteenth Century *Treatise upon the Modes, or a Farewell to French Kicks*. Nevertheless, it was France and her Revolution that put men into long pants, and carried the battle against knee-breeches to the barricades. Long liberal pantaloons were favored over the spruce insolence of aristocratic breeches and hose, and *sans culotte* was the scornful epithet used by royalists to describe the revolutionary rabble. "Destitute of Breeches," Carlyle defined the term: "a mournful destitution; which however, if Twenty millions share it, may become more effective than most Possessions!"

One can only hasten to agree. The Revolution happily over, however matters did not improve. "The Nation is for the present, figuratively speaking, *naked*," Carlyle announced in hoarse italics, "it has no rule or vesture; but is naked — a Sansculottic Nation."

To help mend the breach, the artist David was commissioned to design a new style in keeping with the principles of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. With poetic enthusiasm for the body beautiful and the gauzy grace of the free-living nymphs and warriors depicted on the friezes of ancient Greece, David tapered the male pantaloons into a skin-tight simulacrum of smooth white marble, and whipped up a sheer gown for the ladies that left them more naked than before.

While the gentlemen of the French Republic dampened their pants so the material would dry tight to the legs, the ladies dampened their diaphanous bodices to achieve the desired appearance of neo-Grecian nudity. All undemocratic shifts and corsets had been abandoned, and exposure was so extreme that women began wearing underpants — for the first time in history.

The rest of the Western world was scandalized. The very idea of pants for women was regarded as "utterly depraved, unnatural and vicious." The new flesh-colored tights and long, filmy pantaloons were considered more shocking than peek-a-boo nakedness, and only the French would indulge in such naughtiness. Indeed, one British authority states quite flatly that "Jane Austen's heroines never wore them" — a bit of information that not only serves to characterize the early Nineteenth Century attitude, but could very well put *Pride and Prejudice* back on the best-seller list.

It was at this period that women's pants were first discussed as "unmentionables," "unutterables," "inexpressibles," "indescribables" and "unnommables" — leaving the modern male scholar to wonder just what the devil went on. Though the fashion eventually took hold in England and America, progress was slow. Underpants were not commonly worn by the socially-elect miss or mistress until 1850, with the middle class trailing by another ten years. Wives, mothers and sweethearts of the working class virtuously resisted wearing them until well into the 1870s.

The most celebrated advocate of mentionable pants for women was, of course, our very own Amelia Jenks Bloomer, of Seneca Falls, N.Y., who ventured forth one morning in 1851, wearing a pair of long, black pantaloons that should properly be called "millers," in honor of the woman who originated the style. By her own admission, Mrs. Bloomer was far more concerned with temperance and women's rights than she was with dress reform, and only took to wearing trousers as a gesture of approval for the fine work being done in that line by Elizabeth Smith Miller, who had been wearing the costume for some two or three months at home and abroad."

That Mrs. Bloomer's millers and Mrs. Miller's bloomers did not succeed in getting beyond the novelty stage may be attributed to the rampant leg-phobia of Victorian women, who concealed table legs under floor-length covers and blushingly insisted that chairs had "limbs." By the time the mass-produced bicycle arrived at the close of the century, however, reformers and suffragettes had propagandized the philosophy of the New Woman to a point where spirited

young ladies were eager to avail themselves of the two-wheeler's liberating possibilities. Donning divided skirts and knickerbockers, women pedaled off into the future at a fast clip, changing pants at each new milestone. From "rational" riding habits it was an easy transition to "sensible" hiking clothes, gymnasium bloomers, beach pajamas, slacks, jeans, toreador pants, pedal-pushers, shorts, short shorts and bikinis.

The toreador, ranch or Capri pants of today's women very nearly duplicate the sort of trousers worn by men in the period following the French Revolution. Knee-breeches lingered for a while to be worn by the elite for formal occasions, and by the military for all occasions. In the army, tightness was the order of the day, and many of Wellington's officers had themselves sewn into their pants each morning to ensure an absence of wrinkles. At the Battle of Waterloo, both sides wore pants so tight and white, it was impossible to either maneuver or die without ruining the risk of grass stains and split seams. A similar snugness was fancied in civilian trousers, together with a passion for pastel tones, which in France ranged from a soft, golden "Canary's Tail" to the delicate pink of "Agitated Nymph's Thigh."

Tucked into boots or gaiters, and worn with weskit and tail coat, the new trousers provided Mr. Pickwick with suitable attire for both town and country. In America they were generally looser fitting, and carried political connotations as glaring as those of a campaign badge. In the early years of the Nineteenth Century, you could tell a "democratic Republican" a block away by his new fangled pantaloons, while Federalist sentiment was expressed in knee-breeches and hose. Only by putting party interests before personal preference could President Jefferson consent to hiding his shapely calves under the new "flapping pantaloons" which he wore until the day he died in 1826.

For the most part, the pants of the men who built America were all rather commodious. Farmers, lumberjacks, river boat men and miners needed room, and a study of old prints would seem to suggest a formula of three parts of pants showing for every part tucked in the boot. Fit was of no major concern, just as long as there was enough of it, and britches had no special brand names—until that is, a man named Strauss went West to pan gold and hit a bonanza in pants.

Strauss, who might be called the Pecos Bill of the American pants industry, arrived in California a few months after the Forty Niners, and a year before Mrs. Bloomer appeared on the streets of Seneca Falls in her "healthy, bifurcated garment." Like Mrs. Bloomer, Levi Strauss was to have his name immortalized by a new type of pants. Being a friendly sort of man, it was his first name—so we have "Levis" and not "Strausses."

The originals were made from a bundle of brown tent material Levi had brought from the East to sell as covered-wagon tops, in the hope of earning a grub-stake. But California already had wagon tops and tents in good supply. The need, he soon learned, was for pants—strong pants, that would withstand the wear and tear of digging in the hills. Confident that nothing was stronger than his tent material, Levi had a couple of experimental pairs made up, and gave one to a miner friend.

"Look at these pants of Levi's," the old codger bragged to his confreres. "Doggone if a man ever had pants as strong as these before."

Word-of-mouth advertising being what it is, it wasn't long before the pick and shovel set would wear no other pants but Levis, and young Strauss found that he had struck gold, smack-dab in the middle of San Francisco. In time rivets were added to cut down on the torn pockets miners got from bulging them out with specimen rocks. An indigo-blue dye was used to replace the original

Great idea! The new 1960 College Crests from the Wings Golden Award® Collection...the perfect campus sport shirt. Trim look "TAPERED TAILORING"®...extra long tail stays in proportioned length sleeves . perfect with or without a tie... wash-and-wear cotton in smartest olive, gold and claret. Imagine all this including embroidered pocket: only **$4.00**

P.S. They needn't steal yours... now matching girls' model $4.00

COLLEGE CRESTS '60

by Wings®

TRADITIONALLY FINE DRESS SHIRTS, SPORT SHIRTS, DYNAFLEX® JACKETS, AND PAJAMAS, KNITWEAR AND SWIMWEAR FOR MEN. WINGS SHIRT CO., 4 W 33, NEW YORK

variety of colors, and Levis were on their way to becoming the most uniquely American pants in history.

Back East, the posh trousers of the fashionable urban gentleman reflected the tailoring of Savile Row. During the first half of the century they were sometimes strapped under the instep, and sometimes worn tapered tight to the ankle in the manner approved by Beau Brummell. Braces were favored over the more plebeian belt, despite the fact that their first appearance had been accompanied by dire predictions that they would "enfeeble men's shoulders, exaggerate the belly, and weaken the human race."

Apart from a general loosening, the past hundred years have produced few major changes: the removal of the instep-strap, the use of darker materials to match the jacket and vest, the introduction of front creases, and tailored cuffs.

The most recent innovation is the front crease, which originated with packing methods used by manufacturers of ready-made clothing after the Civil War, and was permanently pressed into place by the invention of the modern pants-hanger. Though the evolution of the cuff can be traced to the practice of turning up the leg bottoms to keep them from getting muddy and wet, no one seems to be certain just when the first pair was tacked into place, or for whom. A lengthy and somewhat emotional debate on the subject, conducted in the readers' column of *The London Times*, ended in attributing the "turn-up" to one Mr. Alovsius Bredloser, who performed his own makeshift alterations in 1858, after skipping out of an Albemarle Street clothing shop without paying.

Such obvious levity regarding so important a matter is not typical of the British, who are apt to take their pants quite seriously, and insist upon calling them trousers. A recent Associated Press story about a West End tailor named Featherstonehaugh, is a case in point. "In Mr. Featherstonehaugh's *haut monde*, only the vulgar, a few Burmese and untraveled Americans refer to trousers as pants," we are told, and Mr. Featherstonehaugh "shudders at what he considers this un-British and monstrous misuse of nouns."

In all justice to Mr. F., it must be admitted that "pants" is the more colloquial and come-lately term, being a mere abbreviation of "pantaloons"—a name made popular by the traditional Italian comedy character, Pantalone, whose pants were of the sort worn by the poor in Venice, the city of Saint Pantaleone.

The Lowland Scot military man still refers to his long tartan trousers by the ancient name of trews, however, and holds them to be every bit as venerable as the Highland kilt. The age-old rivalry between trousered and kilted Celts broke out in a first-class ruckus, a few years back, when the Highland Light Infantry and the Lowland Royal Scot Fusiliers were merged into one regiment, and ordered to decide upon a common uniform. The Highlanders insisted upon keeping their kilts, and the Lowlanders demanded that they be allowed to continue wearing trews. Weeks of top-level negotiation shortened tempers and deepened the deadlock. Prime Minister Macmillan interceded with a plea that "all concerned, apply themselves in all earnestness" to settling the issue. Four months passed, mutinous rumblings were heard in the ranks, and the War Office finally stepped in with a command decision for trews. In the ensuing dudgeon, Major General Urquhart of the Highland regiment, and Major General Edmund Hakewell Smith of the Fusiliers tendered their resignations, and Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery both declared at Christmas dinner that both "should have their heads banged together."

This is the sort of spirited clothes-consciousness we have come to cherish and admire in the great Commonwealth of Nations that has given us our plus fours, jodhpurs, tennis flannels, morning pants, and two kinds of walking shorts: Bermudas and Jamaicas. For the British are, above all others, the *avec culottes* of the world. In a report by *The Christian Science Monitor*, a spokesman for Britain's clothing manufacturers is quoted as stating that Englishmen's "trousers are in fact their country's flag."

Hoisting our own proud buntings to full mast, it behooves each of us to recall the debt we owe to the anonymous

"I'm sorry, miss, but I never carry more than $50 in cash! . . ."

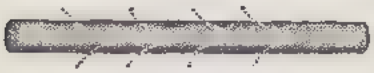
you're ready for anything in Adlers!

Take the SC* for example. This is the famous wool sock that's guaranteed not to shrink. It comes in white and eleven different solid colors. At fine stores everywhere or write: The Adler Company, Dept. P-90, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

*Shrink Controlled

Just time for a TREND, friend–

TREND
MILD LITTLE CIGARS
...with NEW TREND-AIR conditioning!



Time's never too short for a Trend . . . long enough for complete satisfaction, short enough to enjoy *any*-time. New Trend-Air conditioning "breathes" just the right amount of cool, fresh air into the smoke-stream for maximum mildness. 100% cigar tobaccos clear through. Enjoy mild, big cigar taste *plus* cigarette size and convenience. Try Trend, today. *And you need not inhale to enjoy them!*

Humidor pack of 20 **35c**

Also enjoy new Trend Panatelas . . . 5 inches of real smoking enjoyment—with new Trend-Air conditioning.
5 pack—25c

STEPHANO BROTHERS (Cigar Division) Phila. 7, Pa.

–PIONEERS IN MODERN CIGARS–

creator of the cuff, the manufacturer who first thought of using slide fasteners to replace the four-button fly and the designer who so carefully planned our pockets, with a small tab over the one on the left hip to baffle pickpockets intent upon stealing our pocket handkerchief. Most beguiling of all, though, is the little watch pocket that survives as a charming anachronism in an era of self-winding wristwatches. What can one possibly use it for? To carry a lucky coin, perhaps—not much more, for its capacity would be exhausted by two teabags or a few ukulele picks.

In our own watch pocket, we have been carrying around a clipping from *The New York Times*, which cites a report made by three Swedish scientists who believe that "the wearing of trousers may be more dangerous to future generations than the fall-out from atomic and hydrogen bombs." The reason, they state, is that "Tight clothing, such as trousers . . . increases body heat around the male sperm-producing cells. The heat, in turn, speeds up the rate of mutations in the genes," with results that "might imply genetical hazards one hundred to one thousand times greater than those estimated from different sources of radiation."

As an alternative, Drs. Ehrenberg, Hedgren and von Ehrenstein "suggested changes in men's clothing similar to the kilt, or else trousers fitted with a codpiece, a flap on the front, such as was used in medieval Europe."

On the basis of what we now know about codpieces, it's doubtful whether this "accessory of masculine costume" could ever achieve full consumer acceptance in the modest atmosphere of the Twentieth Century, no matter what the hazards from radiation. The kilt, on the other hand, would present its own drawbacks. A man could no longer sprawl his legs or cross his knees in public, without being on the constant *qui vive*—to say nothing of having to hold down his skirt when the wind blew "in harde weder."

Personally, we like our pants, and don't intend to be panicked out of them until the doctors' findings are thoroughly checked. If worst comes to worst, perhaps a new kind of civil-defense program might do the trick—daily drills in which the male population would retire to air-conditioned shelters for a brief cooling-off period.

In order to prevent any awkward confusion, we would have to synchronize signals, of course. When the alert sounded all men would proceed to shelter. At the merry blast of an "All Clear," they would then drop everything, and quietly await the final signal—a discreetly warbled warning to "Take Cover" before returning to the street.

RESTLESS MECCA

(continued from page 56)

Bohemianism, pseudo: Bohemians, out-and-out; Bookbinding; Bourgeois morality; Bourgeois-romantic family; Bricklayers; Broccoli; Butchers' shops.

The non-"B" pieces of the puzzle, for those now suddenly middle-aged, also include the speakeasies, the old Nick's Dixieland jazz, the anarchists and Communists and Martha Graham, the Waldorf Cafeteria, rent parties, the *Masses* Howard Scott (founder of Technocracy) Floyd Dell and Joe Gould (founders of Floyd Dell and Joe Gould). Eugene O'Neill and a few dozen other of the dear departed, and the ageless troglodyte on every block who lived for some harmless madness of dress or manner or erotic preference. Gone, all gone; or if still there, so changed as to be occasion of deep deception to our nostalgia-bound visitor.

And yet, each piece in the eternal jigsaw game has its equivalent today, right now: the White Horse Tavern, the Five Spot for progressive jazz, the cooperative galleries on East Tenth Street which represent the avant-garde of the abstract expressionist habit, the beatniks and the hipsters and the dance students and the Actors Studio gangs, Jim Atkins' glassed-around short-order place on Sheridan Square, the Rienzi and the Figaro coffee houses, a host of vocal painters and sculptors, like Larry Rivers and Ibram Lassaw, and the poets a-reading of the jagged truth in the jazz-and-poetry emporiums like the Bizarre on West Third Street. And so our middle-aged visitor reconstructs the puzzle, every piece falling neatly into place. And yet the vision of a sylvan glen and ardent promise may elude his critical eye, for the crucial elements which give it all its excitement—the eye and hand and moiling heart of the puzzle-fitter—are irrevocably altered. The puzzle needs an organizing principle for its message to be unscrambled, and this principle seems to come from the hot blood within, that first sweet youthful discovery of freedom, passion and rebellion. And thus the words "The Village isn't what it used to be."

But if those who came to the Village during the Depression utter this mournful complaint, so now do those who traveled toward Charles Street on or off the G.I. Bill after the war. They too, settled into the second marriage and third child, or into some combination of those elements. Having taken on a permanent job and the habit of having habits, must mutter to their wives on their Saturday-night tour: "Ah, the San Remo is spoiled. Ah, what's happened to the old White Horse?"

"Yes, honey, and a bunch of lousy

dykes has taken the place of those divine lesbians."

"Yes, darling, and where is *Death* (the magazine which answered *Life*), and where, O where is *Neurotica* (the analysts have their journals, now it's time for the patients to have one)?"

Answer: the Village has always moved fast. A generation lasts only a few seasons. *Death* has died, honey, and the editor of *Neurotica* has moved to St. Louis.

But if these visitors look at the girls down from Sarah Lawrence, searching for the ghost of poor Dylan (whom they could have saved by pure love of course) or the shadow of Jack Kerouac (who *needs* them, dig?), squired by boys remembering that they were Holden Caulfield in some other, better life, these veterans of old Village campaigns must see familiar faces — their own. The Village jumps uselessly to its eternal role as the objective expression of an urge to rebel, strike out anew, break the barriers of convention and (very important) have something to shock the old folks about. And in one case out of ten thousand of course, this "*crise d originalité juvénile*," as a French psychologist named it, leads to that essential human crisis of discovery and creation. The habit and trapping of rebellion may involve rebellion in fact and the destruction of worn-out ways of thinking, and the creation of works of mind and art.

For the remaining 9999, they have at least had a fling, some art movies and some pizza late at night, something to be nostalgic about in ten years, when "the Village has really changed, pal — we didn't used to have bomb shelters on Sullivan Street."

• • •

Like the mating salmon swarming up the Columbia River, the girls seeking freedom and "self-expression" rush down from the smart women's colleges; they head eastward from the big state institutions, their fins aggle and their gill slits pulsing, they foregather for adventure and true love in Manhattan, and a high percentage naturally finds its way to Greenwich Village. The result is a highly abnormal situation in many of the professions: an oversupply of lovely ladies. In the theatre for example, there are more women than men to begin with: then if you subtract from the pool of available manpower - doing service at dinner and bed — those men who are contentedly married, those who are already engrossed by one girl and those who prefer non-girls, you have remaining a lovely turmoil of lovely lost ladies, wishing they knew somebody. Because they work hard, they know few people outside the theatre. They spend many an evening walking the dog up and down Tenth Street, dreaming that somewhere in God's Green Village there must be a foot-loose heterosexual. Probably the loneliest girls in the world are theatrical beauties, alien as this idea is to the American fantasy of the wild life of actresses.

In days gone by, men went to the Village to hunt women. Now they go to be hunted: there is a remarkable contemporary tendency of the prey to track down the hunter.

A special example of Village devotion to Thespis is a girl we shall call Norma, a long legged, creamy skinned brunette with crisp dramatic gifts and a stubborn crush on Shakespeare and Shaw. Most actors, no matter what their preferences, take the jobs offered them. Norma, who has a degree in theatre from Carnegie Tech, fanatically refuses roles in musicals and contemporary plays because she doesn't want to risk a threat to her classic style. Therefore she makes her living, between productions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Caesar and Cleopatra* by working as a skilled albeit slightly sullen callgirl. This she does not consider corruption because only the theatre really matters and the particular act she puts on for certain out-of-town buyers does not affect her diction. Also she plies her trade in the midtown ex-

pense-account belt which she holds in contempt: "real life" for her is located on Charles Street, where she remains a svelte young actress, taking her breakfast at lunch time in blue jeans in a drug store while she reads Eric Bentley on the theatre of Bertolt Brecht. She is considering broadening her repertoire.

Norma feels only contempt for the commercial actresses, call them Marge and Jo, who live together in precarious amity. Marge makes a steady living doing all the baby voices for one of the radio networks while she awaits an appropriate Broadway part. Jo, less successful, wrote a book about Marge between jobs and sold it to a paperback publisher. Since it exposed baby-voiced Marge's love life in adult, adulterous and unadulterated detail, there was a strain between the two roomies which lasted almost a week. They took their meals in separate rooms. Marge calls Jo a fake because she had her nose bobbed *twice*. Once is enough for an honest girl.

"But it wasn't short enough," wails Jo. "And it hung a little to one side."

"So does your bosom, sweets," says her dear friend.

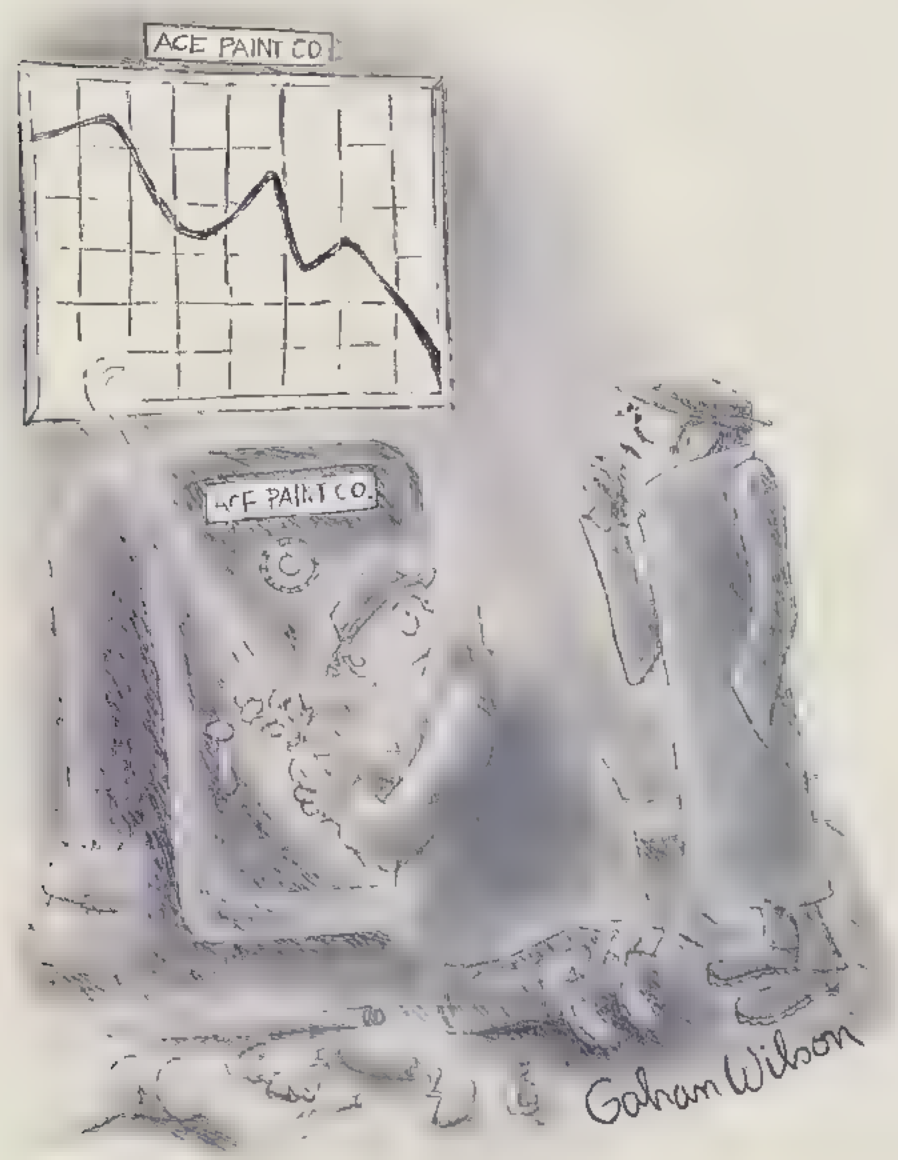
• • •

At the traditional street fairs — the big Italian ones and the smaller Spanish one just north of the Village — the aging Village-lover can still find, almost unchanged, the elements which bewitched his youth: fat, savory sausages, fried crustaceans of mysterious varieties, sold cheaply on the street, brilliant colors, gambling and drinking and the penny-toss, Sicilian street singers crying in their broken tenors of lost, lost love, thick ankled, thick-waisted beauties, with unbobbed noses, leaving streaks of lipstick on bar glasses. On these saints' days, no injection of tourists from uptown can dilute the amiable, loud, distracted cal Lope pleasure of carnival nights. The parrot tells your fortune for twenty cents, plucking a piece of paper in its horny bill; and what care you if the somber slender gentleman awaiting his future in line behind you is Montgomery Clift, and if the excited lady is Shelley Winters? The Village has room for disconsolate movie actors, too.

The Village, while still a place for the young and the undecided, is inhabited by Villagers — that is, people of all ages and conditions. The contrast between the Village and its recent rival for the hand of Youth — the North Beach area of San Francisco — tells the story clearly. The barefoot beatniks of North Beach make the staid diners at Chumley's on Bedford Street ("Patronized by Writers and Artists") look like elder statesmen. When the North Beach is invaded by middle-aged nostalgists, and the morose beatniks settle down to raising square babies, and there are memories and histories of "the way it was," and novelists, playwrights, poets and painters have fixed the scene in their work, then the North Beach will be on its way toward becoming another Greenwich Village.

In the meantime, the Village still provides the American "capital of hope and paradise of misery." The more the Village changes, settles down, rebuilds, the more it remains the same thing. And perhaps its lack of respect for Village tradition is a sign of its continuing vitality as a reflection of the realities of American life. While the Village changes under pressure, it changes in directions molded not merely by pressure from the outside. The quintessential rebellious Village strikes back, and the rest of the world falters. An example of this lively, restless, spirited Village playfulness can be found in and around *The Village Voice*, a weekly newspaper which is less a newspaper than a cause to its editors and subscribers. Hip, unbeat, irreverent and comical, the newspaper has also sharpened and led a drive against Tammany Hall; with another head it has garrulously and energetically hollered on behalf of off-Broadway theatre; it has led a victorious and well-organized battle against New York City's all-powerful Commissioner of Parks, Robert Moses. This symbolic battle can very well stand for the low-level and personal and heartening struggle of the Village against the rampant force of commercialism.

Sketch: Washington Square, with its Frenchified Arch and charm one of the historical landmarks of the Village, had been under attack from several sides. New York University had spread around it, cracking up some fine old Georgian houses in its educational cobra's embrace; the police were shoving away the girls, the dogs, the hippies, the hobos, and the babies who played in the grass. Heavy traffic through the little stretch of park was poisoning the green. And then along came Moses. Unlike the Biblical Moses, who wanted to cross the desert,



"Hold everything, Louis!"

this bureaucratic Moses wanted to produce a desert by widening the roadway through the Square, increasing traffic, renaming and widening a narrow Village street at the opposite end. In order to create "Lower Fifth Avenue," an address which would presumably suggest an increment of verbal prestige, he was willing to destroy the park. Apparently the developers of Washington Square Village, to the south of the Square, had been promised the Fifth Avenue label through some mysterious political process.

Here was a clear issue. It was historical tradition versus real estate speculation, lovers versus automobiles, folk singers versus trucks, green versus asphalt, the people of the Village against the arrogance of New York politicians. With great relish, *The Village Voice* led its tattered battalions into action. Mothers with baby carriages filled with gallant sucklings, united legions of liberal Democrats and progressive Republicans, students and artists and hip kids and off Broadway geniuses and crones from Washington Mews whose cronish aunts remembered Henry James—all united behind a banner decorated by Jules Feiffer and the empassioned, sometimes grammatical rhetoricians of the *Voice*.

And lo, David slew Goliath. Not only did the Village win its battle to keep the Square undiminished, but then it also attacked and eliminated *all* traffic through Washington Square. The park was preserved for its stoic pursuits—chess on the permanent concrete-and-tile chessboards (where bundled and huffing old men study the board even through the long winter), love, philosophy, the tranquil digestive functioning of dogs, bongo artistry, and all the etceteras of a city park. Robert Moses beat a sullen, screaming retreat; Tammany Hall responsive to the pressure of bona fide, licensed carried and voting voters, even joined *The Village Voice* in its campaign, once victory seemed inevitable.

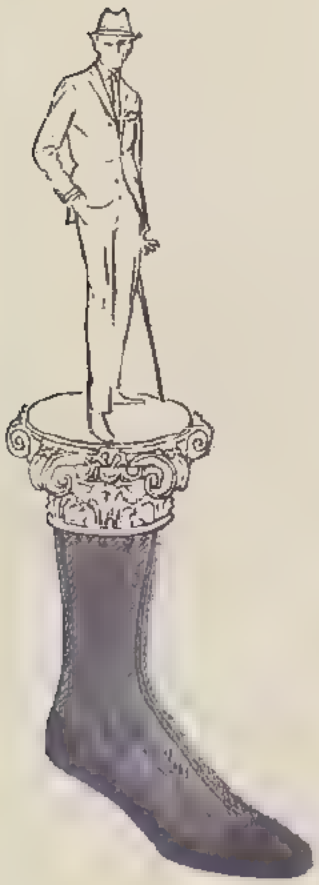
A small victory? Perhaps. But important as a gesture of defiance against the march of the superhighway and the developer. It gave courage to the Save-the-Village movement a-borning. And on Washington Square the bongos and the guitars, their friends and their fellow travelers, can still idle away a summer evening.

• • •

Partly as result of the Save-Washington Square, Save-the-Village, Save-Our-Geniuses campaign, mostly for its five-year-old championing of the new hip Village, *The Village Voice* has taken the title of Spokesman for the Village away from the experimental little magazines of an earlier period. It is in the pages of the *Voice* that the various states of mind of Village youth find their public masks. In a time of consumership, the Village way is very much, at its most banal, a way of dressing. Village Ivy, typified by Casual are, is the absolute worst—no shoulders at all, just a slight thickening at the base of the neck, and pants so tight that they drive a man's dangling participles someplace up near his belt, and the tie stuck to the Adam's apple with a small, invisible thumbtack. Village jeans are either the Actors Studio variety, white at the knees from praying for failure in deep Tennessee Williams scenes, or stained like an unsigned Jackson Pollock canvas. Subsidiary Village costumes include the students' heavy-knit sweaters and cordarov, the bull dykey or rough trade's black-leather jackets, studded with nails, and the sailor suits wandering down Fourth Street, looking for professional company on strip row. *The Village Voice* appeals to these costumes and to the occasional human beings within, giving special emphasis to the hipsters and their faded, anemic cousins, the beatniks. It also parodies itself, as in this want ad: "RENT A BEATNIK FOR YOUR PARTY. REASONABLE RATES."

The flavor of *The Village Voice*, and through it, of the changing Village of the Sixties, can be indicated by a quick review of one issue taken at random. On

SILVER BOND®
SOCKS



The base of your new Intercontinental wardrobe

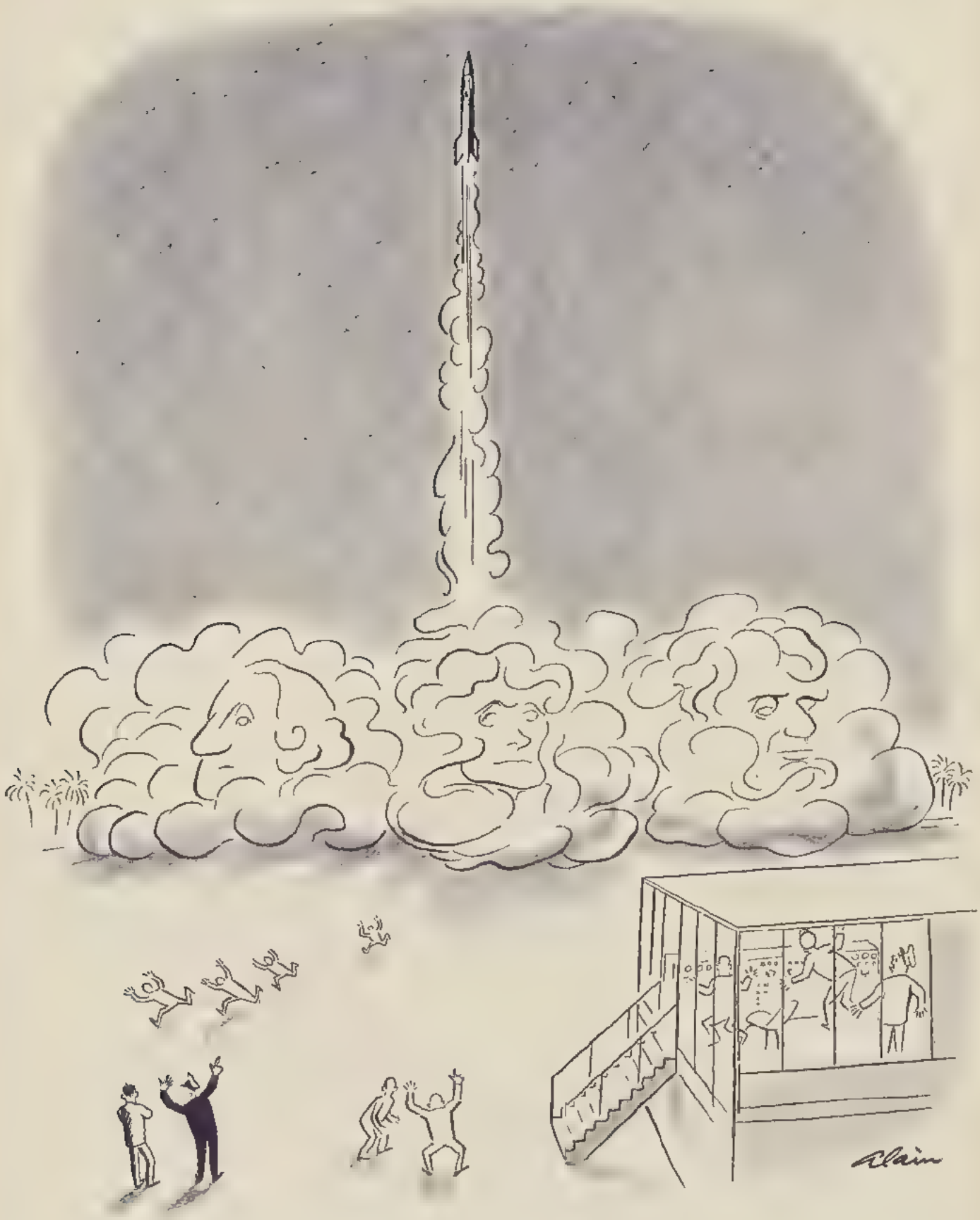
SILVER KNIT HOSIERY MILLS, INC. • EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK • HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA

the front page there are photographs showing the actors and actresses of the Circle in the Square moving to a new theatre on Bleecker Street. Reason: a new apartment development will replace the theatre, Louis' Tavern and other historic monuments on Sheridan Square. There is also a news story about a quarrel between Tammany Hall and Greenwich Village Democrats. On page two there is a feature story about a Villager who once walked a few blocks east of the Village to make a famous documentary film, *On the Bowery*, and then went several thousand miles away to make a film about apartheid in South Africa. Also a cartoon by Jules Feiffer, an advertisement for a lecture on "Love, Justice and Adultery" at the Village Liberal Church, an advertisement inviting us to "CONSULT FAMED HINDU" ("Astrologer and Teacher of Yoga"), and offers of jobs to mandolin players, and an invitation to tour Scandinavia by motorcycle. Sometimes in this section young men, "handsome, intelligent, strong" offer to show lonely women the Village for a moderate fee. Page three contains the news flash that Allen Ginsberg, author of *Howl*, has gone to the University of Concepción, Chile, to represent the United States at a writers' conference. He is quoted as saying that there is a difference between the Chilean university and a beatnik Hilton coffee shop in Dallas, to which he had refused an invitation. On page four there is another Feiffer cartoon about a man who suffers all sorts of ailments, and therefore thinks he has become dangerously neurotic, turns out that he has a cold. A long article mourns the death of Albert Camus. On page five, with more about Camus, there are also advertisements for a lecture on James Joyce (Headline: JAMES JOYCE!), an advertisement for burlap to decorate your pad, and a clothing store cutely advertising a cloth called LAD CLAD, which you just paint on like aftershave, it's the newest, mod. "But in the meantime, we are also putting out all our cloth suits at special prices . . ." On page six, we find a review of a beat magazine called *Exodus*, announcement of a lecture on "BITTER! The Artist As Fiend. . . . The Nazi Movement as Beat Generation," to be given at the New School. Then follow a couple of pages of theatre reviews, a page of sports car and hi-fi poop, an advt for the New York Telephone Company, headed WE WERE RAPPED IN THE WILDERNESS 70 MILES FROM TIMES SQUARE. The last pages are devoted to miscellaneous material and the classified advertisements which provide the *Voice*'s most imaginative prose: they offer opportunities for folk singers, male models, female models, and pretty girls who "wish to sink teeth into non run of the mill job." Also motor scooters, guitar lessons, used men's clothes. Also acting lessons, escort services, books by Henry Miller. Also ski equipment, detective services, and free cats for cat lovers.

The Village Voice specializes in exploration of the new mental and physical geography of the Village. It provided one of the first boosts given *The Connection*, a "jazz play" written by twenty-seven-year-old Jack Gelber and performed by the Living Theatre, a group of living actors over on the north end of the Village at living Fourteenth Street. The play has no conventional plot; it includes, among its actors, an instrumental group which occasionally takes time out from the diddling movement of the play to make a bit of dawdling jazz; the situation is that of a group of junkies waiting, just waiting for its fix. When Cowboy, the connection, finally arrives, and gives an injection of heroin on stage, strong men blanch—or so the publicity says—and strong girls want to run up on stage to help. "That's the way it is, that's the way it really is, man," intones a sepulchral voice at intervals during the evening.

Heroin seems to replace politics as subject for talk in the Village of 1960, though just as there were always more fellow travelers than Communists, so there are more beatniks than genuine, hypo carrying hipsters. (Colonel Rudolph Abel, who ticked out his living as a Russian spy, was eccentric even for the Village, and his paintings were objective, square.) Like the gossipaceous politics of the Thirties, the hipnik movement provides something to talk about for a large group of bored Villagers. Most are too cool to fall up to the Cafe Bizarre, where the poetry is read to the jazz, mon, and too bored by teenage chicks to go to the Figaro on Bleecker, where the floorshow seems to consist of interracial checker playing, but espresso-shop society has proliferated rapidly south along MacDougal Street, penetrating even the Italian south Village, where the strolling amorist has his choice of many plain and fancy mausoleums: Le Petit Coin, the Couch, etc.—where to sit with a girl for a long slow evening. At the Cafe Rienzi, for example, there are French, Italian, German and Swiss newspapers available for free browsing with your java, and if you are really far out, equipped with the lingo of finance, they also carry copies of *The Wall Street Journal*. The Rienzi is split-leveled, split sexed, and carries a bulletin board and exhibitions of photographs.

MacDougal Street is the hub of life for the couples known as Bronx Bagel Babies and A-Trainers—the home-based kids who come down for excitement in the Village and the Harlem tourists who help to give it to them. The latter are



"Is that all you can say — where is Teddy Roosevelt?!"

called A-Framers because they take the Independent subway back at the end of the day.

If you invade the scene on foot and wander down Waverly Place of a soft spring evening, the following acts might succeed each other in rapid succession on the stage of the Village: there is that solemn sallow, cinematographically evil chap who perpetually waits in a doorway, selling what? numbers or ponies or marijuana: a man ambles by wearing one earring — two would be square, a male begger asks "Gimme a quarter mister, so my wife can buy a Dior dress", a load of abstract expressionist paintings is being carried into the Manufacturers Trust bank, where they will be exhibited along with naturalistic dollars: one of the moving men has a copy of André Gide's *Theseus* in his back pocket — moving men are among the intellectual aristocrats of the Village, and it's a chic way for a muscular actor or writer to supplement his income and also keep in condition: a model walks toward Washington Square, where she has a date to meet under the Arch — so skinny she looks as if she has been stretched on a rack; and there is ubiquitous, bearded Sam Kramer again, the psychoanalytic jewelry maker, buying cream cheese, and a certain practicing psychologist, the rack himself walking to meet the model.

Then if you happen to have reason for ducking down the subway entrance and emerging in midtown Manhattan, all is hurry, hurry, hurry, and you see why people love to dwell near where Sam Kramer buys his cream cheese and that psychologist does his best to fatten up skinny models.

All these varied societies — hipsters, beatniks, Harlem, Bronx and Brooklyn adolescents, Madison Avenue middle-classniks, artists and actors, jowly rakes, Italian old-timers, sailors, college students, cream cheese buyers — meet and mill about together on the crowded weekend streets of the Village. If we walk into the Cock and Bull, we may almost think ourselves in an old-fashioned ice cream parlor. It is a large barnlike room which used to be a bookstore and now sells sundaes with fancy names like "Orgy," costing as much as $2.50 for enough ice cream to choke your maw for keeps. But unlike the old-fashioned ice cream parlor, the jukebox blares far-out numbers by the Coasters and the walls are decorated with posters from off-Broadway plays and the kids wear faces of premature cunning and boredom. The girls are mostly jailbait chicks, radically underage and looking it in their baby fat, pedal pushers, unskillful mascara, and ponytails. The men are hungry chaps who may be as old as forty. The Cock and Bull seems to specialize in men who like girls who like ice cream. On the bulletin board in back there are notices about sharing apartments, buying Vespas, providing secretarial services. One poetry-loving chick offered to type poetry free, a small charge for prose.

The great current intellectual fad, all over the Village, is the beatnik convulsion. The beatniks have been described by an acute English observer, Malcolm Bradbury, as "Nihilism's Organization Men," since like all corporate types, they tend to convene and stratify. The Village is their Eastern headquarters, just as the North Beach area in San Francisco houses the main Western office. There has been much confusion about hip and beat: this confusion can be examined in objective detail on the streets of Greenwich Village at night.

The hipster was a man who fled emotion through the use of narcotics, keeping cool, floating in his high. The beatnik is an imitation hipster, wearing the clothes and loitering at the door of the club. Allen Ginsberg and Kenneth Rexroth, the most original of the hip writers, generated a small literary following, including Jack Kerouac, Gregory Corso and Norman Mailer, and attracted admirers among those who looked at jeans and fast driving and said, "Here is Real Life! Wow!" Alternating between San Francisco and New York, the hip and beat publicists recruit the kids into wearing free-form jewelry and saying "man" to each other. While the Village has its marvelous charm of irregularity, this should not be confused with the sort of passionate independence which provides the seedbed of genius. An avant-garde is always egotistical, self-devoted, convinced: it raises its voice, angrily and even shrilly, in order to be sure that it is heard. The pseudo avant-garde, like the hipster writers, has a distracted self-regard troubled to be a one, weak-egoed rather than egotistical, and raises its voice desperately, like a deaf man, in order to make sure it has a voice. Not to be heard, but to be reassured.

As the naturalist Fabre wrote of the sacred Beetle, it is sometimes worshiped by the easily awed, "a veritable living gem, shining like polished metal," but nevertheless its main activity consists in collecting great balls of dung, rolling them about occasionally stirring from a friend and finally in some dark hideaway, proudly dining. These stercorivorous beasties clear the fields and serve good purpose; perhaps we praise them so exotically because they destroy their handiwork by eating it — unlike the beat rhapsodists, they are satisfied to hide it from our exploring nostrils.

Perhaps the most successful work of art produced by the hipsters, after Allen Ginsberg's exciting vaudeville *Howl*, is the campy movie *Pull My Daisy*, which stars Ginsberg (playing a beat poet), Gregory Corso (playing a beat poet), and

"Understand you have an unbalanced line."

Peter Orlovsky (playing a beat poet), plus the painter Larry Rivers and others, with a narration spoken (gargled, mumbled, yawped) and written (improvised, he says) by Jack Kerouac, the beat prose writer. A distinctly Village product, it was photographed in the lower Village by Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie, beat photographer and beat painter, respectively; and it shows the whole beat crew just goofing in a cold water flat among all kinds of cockroaches — "sugar cockaroaches," intones Kerouac, "bread cockaroaches . . . peanut butter cockaroaches" — while various human accidents occur, such as the arrival of a "Zen bishop" with his mother who carries an American flag between her legs, a bit of wrestling among the poets, and a fight between a man and his wife, who objects to the poets' just lagging around underfoot all the time. Whether intentionally or not, the film is funny and has an in-group charm.

• • •

Despite their futile gab, or perhaps because of it, the hipsters and their fleas give a strong flavor to the Village, like their allies, the homosexuals. Something relatively new in America, there is now open professional solicitation of men in the area around the corner of Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street, with a full assortment of blondined boys and leather jacketed rough trade. Very late at night, when the hazard of true love seems to give way to the certainties of cash money, the male prostitutes stand waiting in the doorways, like chippies everywhere, gossiping with each other, falling silent when a possible mark strolls by. They murmur Rodgers-and-Hart show tunes, substituting the pronoun "he" for "she"; they lift their delicate heads; they stroke their cheeks and stand very close to their pants; they push forward their bellies in a parody of the model's pelvic pout.

Then in the morning, at Pam-Pam or Jim Atkins', they take long leisurely breakfasts, standing like Air Force officers in a hundred familiar movies, discussing their missions of the night before, the successful raid and the downed flight, checking with the queens from friendly squadrons, loitering over the third cup of coffee and blinking in the smile of sun through the window. Occasionally, confusingly, a beautiful girl joins them for breakfast, an actress or a model, secure in the sanitary devotion of men who want nothing from a woman but praise.

And sometimes at breakfast a tender mixed couple, man and woman, rising late after the night before, holding hands at the counter.

And sometimes a handsome Village mother, wheeling her baby carriage, doing the shopping after sending her husband off to paint in his studio, or write, or sell space.

The Village has set sail for the future,

We Predict

FROM MINNESOTA TO NOTRE DAME . . .

The big man on the campus everywhere will cheer cheer cheer when he tries on this rugged Do-Anything Coat. Plush corduroy with a warm and jaunty knit collar. All wool plaid lining for extra warmth and the perfect weight for al outdoor sports from gunning to girl-watching. Knee length, of course. In four outstanding colors: Bronze, Black, Antelope, and Burnt Green. Sizes 36-46. Ask to see North Trail's "Active" Sportswear for men that go places and do things at your favorite men's store.

THE MOOSE BY

made in the Great North Woods Country of Green Bay — long noted by outdoor men for its warmth and ruggedness. NOW, the same superb workmanship and traditional ease of fit in crisp, Continental styles . . . in new luxurious fabrics.

GREEN BAY CLOTHING MFGS. INC., GREEN BAY, WISC.

Luxurious long-staple combed cotton combines with the latest style to give you the only shirt chosen to feature the PLAYBOY rabbit. Both PLAYBOY and PLAYMATE SHIRTS available in white, black, red, light blue, maize, gold, olive and taupe, in small, medium, and large sizes. (The PLAYBOY Shirt is also available in extra large.) $5 ppd. each. Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY SHIRTS, Dept. 960, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

FASHIONABLE CHOICE

THE EAR THAT HAS HEARD EVERYTHING, HAS HEARD NOTHING UNTIL IT HEARS

ALAN KING in SUBURBIA

COMEDY WITH MUSIC by America's brilliant young comedian, Alan King is a record that is a must in the library of every suburbanite, former suburbanite and all future suburbanites. In this album Mr. King, well known through his recent T.V appearances continues his special brand of humor.

King's favorite subjects are expounded in time with the music. He spares nothing in his rendition of life in suburbia, his wife, his children, his lawn, and even his garbage disposal. It is a treat in records for the family.

HI-FIDELITY STEREOPHONIC

SEECO RECORDS

SAW 2103

SEECO RECORDS, 39 W. 60 ST., N.Y.C.

Beatnik Dictionary

"SWINGIN' SYLLABLES"

The Official Handbook For Everyone In Orbit

Packed with words and phrases straight from infinity. A perfect novelty gift.

Send One Skin (1.00)

To: Kimbrough Pub. Co., Dept. P
4639 Poplar Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

BUILD THE BEST BUY...

EICO

CITIZENS BAND TRANSCEIVER
#760: KIT $59.95
WIRED $89.95
less bracket

No exams or special knowledge required.

EICO, 33-00 N. Blvd., L. I. C. 1, N. Y. PB-9
Send latest Free EICO Catalog of easy-to-build electronic & hi-fi kits & name of nearest EICO dealer

Name
Address
City State

Add 5% in the West

like all of unanchored America, set sail or set adrift, take your choice. A visit to the Village always provokes a crisis of nostalgia in those who have moved on but do not want the Village to move on. The lovely, long legged blonde girl who used to be seen strolling with Sam Kramer, the bearded jewelry maker—gone. The Waldorf Cafeteria, where the bums and the junkies and Maxwell Bodenheim convened all night over moldy prunes and coffee—gone, replaced by a bank. Roman Maric, who used to feed the wild and the artistic—very quiet. Djuna Barnes and e e cummings—in seclusion. (It is said that a group of beat poets made a pilgrimage one night to cummings' house on Patchin Place. "We're *poets!* We're *poets!*" they shouted, and a ghostly voice issued from a window: "Go away.") And Bodenheim himself, poet of delicate wit and ribald enthusiasm: he went down to drink and died of blows on the head, strokes with a knife, administered by the crazy thug with whom he shared—it seems—both bottle and wife. The Brevoort Hotel, home of elegant artists in moments of triumph—gone, replaced by a boring luxury apartment house. The Rhinelander Gardens also raped by an apartment house. Joe Gould—dead. Max Eastman—rich. The Group Theatre—disappeared.

And yet . . .

Young Boris, proprietor of the old Borsch Bowl, dispenser of philosophy and black bread, is gone. But long live Boris! Grayer, plumper, presiding over a new Borsch Bowl, Boris lives on, garrulously, offering black bread.

Edna St. Vincent Millay, who once inhabited the narrowest house in New York at 73 Bedford Street, has finished burning her candle at both ends, but next door another artist works late into the night. This new poet of Bedford Street inhabits a book-lined study; his lovely slim wife stands by with coffee as he works; they can both be seen from the street, bending over his desk, he fretting, she peacefully confident, watching with a halfsmile on her face, until she taps him gently on the shoulder: "It's very late, dear." (It turns out, alas, that this nocturnal creator is the author of one of the important comic strips.)

And there is another long-legged blonde who can be seen strolling with Sam Kramer, the still bearded jewelry maker—the same beard, a similar blonde.

And there are coffee houses which have Sunday afternoon chamber-music recitals. And some eccentric ones which merely serve coffee.

And Charlie Van Doren, the defrocked quiz star, quietly writing a novel (a play?) which everyone supposes will deal with a simple, true-hearted, slightly greedy young quiz star who, nearly corrupted by the mass media, receives a letter from a little old lady named Checkers just in time to keep him from perjuring himself before a Congressional committee . . . In Jim Atkins' eatery the odds are against his starring in the movie version.

And the lovely fashion model who transmitted a small crablike infestation to a whole group of poets—"like that's her protest against the whole sex oriented system, dig," explained one of them, scratching. And the eager virgin who makes a hobby of suggesting that she and her date go back to his place so that she can take a shower—and then she takes a shower. And carries a switch blade to make sure that her date keeps the peace. And the girls who live by remittances from home while they find their souls, and seem to find them, for they usually disappear into social work after a year or two. And the girls, girls girls. Italo Calvino, a distinguished Italian novelist, declared that the most monumental, splendid, and architecturally efficient structure he found in America was not a skyscraper but a small flexible device; it was first modeled for him in Greenwich Village: "Change my whole life! the dec-ah-fragum!"

There are no more rent parties, at which you paid a small admission to dance the Charleston, eat cheap spaghetti and drink bathtub gin so that your host could keep body, soul and furniture off the street but there are shindigs like the STOMP OUT BOBBY BREEN PARTY (at Madame Irma's Dancehall on Second Avenue) to which you are asked to bring your own booze, although the mimeographed invitation assures you that "BEER, MUSIC, ICE CUBES, PAPER CUPS, THE HALL, MOXIE and GENERAL FUNKINESS are provided by the Management." You are also warned: "This party is by invitation only . . . don't bring your friends . . . don't bring good old Harry who lives in Queens but is a nice guy . . . nor your Aunt Lucy who has always wanted to go to a Real Village Party . . . don't hip the Bronx . . . if your girl is the kind who locks herself in the can at parties to weep, don't bring her . . . if you insist on singing, forget it . . . if your idea of a good time is charades, we don't want you . . . no marrieds except the unhappily . . . don't tell *Life* magazine . . . wear a funny hat if you like but no costumes!" There are other parties for little companies of off Broadway players, who offer Gallo wine and corrosive martinis in the hope that you may write a check to help support their production of a symbolic drama by Ionesco, Adamov, Ghelderode, or the omnipresent revival of *Waiting for Godot*. The actors now have pads (or live with their hip parents in Forest Hills), and worry about unpaid parking tickets rather than the grocery bill, but the theatre needs a stage, brother, and the union

gives us lip. Those uptown bankrollers who used to say "nix" to the avant garde have now learned to say "Bug off, Buster." It turns out that many of us need our daily dose of anxiety. If we can't worry about our own landlord we'll fret about the bourgeois proscenium type who holds the keys to the Circle in the Square.

And so it goes in the eternal Village that impossible, actual American dream of freedom through bohemia. Amid all the open possibilities of American life which permits a young man to select any variety of togetherness he chooses, there are many who feel constricted. They ask: Why this? Why not that? And perhaps even, Why not the other thing? Why not try my impulse, try my luck, try my talent, try my skills at loafing and self-generating labor? They are squeezed in the direction of declared rebellion, abstention, disaffiliation.

These patient and impatient yearners after truth, beauty and easy living will always float toward the Village – the artists and the art lovers, the worshipers of sex, the sick and the spoiled, the young and the special and the adventurous, all making common cause in the pleasure of their differences. In 1960, when the pressure to do like others is high in America, the Village takes a new shape, molded by money. It is becoming an elegant bohemia in which radical politics are replaced by the hip and the beat; the bearded poets are crowded to one side by the bearded advertising men with sports cars sold them by bearded salesmen. Though it changes as it mirrors the times, the Village is still necessary. It is that bottle in which Americans put whatever the suburbs and the colleges and the middle-class family cannot happily contain.

So listen, Herman, tell Mrs. Melville to get in line. Come back to the Village and write poetry if you like. Open the bottle and free the djinn – yourself – into the carousel whirl of Greenwich Village, where change is everlasting and the permanent never remains the same. There's a fellow over on Cornelia Street who looks like a homesick Canaanite ghost returned to sell wolf pelts and otter meat on his ancient lands. In fact, of course, he is a peaceable, poetry-loving Arab weaver, a frequent tea drinker, who grows irate if you call him beat. "I'm a member of the *Post* Beat Generation," he says with quiet dignity, shuckling his hands in his embroidery. "The difference between us and the beats, man is . . . Well, like we're different. Like we *affirm*, man. I mean, like we protest."

Apparently, affirmative protest is here to stay. Greenwich Village may have ended at twelve o'clock this evening, but it has begun again at midnight.

NEVER ENDING PENNY *(continued from page 78)*

ordered a quantity of planks from the lumberyard and these he placed firmly in the ground in upright pairs, exactly along the lines where the walls for the extra rooms would eventually have to go. Between each pair of planks, using them for supports, he piled a vertical row of his plump bags, exactly as he had piled them to make a new bank for the flooding stream. Each bag contained ten thousand pennies, one hundred dollars' worth of pennies. The piles formed continuous walls, they looked exactly like walls.

Herminia watched with narrowing eyes.

"You wanted more rooms?" he said to her. "How can I make rooms if I do not first make walls?"

"I tell all the neighbors you are a good husband," she said, "but now I see you want to kill your whole family. What way is this to build walls without adobe? Make walls of sand and when the bags rot away in the weather the walls will fall down on our heads and we will be killed and buried in the same time. True, this way we save burial expenses. We have to cut down somewhere."

"This is a new procedure of making the bricks," he said, hating himself. "First, a special sand is put in the bags, second, they are permitted to shape and harden in the sun. It is a totally new process, woman. It was invented by the authorities on such things in the U.S.A. Department of Agriculture, Adobe Brick Division. Those of the government know the wall business better than you."

He wanted to kick and punch himself when he saw the full trust and respect in her eyes. But at least the pennies would be safe in this homemade bank. Because of the protecting planks the children could not feel around with their fingers to find out that these walls were filled with a sunshiny sand of dreams and savings.

But the chief of police did take notice. He saw the walls going up and he drove in to have a look.

"Pretty big house you're putting up there," he said. "Where'd you get the money for the materials? Come on, Diosdado, come clean, you rob a bank someplace?"

Diosdado said he seldom had the occasion, let alone the constitution, even to go in a bank, let alone rob it, the funds came from picking the good peach crop.

But the chief's words were a worry.

The tax collector came by too.

"You're turning the place into a regular mansion," he said with too much arithmetic in his eyes. "A four-star palace. You must have had a peachy year, ha, ha, to afford improvements like these." There were dollar signs in his eyes as he drove away.

This was another worry.

By now the walls, the deceitful walls, were up ten feet or more. Diosdado took a pencil and paper and did some figuring. According to his count he had piled up two thousand bags, which came to twenty thousand dollars' worth of pennies. He was a man worth twenty thousand dollars and he did not have the cash to go in the store to buy a side of bacon or a new kitchen table, let alone more burlap bags. Added to this, the chief of police and the tax collector had their mathematical eyes on him.

If no more bags would fit into the walls, any he filled from now on would have to be hidden in another way. There was no other way. Besides, Diosdado was beginning to wonder if there was any sense to piling up more pennies in secret. To collect bigger and bigger moneys and to be further and further away from the possibility of spending them, to do all this heavy work and have no pay from it, nothing but some false walls put up with backbreaking labor, more labor by far than it would have taken to make true and useful adobe walls, that is, walls about which a man would not have to tell rotten lies to his trusting wife, this did not seem reasonable. His arm was very tired. It hung limp at his side, a tube of misery. He was now the slowest picker in Mr. Johannsen's orchards.

He decided that, for the time being, he would not collect any more pennies.

Easier said than done. How do you go about throwing away a breeding penny like this? A damned rabbit of a penny? Several times, in disgust, he tried to fling it from him. Each time, its twin

THE EDITORS
OF PLAYBOY
PROUDLY PRESENT

TWO EXTRAORDINARY VOLUMES OF ENTERTAINMENT

THE PERMANENT PLAYBOY

Edited by Ray Russell; published by Crown Publishers, Inc. All the best fiction, the most provocative articles, the most amusing humor and satire from PLAYBOY's first half-dozen years together in one handsome hard-cover book. By such outstanding writers as NELSON ALGREN, CHARLES BEAUMONT, RAY BRADBURY, ERSKINE CALDWELL, JOHN COLLIER, ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE, BEN HECHT, HERBERT GOLD, JAMES JONES, JOHN KEATS, JACK KEROUAC, GERALD KERSH, SHEPHERD MEAD, BUDD SCHULBERG, H. ALLEN SMITH, ROBERT PAUL SMITH, JOHN STEINBECK, P. G. WODEHOUSE, PHILIP WYLIE, etc. 49 great pieces in all, including all-time favorites like *The Fly, The Pious Pornographers, The Beat Mystique, The Distributor, Bird, The Postpaid Poet, Victory Parade, The Noise, What's Become of Your Creature?, Black Country,* and many more

THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM

Edited by Hugh M. Hefner; published by Crown Publishers, Inc. Here, in one dazzling cornucopia of fun and color, are all the most sophisticated, audacious, outrageous, funniest cartoons from PLAYBOY's first half-dozen years. This handsome hard-cover book includes the freshest, most provocative cartoon wit being created in America today. Contributors include JACK COLE, JACK DAVIS, JOHN DEMPSEY, JULES FEIFFER, PHIL INTERLANDI, GARDNER REA, ARNOLD ROTH, SHEL SILVERSTEIN, CLAUDE SMITH, TON SMITS, ERIC SOKOL, AL STINE, R. TAYLOR, GAHAN WILSON, and many others. 650 cartoons—more than 60 in full color—hand-picked for uninhibited, unparalleled good times. For brow-to-brow browsing, for enlivening a soirée, for purely private enjoyment, this treasure-trove of PLAYBOY humor simply cannot be topped.

SPECIAL GIFT EDITIONS
FOR PLAYBOY READERS ONLY

For no advance in price, readers of this magazine can order de luxe editions of both THE PERMANENT PLAYBOY and THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM, beautifully boxed in black with Playboy's rabbit emblem in gold leaf. These specially boxed editions make a perfect gift. They will not be sold in book stores, are available only through the Playboy Book Dept.

Please send me these special de luxe editions:

____ copies of THE PERMANENT PLAYBOY at $5 per copy

____ copies of THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM at $5 per copy

$ ____ enclosed in check or money order.

_____
name

_____
address

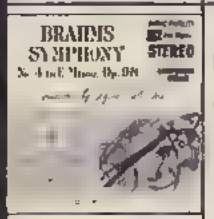
_____ _____ _____
city zone state

PLAYBOY Book Dept.
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

AN UNPRECEDENTED RECORDING! ON AF
AUDIO FIDELITY RECORDS
A STEREO
LOUIE DUKES OF DIXIELAND

LOUIE and the DUKES OF DIXIELAND
Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, the great jazz trumpeter who wended his way from New Orleans to Chicago and the Dukes of Dixieland, who 30 years later followed the same path as their idol join together in this, an unparalleled recording by AUDIO FIDELITY.
AFLP 1924/AFSD 5924

MANDOLINO ITALIANO! Selections include Sicilian Tarantella, Carnival of Venice, Non Dimenticare, Tango of Roses.
AFLP 1923/AFSD5923



BRAHMS SYMPHONY #4. The definitive recording — artistically and technically — captured with perfect faithfulness.
FCS 50,001

PICTURES at an EXHIBITION. Mussorgsky-Ravel A brilliant tour de-force done full justice for the first time.
FCS 50,004

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE
AUDIO FIDELITY INC., DEPT. P9
770 Eleventh Ave., New York 19

brother turned up cozily in his pocket

He began truly to hate this penny. He had not had a good night's sleep for weeks, even before the visits from the township officials. He had the stronger and stronger feeling that ever since he had begun to collect the pennies, he had been involved in something criminal, something absolutely against the law. He was looking over his shoulder all the time now. His neck was getting as stiff as his arm.

He consulted with himself once more.

"I see why I have broken no law, yet feel like the Number One on the wished for list of the FBI. I begin to see. This is not my money, though it happens to be in my pocket. It is not money at all, though it looks and feels like true money. The difficulty is that if you are given the magic of the seven-year-old you must begin to think and act like a seven-year-old in order to enjoy the gift. Why do I not speak to my wife any more? Because my pennies are the only thing I can speak of and they are the one thing I must not speak of. Why can't I tell Herminia about the pennies? Not because of the danger she might talk. Not that so much, though she is a champion talker. Chiefly because if I spoke of this magic she would see the seven-year-old in my eyes again, and this is not for a woman to see in a more so than not grown man. Why do I feel I am breaking the law? Because the first law is to act your age, which in my case is thirty-nine and not seven. This calamity of a penny cuts many inches off my height and how tall is a man to begin with? Besides, my arm hurts all the time. I must get rid of this affliction and plague of a penny."

But how lose a penny that won't get lost?

• • •

Standing by the well, speaking more or less to the upside-down pig as it pranced pointlessly, he said, "I certainly wish I'd never heard of this miserable penny."

From deep in the well there was a sound like the rush of wind. After a few seconds the voice said as though from far off, "I'll be right there."

Diosdado waited. Pretty soon the voice came through stronger, though panting a little, saying, "Sorry to keep you waiting but those drunken bums over to the Bixby place keep running out of drinking money and yelling for the penny. Well. You were saying?"

"I have a worry." Diosdado said. "It seems to me there is something illegal about this magic penny."

There was silence for a while. Then the voice said with some irritation, "Look, up there you make laws, down here we make pennies. It's a division of labor. Don't tell me your troubles, I've got enough of my own."

"But I have to live with the law,"

SLIDE VIEWERS?
LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY

See Your Slides at their Finest
. at drug, photo, gift, department stores—wherever color film is sold
$1 to $6.95
SAWYER'S
Portland Oregon

SICKNESS

SING A SONG OF SICKNESS a pocket full of wry
insures hilarious party fun
The "Smash Flops" team does it to you again. 12 sick ballads for hi-fidelity fun . At the Annual Get Together of the KKK and NAACP; That Big Sporting House in the Sky, Watch World War III on Pay T-V; It's Fun To Be Hazed, Send The Girls Over There; I Saw Adolph Today . . . and others of equal good humor
Send $4.98 by check or money order to: P.S.-60
PIP RECORDS
1350 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood 28, Calif.
No stamps or C.O.D.'s accepted.

FAMILY ARMS
genuinely emblazoned from old records filed under 100,000 British & European surnames. In relief and full colour on immaculate 12" x 14" OAK WALL SHIELDS for interior decoration.
Fine new large size! De luxe presentation by Hunter & Smallpage.
$25.00 postpaid. Your check is returned if the Arms cannot be traced. Each made especially. Mail —
YORK HERALDIA LTD., ALBANY HALL, YORK, ENGLAND

Diosdado said, "and this penny is clearly against the law. I will tell you my thinking. There are only so many pennies in the country, an amount fixed by the government people. Therefore, if you put a large number of them in my pocket you must be taking them out of somebody else's pocket. If you are a true magician why do you have to be a thief? More, you must be robbing the poor, because it is chiefly the poor who save pennies. I have no use for the whole system."

Didn't you hear what I said?" the voice came back. "We don't steal the pennies, we make them."

"Then you are counterfeiters. Isn't this a violation of the law, to counterfeit?"

"I don't have to sit here and take your insults," the voice said. "These pennies are most emphatically not counterfeits. We follow the specifications of the mint people of the U.S. Treasury in making these pennies, so-and-so much copper, such-and-such percentages of other metals, everything down to the last decimal point. We use no inferior materials; each penny we give you is a perfect coin of the realm. There's not a bad penny in the lot."

"All the same, all the same. There are supposed to be a certain number of pennies and no more. It's not right for me to have the power to add a million or a billion billion billion, this could upset all figures and banks. It must be against the law for a peach picker to have the strength to overthrow the whole money system and also the government."

"You didn't call me over here to discuss the monetary system. What's really on your mind, man?"

"I don't want this penny."

"All right."

"What?"

"I said, all right. Throw it down here.

Diosdado drew the coin from his pocket, breathed deeply, and dropped it down the well. Time passed. There was a sound, not of splashing, rather of a big and drawn-out yawn, accompanied by a flatted whistling. He thought he heard the ringing of a cash register from far away.

He reached into his left pocket. It was filled with a glorious emptiness. He felt a weight of some long tons lifting from his shoulders.

"This is the second wish?" he said.

Precisely," the voice said.

Those who make the first, they always make the second?"

Most always. As soon as they find out they can't spend these pennies, keep watching over their shoulders, stop talking to their wives, get funny looks from the tax collector, and so on."

Nobody ever keeps the penny?"

"But if you didn't drop this suggestion into the box, Miss Fitzpatrick, who did?"

"How it is in other territories I don't know, but since I've been on the job here there was only one man who didn't try to give it back. He was a gardener and tree pruner over to La Jolla. Know what happened to him? Interesting case, I wrote it up for our records. He went around telling everybody in town he had a nice mama penny that kept making little baby pennies. This is not the kind of talk people wish to hear from a grown man, an experienced gardener and tree pruner. They did not wait to see the breeding penny demonstrated, they quick locked him up in a hospital for people who make wild talk. Naturally, I had to step in. We couldn't sit back and let this man build big piles of pennies all over the hospital just to show off, this sort of thing has a tendency to make people gossip and turn their attention from business. We don't have the authority to take the penny back unless its owner so requests, but in emergencies we can change the never ending penny into a never ending something else. What I changed this penny into was a Life Saver, wild cherry flavor. Now this man was going around the hospital telling all the doctors what he had in his pocket was not a mama penny but a mama Life Saver, wild cherry flavor. You can understand that this just made the doctors more sure they had done right in locking him up. What did this man begin to do with his self-replenishing Life Saver? Nobody would look at it. For lack of anything better, he began to eat the Life Savers. He ate and ate, and always had one more. So far as I know he's still eating away, all day long and far into the night, and I can tell you he's getting pretty damn sick of wild cherry. He was originally a bitsy fellow, one hundred twenty in his stocking feet, and they tell me he just recently passed two hundred and is still going strong. Good-bye, friend. Maybe you've learned something from this. You *can* get too much of a good thing. But don't write the experience off as a total loss. You've got something to show for it. Just take a good look around. Good-bye now, and don't take any wooden—sorry. Got to rush. Those drunks over to Bixby's are making a racket again. Bye, bye."

Diosdado looked around his property. He saw a well, a shed, a hut, a mud hollow, a self-inebriated pig, in that order—nothing new. What did that voice mean, he, Diosdado, had something to show for it? All he had for it was an arm that was a hose made from end to end of major ache, and this was not to be shown.

But then he saw something that had not been there before the trouble-making penny. Attached to the original hut were two unusually large, very luxurious rooms, or almost rooms. Add ceilings and finish the walls properly and nobody could take them for anything but rooms. They were most emphatically not banks, because though moneys had been deposited in them these moneys were not for withdrawing. The walls could certainly be finished in the right manner. There would be no withdrawals from this gone-out-of-business bank.

Herminia came over to him from the hut and he put his arm around her, saying:

"Woman, you talk too much, but from time to time you say something. It is true, without adobe those walls do not work. Whatever the Agriculture Department says, those bags of sand will rot in the weather and make troubles. I will put plenty of adobe over the walls, on both sides, also, I will add ceilings, and you will have the two largest rooms on this side of the San Berdoos. Then my cook will not go back to Durango and I will always have something to chew on before I pick my teeth, yes?"

"Agreed," Herminia said. "This is a business deal not to be turned down," and she put one arm around his waist, then the other.

For over a week Diosdado picked no peaches. He worked around the clock, placing boards to make a roof, mixing adobe and plastering it over the bags and their wooden supports. Finally the walls, and also the roof, were covered with solid, substantial, honey-looking adobe. No rains could get in here, and no tax collectors.

The afternoon Diosdado finished his labors he walked over to the well with Herminia and turned to take a good look at the finished structure. It was a real house, a good house, the best-looking house in the valley.

"This is a house that could not be paid for in pennies," he said, half into the well, half toward the wallowing pig, very little for Herminia's ear.

With her tendency to comment on everything, Herminia said, "There is not enough money in all the world, pennies or dollars, to pay for this house," and put her arm around his waist.

He patted her promise-leavened belly and looked down into the valley toward the other huts and cabins nested here and there. He thought about a hundred-twenty-pound man getting to be two hundred on one Life Saver, wild cherry flavor, and shivered. He wondered how many other homes in this valley had twenty-thousand-dollar walls, but he was afraid to speculate about this too much.

Down in the mud hollow the pig rolled on his back like a vacationing millionaire, trying, for lack of anything better to do, to punt away the molten centavo of a sun.

Nothing tells others so much about you . . . your personality . . . your tastes, as your choice in fine music presented in its most natural form—STEREO. And . . . no other stereo hi-fi components blend so compatibly, so beautifully into your own home as HEATHKIT. For quality . . . there is no peer.

HEATHKIT
a subsidiary of DAYSTROM, INCORPORATED

Send today for your FREE Heathkit Catalog describing a complete line of easy-to-assemble, modestly priced stereo hi-fi components, or see your nearest authorized Heathkit dealer

HEATH COMPANY
Benton Harbor 38, Michigan

Please send the latest Free Heathkit Catalog.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Barry Walt

A city sophisticate, the Starr personifies the look of continental elegance. Single breasted with peak lapels, this topcoat is perfectly detailed with cuffed sleeves, slanted flap pockets and full Earl-Glo Sanitized® lining. About $100. Coats for the Man by Barry Walt, Inc., 49 W 23 St., New York 10, N. Y.

OUNCE OF PREVENTION

(continued from page 59)

trying his best to emulate the Captain's tones of gruff authority, piped, "Attention, Activator!"

The robot voice of the Activator responded, calm and expressionless: "Activator alert, sir."

The young officer clearly articulated a short code of words and numbers.

"Order assimilated, sir," replied the robot.

The first mate took a breath and gave the command: *"Activate!"*

A split second after he uttered the last syllable, an impulse signal started for the satellite, traveling at the speed of light. On the teeming world — unknown to the highly civilized inhabitants — thousands of the carefully placed golden balls received the signal. Within them acids flowed, walls of metal were dissolved, chemicals mingled, intricate mechanisms became operative . . .

And the forces of Hell were unleashed.

The first mate and the Captain watched the Eye as a network of silent explosions blossomed like white pearls over the entire visible surface of the satellite. The pearls of smoke grew larger, merged, and covered the planet in an impenetrable shell of white. The planet seemed to swell slightly and then, after some time, the lethal clouds began to thin out and disperse.

Gone were the stretches of green vegetation. Gone were the silvery seas. Gone, the first mate knew, was the very atmosphere, and gone was every last molecule of life.

The Eye showed them a ball of dead gray matter. Shadowed indentations marked the depressions where oceans once had been; and, covering the devastated world, were thousands upon thousands of bomb craters, like pockmarks on the face of someone dead of an exotic and ravaging disease.

Even to the Captain, veteran of many Prevention programs, the sight was humbling.

The first mate said, "This is a great moment, sir. I feel a sense of almost personal accomplishment."

"Personal?" The Captain's gaze did not swerve from the Eye. "How so?"

"Ever since I was a child," replied the young officer, "I was intrigued by the very word Prevention and by its significance. Even as a youngster, I recognized how important it was to prevent malignant life-forms from spreading their hostile kind throughout the galaxy. I read the accounts of Prevention bombings of many worlds and I had a keen interest in one particular story."

"What story was that?" the Captain asked, politely.

"The story of our many reconnaissance trips to this little moon. I read about the first trips, ages ago, when it was only a

KING - SIZE, INC.
4110 FOREST ST. • BROCKTON 64, MASS.

RENT stereo tapes
• OVER 1500 DIFFERENT ALBUMS
• POSTPAID TO AND FROM YOUR HOME
SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE | stereo-part eo
611 AM Centinela Ave., Inglewood 3, California

for airplanes
GRAUBART AVIATION, INC.
PORTER COUNTY AIRPORT
Valparaiso, Ind. (a suburb of Chicago)
Phones: Valparaiso — HOward 2-4105
Chicago — DEarborn 2-1933

FAST ANSWER FOR DIRECTION MIX-UPS
HULL AUTO COMPASS
When direction mix-ups happen, hundreds of thousands of HULL owners have the fast, easy answer to trouble and delay. At your dealer's or write for literature.

See Hull Boat Compasses, Too — Beaconlite $6.95 $7.50 — Streamline $5.95 $6.50
HULL MFG. CO., Box 246-P-3, Warren, Ohio

AUTOMATIC SWIZZLE STICK

Absolutely the last thing in mechanized drinking. This battery-operated stirrer saves precious time between drinks, can be operated by even the most unsteady hand, and is a clever and amusing addition to your bar set. Chrome and leather handle contains flashlight battery and small electric motor. Only $5.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order to:
Bar Boutique
Box #3376 Merchandise Mart
Chicago 54, Illinois

in-FALL-ible*

*Ideal for fall wear; perfectly proper in any setting.

The Madison

A full fashioned knit of all silk, refreshingly styled for men of acumen.

In a wide selection of conservative colors $3.50

STYLED BY

matt nickels

2545 N. BROAD ST., PHILA., PA.

AT BETTER MEN'S STORES EVERYWHERE

FOR THE WELL-GROOMED GENTLEMAN

. . . these Kent of London brushes are, by far, the world's best. For over 180 years the name of KENT on a brush has been like the mark of Sterling on silver . . the best . . . without peer. With a KENT you can be assured that you have the finest quality brush available. Handmade in every phase of their manufacture, the quality of these brushes comes from the hand-drawn bristles, a quality too often overlooked in machine-made brushes.

A must for the well-groomed man, and a solution to your gift buying problem for that hard-to-buy-for friend.

The set of two matched brushes, attractively packaged $25.00

Send check or money order to: Dept. 911

Savoir-Fair

Box #3376 Merchandise Mart

Chicago 54, Illinois

steaming jungle full of giant lizards and about the subsequent trips, at acon intervals, for the purpose of watching the development of life here. And finally not so long ago, I followed the reports of the last reconnaissance flight: the reports that told us of these creatures dangerously close approach to space travel." The first mate beamed. "That decided me. I *had* to be part of this Prevention program! It was the happiest day of my life when I was accepted. With the exception of *this* day, of course!"

"You're happy then?" The Captain turned away from the Eye for the first time.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"How nice for you." His tone was dry as sand.

"Aren't you, sir?"

"Happy?" the Captain asked grimly. "I wonder just how long it's been since I've been happy. Since I was about your age, I suppose."

The first mate was embarrassed and could say nothing.

"But don't mind me, mister. You're happy. Good. And I'm just a disappointed old-timer who has lost the talent for being happy. Don't listen to me." He turned to look again at the Eye. The dead world seemed to look back at him.

"Millions of individuals with their hopes and dreams," he said softly. "The product of millions of years of evolution and thousands of years of civilization. Dust."

"But, sir," the first mate hastened to point out, "they were malignant."

"Of course," the Captain agreed. "Malignant. I was forgetting. And how do we know that? I forget just how we know that."

The first mate was not sure if the Captain was serious or was making sport of him. "Why," he floundered, "our observations, sir. We watched them slaughter each other in their incessant wars."

"Ah, yes. But, if memory serves me, the history of our own kind tells of primitive wars . . . long ago when our civilization was still in its infancy. Isn't that so?"

"Well, yes sir . . . but that, as you say, was long ago, and we have progressed beyond such barbarism."

"So we have." The Captain pointed to the scarred globe centered in the Eye. "*We* survived long enough to outgrow war. No one came from the other end of the galaxy to bomb *us* out of existence."

"No, sir." The younger officer found the conversation becoming uncomfortable.

"Do you follow me?"

"I can't say that I do, sir."

The Captain grunted. "Never mind. It's useless to follow this line of thinking through to its end. It would be a bit *too* logical for the Association, I'm afraid. They wouldn't like it at all." The Captain suddenly laughed. "Why, if it

Margie Douglas

MARGIE'S MAGIC NECKLINE

DRESS IN 100% WOOL JERSEY

• • •

Trimmed ORLON CARDIGAN

Slim dress, 100% wool Jersey. Black, Red, Beige, Royal. 8-18. 14.95 pp

Trimmed, hi-bu k Full Fashioned Orlon Cardigan. Black, White. 34-40. 17.95 pp

Order separately or in sets

MONOGRAMMED WITH YOUR OWN TWO INITIALS IN ORIENTAL SCRIPT *(no exchanges on monogrammed goods)*

4% sales tax in California

SEND FOR MARGIE'S NEW FREE FASHION FOLIO

Mail Margie Douglas DEPT. PB

854 So Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, California

$10.00 deposit with all C.O.D.s.

11 Colors!

COTTON HOPSACK SHIRT $6.95

by CISCO

A classic shirt, a newly classic fabric, that retains its rugged texture even though it is somewhat lighter in weight. Our long-sleeve, pullover, button-down model has a madras-like collar and yoke lining. White, light blue, gold, beige, bronze, light green, olive, red, cobalt blue, slate grey, grape. S, M, L, XL

Broadstreet's

10 MEN'S STORES IN NEW YORK & CHICAGO

BROADSTREET'S, 525 Madison Ave., New York 22

	QUANTITY	SIZE	COLOR
COTTON HOPSACK SHIRT, $6.95			

☐ check ☐ charge ☐ c.o.d.

NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . .

CITY. . . . . ZONE. . . STATE. . . . . .

Add 35c for postage and handling outside delivery area

weren't for Prevention, we'd be out of a job, eh?"

"That's right, sir!" He joined the Captain in laughter and felt much more comfortable.

"And now: let's go home."

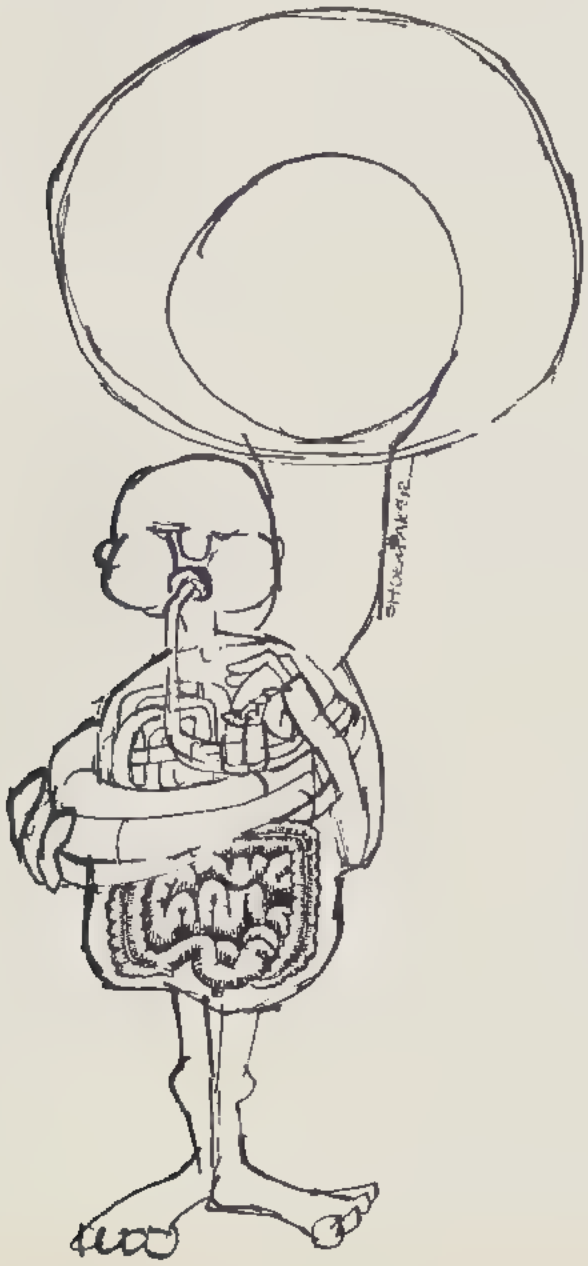
The first mate nimbly leaped to the microphone and barked orders to the robot pilots. Anti-acceleration forces came into play, nullifying the feeling of motion within the ship. In a few moments, the two officers — the only living beings aboard the immense, robot-crewed vessel — experienced a strange vertigo, felt their eyes go out of focus, and heard in their ears an indescribable sound that seemed to be made up of wind and bells and cavernous roaring. When it was over, they knew the ship had passed onto a dimensional plane that would subtract several million light years from their return voyage and reduce it to a matter of mere months. Their location in space remained the same (the position of the blasted world in the Eye told them that), but the change would be apparent when the ship began to move.

The first mate gave the command: Embark!"

And in the Eye, the dead moon and its larger companion dwindled to specks, as if hurled from a colossal catapult.

As the ship built up speed, the Eye became useless, for it showed them only a black maw, white-streaked by the stars they were passing. The Captain switched it off. "Come back to my cabin, mister," he said. "It will be some time before we hit port and we may as well use up our ration of liquor, bad as it is."

They walked leisurely to the Captain's cabin. The liquor flowed down their throats.



"Sir," the first mate said, "do you think there will ever be intelligent life on that larger world?"

The Captain looked at him. "You're the student — not I. But yes, I think it's likely. The big planet is thickly vegetated and seems to be a larger version of what its moon was ages ago. The moon was smaller, solidified faster, supported life sooner — sentient life, capable of space travel. I see no reason why the big one shouldn't follow the same pattern. It's logical, isn't it?"

"Yes . . ." the first mate was so preoccupied that he forgot to add his usual "sir." He said, "Then we should initiate reconnaissance flights. It may be a threat to the galaxy!"

"I'm sure the Association has thought of that already, lad. Don't you imagine?"

"I suppose so." And, snapping back to reality, he quickly added, "Yes, sir, I suppose they have."

The Captain drained his chalice and filled it again while his first mate still nursed his portion. "Intelligent life . . ." he pondered. "You've set me thinking, young fellow. Suppose that large world *does* breed intelligent creatures. Suppose they develop a science and build Eyes of sorts to study the skies. Suppose they take a close look at their moon. Now, what do you suppose they'll make of that bomb-pitted, airless dead thing? How will they explain away its unnatural condition?"

"I never thought of that, sir. I haven't the faintest idea." The first mate's tentacle gripped the chalice more tightly as he finished his drink.

• • •

"Oh no, Charlie, don't tell me!" wailed Bates. "Not another one of those!"

"Yep." Charlie perched himself on his city editor's desk. "Another one."

"I throw it away," Bates groaned. "We just *can't* run another flying saucer story."

"This one is a little different. A South American Indian claims he saw a big gold saucer dropping smaller gold gizmos to the ground. An old woman in Ireland says the same thing. And so does a schoolgirl right here in New York. Always the same — big golden saucer, little golden spheres."

"You trying to tell me it was laying golden eggs? Like the goose in the fairy tale?"

"So they tell me."

The city editor shook his head and chuckled. "Well, it's kind of colorful, at that. Write it up, Charlie, from the whimsy angle. Keep it light and funny. If we run out of fillers, we may be able to use it m[illegible]"

But he never finished the sentence.

HOW COMFORTABLE CAN A BOOT BE?

You couldn't even imagine the walking-on-air sensation of wearing these glove soft deeply cushioned **Deerskin Chukka Boots**. They look smart and luxurious but trying them on is an unforgettable experience. In our large retail store, we have discovered that if we can just get a pair on a customer's feet we have made a sale. If you don't agree, send them back and we'll return your money and eat crow.

Made of **Natural Golden Deerskin** with foam cushioned insoles and elastic goring to insure a perfect fit every time. Send shoe size with check or money order for only $14.95 to

THE SHOE MART
Bay City, Michigan

JOIN CARIBBEAN CRUISE

10 DAYS OF ADVENTURE FROM

$175

Sails—Bimini, Berry Islands, Nassau, Havana, Abaco, Cay Sal, Grand Bahamas. Sailing, fishing and skindiving.

"Polynesia"

150 Ft. Schooner

WINDJAMMER CRUISES INC
P O BOX 1051 P — MIAMI BEACH
MIAMI BEACH 39, FLA. — PHONE JE 2-3407

Meet at our famous piano bar

acorn on oak

Your host— Jerry Rasmussen
Open 12 noon till 4 am.
116 E. OAK CHICAGO DE 7-9313

PERSONALIZED PLAYBOY MATCHES

25 match books in black with white PLAYBOY rabbit, your name or a friend's (limit: 22 spaces), handsomely boxed $2.

Send check or money order to.

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS
Dept. 128

232 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois

HIP WITS

(continued from page 83)

plain folks back home. "I remember Dan,/ The druggist on the corner / He was never mean or ornery./ He was swell./ He killed his mother-in-law And ground her up real well/ And sprinkled just a bit/ Over each banana split.' And of a different sort of romance: "I ache for the touch of your lips, dear. But much more for the touch of your whips, dear./ You can raise welts/ Like nobody else./ As we dance to the Masochism Tango."

The sickest of the sick, however, is Lenny Bruce (PLAYBOY February 1959), who has enjoyed a hefty sale on his three Fantasy LPs, *Interviews of Our Time*, *The Sick Humor of Lenny Bruce* and *Togetherness*, and is without a doubt the most mordantly, venomously funny man of the bunch. He has found his way into some 200,000 hi-fi homes and been hailed by *The Village Voice* as "the most effective Geiger counter for hypocrisies of any American comedian of this generation . . . operates at an intense level of frustrated truth-seeking."

Lenny's work on a club stage is, like Mort Sahl's, largely free-form and never comes out quite the same way twice. Both got their start in San Francisco, but if Mort enjoys milking a sacred cow or two as a part of his political and social commentary, Lenny does everything but sodomize the dumb bovines for his audience and often leaves them (the audiences; there has been no report on the condition of the sacred cows) in a state of near shock. Lenny's language and his caustic comment are a little farther out than anything else you are apt to hear on the stage of a smart supper club this season, and some actually consider Bruce a dirty comic, which he is not. His satire grows naturally from its source, and if he sometimes uses words not often heard in polite company, they are used within a context that is correct as well as killing. Lenny is a very intense and sincere young man and if some of his humor seems outrageous, it is largely because it is an outrageous world he is satirizing. The best of Bruce, in the far-out sense, never quite makes it into his albums, but even somewhat edited, Lenny is very outrageous and wonderful stuff. And Lenny's LP record jackets are sick, too, for satirical statements about a sick society, depending upon your point of view. *Sick Humor* shows him on a picnic in the middle of a graveyard and *Togetherness* shows him embracing a colored and an oriental chick in front of a statue of Abraham Lincoln, with the blessings of a group of beshecked Ku Kluxers.

Bruce on poor telephone service: "I don't really dig the phone company. It's a monopoly. Let's face it, if you get too hot with the phone company, you'll be

Winsberg's
Kingston Shop

Our goateed, motorcycling customers are few, but all of our young executive customers are men "on their way". . . impeccably attired from the Kingston Shop to get there quicker.

PLAYBOY PLAYING CARDS

Two top quality plastic coated decks—red, black -with the PLAYBOY rabbit in white, packed in attractive black and gold box.

$2.50 the set, tax included.

Send check or money order to.

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, Dept. 128
232 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois

THE BRITISH
Byford "98"
WOOL SOCK

Same size, same shape, after washing. Anklet $1.50. Garter length $1.75. At fine stores everywhere. Abbey Imports, Inc., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C.

PLAYBOY BINDER

$3

Sturdy binder holds 12 ageless issues of PLAYBOY. Magazine's name and emblem stamped in gold leaf. The perfect way to preserve your precious back issues.

PLAYBOY BINDERS, DEPT. 958B
232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois

left with a Dixie cup and a thread. Where are you going to go instead-

"When I was younger and less mature, I used to imagine ways of getting back at them. Like the long distance operator would say to me, 'That will be $3.70 for overtime.' *'Lotsa luck!* 'What?' *'Forget the money—you're not getting it.'* But I don't understand.' *'That's not too hard to understand. You're not getting the money, that's all. You don't need it anyway, right? Don't be a company girl!'* I'm going to give you the supervisor.' *'I can't wait.'* Hello, this is the supervisor.' *'Hiya, ya nitwit.'* 'Can we have your name, sir? *'Yes, it's Mort Sahl.'* Then Mort gets phone calls every day . . ."

Bruce on sharks: "They were very hugged with the sharks while I was down in Miami. Well, let's face it, it's a tourist town and the sharks did swing with a few. They didn't even have a chance to check in and they'd got them already. I can certainly understand why the Chamber of Commerce was upset, because it certainly loused up the 'Fly Now—Pay Later' scene . . ."

Bruce on the new cool cigarettes: "It isn't the tobacco you're addicted to, it's the menthol. You don't realize it yet but you'll discover the truth some night when you're out of cigarettes and you find yourself staring at the Vicks jar."

On the nervous breakdown of good friend and fellow comedian Jonathan Winters during a performance at the Hungry i: "Everyone seems to be wacking out these days. But if I knew I was about to go, I certainly wouldn't let it happen in a cellar nightclub in San Francisco. I'd bug out on a television spectacular with the Norman Luboff Choir singing in the background.

"Actually, they are coming to get me. Jonathan inked on me. They told him if he turned in two nuts, they'd let him go."

Bruce on an airplane disaster in which the back of the plane blows off and fifteen people fall out: "The pilot is juiced out of his head and he turns around and sees what's happened, and he says to the co-pilot, 'Whoops, are *we* gonna get yelled at!' *'There go six more!'* Say, listen—*you* don't say anything and *I* won't say anything. Who's to say how many people got on the plane in the first place?' *'There are twenty people left.'* 'It's their word against ours. Let's dump 'em.' *'What's a matter with you, you monster. You can't do that—they're awake!'* "

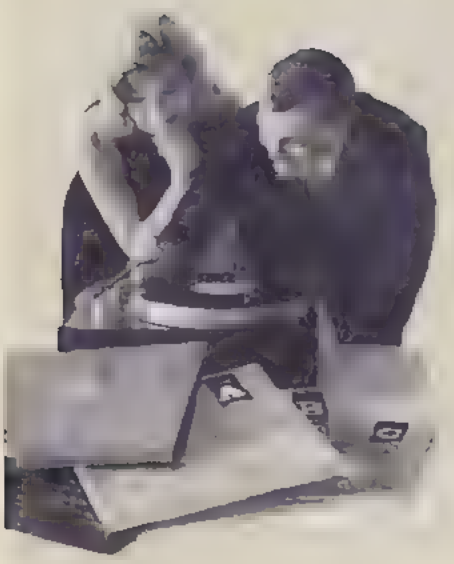
Don Adams has been singled out by *Time* magazine as one of the best of the "sicknik," but he does not really belong to the sick side of hip humor at all. He works from carefully scripted satirical material written by himself and good friend Bill Dana (a TV writer for Steve Allen who has lately been cutting hip humor records of his own as Jose Jimenez), and depends upon his exceptional delivery, knack for characterization and expert timing to make his Bengal lancers, private detective courtroom lawyer, baseball umpire and other cleverly conceived creatures of satire come alive on the club stage and LP record. Don's first album, released by Signature, is called quite simply *Don Adams*, and includes the bumptious football coach giving the big pep talk to his team: "A good end and a good halfback should go hand in hand—but not on the campus. And a series of *You Are There* type news commentaries covering Stalin's funeral: first there's Charles Collingwood on top of a parapet in Red Square, and "for closer coverage take it away, John Daly," who describes the crowds milling around the tomb, then turns it over to Ed Murrow. "This is Edward R. Murrow. I am inside the casket."

That's about as close as Adams comes to the so-called "sick" comedy, so popular today, though he does have one bit in which he discusses sick humor and suggests that if he really *were* a sick comedian, he could imagine the ultimate sick situation in which a comic did an amusing sketch about an airplane crash to a club audience that included several close relatives of the victims of the last terrible disaster at La Guardia, then apologizing for any possible breach in taste, he introduced "sitting over here, Mr. Thompson, who lost a wife and two children in that terrible disaster. Mr. Thompson, will you stand up and take a bow? . . . Let's give him a nice hand, folks! . . . No tears, please. Just take your bows and sit down . . . Over here, we have one of the heroes of that disaster—the man who owned the garage where the bodies were stacked. Nice of you, sir, to give up all that garage space for those oodies . . . Here we have the son of the captain who was the pilot of the plane. Son, we'd like you to meet the tugboat captain who was instrumental in the rescue operation. He had ahold of your father's coat, but he let it go and he slipped right back down into the water. But that's the way it goes . . . Tell me, son, what would you like to be when you grow up? . . . A tugboat captain? Uh huh . . . Or a garage man? I see."

More typically Adams is his lampoon of the late movies on TV: "Good evening and welcome to the late show . . . The late show takes great pleasure tonight in presenting the first New York telecast of the 1938 MGM film classic, *Club Trocadero*, starring George Brent and Claudette Colbert, with Lynn Bari and Edward Arnold in featured roles . . . Here is Part One—ta tum ta ta tum ta ta tum—that was Part One . . . Among our cast of players you may have noticed that the waiters were Lucher Adler, and a very young-looking Lon Chaney, Jr. The beautician was of course Barbara Stanwyck and the part of the struggling and idealistic district attorney was played by the

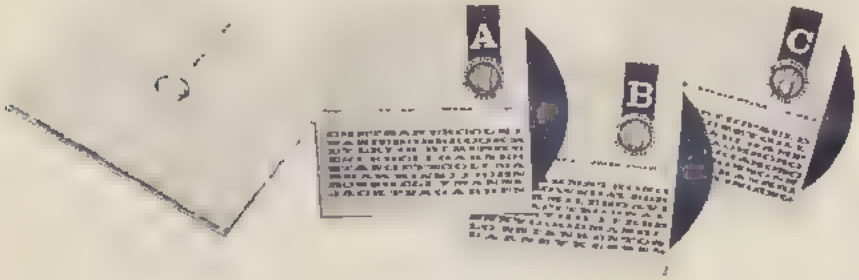
"Jack! You would be the first man back from outer space!"

PLAYBOY PROUDLY PRESENTS



THE GREATEST PACKAGE OF JAZZ EVER ASSEMBLED!

Never before in the history of jazz have so many stars been brought together in a single package. THE PLAYBOY JAZZ ALL-STARS, VOLUME THREE, includes all the winners in the third annual Playboy Jazz Poll—PLUS all the All-Stars' All-Stars chosen by the musicians themselves. There are 32 separate featured performances on three 12" LP records—including highlights from the nationally acclaimed PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL.



ALBUM A

Mort Sahl — Count Basie Coleman Hawkins—Shelly Manne—Stan Getz—Four Freshmen—Erroll Garner Jack Teagarden—J. J. Johnson Chet Baker Bob Brookmeyer

ALBUM B

Ella Fitzgerald—Stan Kenton Benny Goodman Ray Brown Hi Lo's Jimmy Giuffre Louis Armstrong—Barney Kessel Dave Brubeck Miles Davis

ALBUM C

Oscar Peterson—Dizzy Gillespie — Kai Winding Earl Bostic—Gerry Mulligan—Lionel Hampton Paul Desmond—Milt Jackson—Frank Sinatra—Sonny Rollins—Cy Coleman

More than two hours of solid jazz enjoyment by the greatest jazz talent today. Ella Fitzgerald's festival performance is worth the price of the entire volume by itself. *Down Beat* called it "the most electrifying of her career"—"think of the best you have heard from her and double it." This is an absolute must for every real jazz collector.

All three records, in high fidelity, beautifully boxed with a 32-page booklet containing biographies, up-to-date discographies and full-color photographs of the artists.

Stereophonic (3 LPs) $16.50. Monophonic (3 LPs) $13.50.

Send check or money order to: Dept 560

PLAYBOY JAZZ 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

ever-popular Lew Ayres. The men in the dogsled were Jean Hersholt, Chester Morris, Richard Arlen and Keye Luke. That was Gloria Jean dancing with Conrad Nagel. And the orchestra leader of course was Ann Sothern. The part of Abraham Lincoln was played by Xavier Cugat and milling around in the crowds outside the Ford Theatre were Noah Beery, Jr., Harry Carey, Jr., and Sammy Davis, Jr. . . ."

Quite a different slice of satire is served by Mike Nichols and Elaine May, whose quietly debilitating cynicism is a delight to the truly sophisticated. It is from the innermost recesses of their early acting experience (with the same Chicago troupe that produced Shelley Berman) that their rich technique, their telling mannerisms, their superb sense of timing and vocal nuances developed. They have been called the eggheads benedict of TV, but what they do on their Mercury LP *Improvisations to Music*, is just the sort of lethal ad-libbing that gets easily hamstrung by TV's taboos. It is also very different from the set routines they take into theatres, clubs and concert halls.

One of the high points of the LP is *Second Piano Concerto*. Imagine, say, Dr. Noel Coward and his patient, Gertrude Lawrence, in a dental office. With baleful desperation, she tells him: "I haven't eaten at all. May I take my hat off?" . . . "*You know you might just try chewing on that side occasionally, not all of the time, of course . . . I think it's ready*" . . . "I think I'll go somewhere and just chew and chew and chew. I've wanted to chew. God *knows* I've wanted to chew, but I—don't you see I didn't dare? . . . I thought what if it would come out, you know, and it would be naked. Open." . . . "*You—you know what's happening, don't you?*" . . . "Yes, I think I do" . . . "*I—I never meant for it to happen*" . . . "No, nor did I" . . . "*You know when you just came into my office and said those few sad words about the tiny tooth in the back of your mouth that was hurting you, I think I felt something for that tooth I wasn't meant to feel. Do you know what I mean?*" . . . "Do you know that when I first came into your office, when I saw you standing there so *stern* in your white smock I thought, he'll *loathe* me for having a cavity. It will disgust him I thought . . . When you looked in my mouth and said 'It's rotten' I thought, nothing can happen now. And yet when you looked at me, you didn't look at me as though I were a woman with a rotten tooth. You looked at me as though I were *me*, and for the first time I knew who I was—ME!"

All of their routines on record are completely improvised. (A second Mike and Elaine disc will be out just about the time you're reading this.) When nightclub audiences ask them to do such-and-such from their album, they

LOUIS PRIMA & KEELY SMITH never sounded as great as they do on this red hot and cool STEREO TAPE by

bel canto

Hear it . . . on 2-track or 4-track reel-to-reel or new tape cartridges. Write for free Catalog A of over 100 Bel Canto releases.

Bel Canto Stereophonic Recordings
a subsidiary of Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Inc.
1977-1985 McAllister Avenue
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Mighty mohair and wool combine for the most richly colored long hair you'll find. The stripes are wide and wonderful, particularly when taken to the most aristocratic sporting events. In burnished Olive, Oxford, Firegold, Black and Royal, contrasting stripes. About $15.00

himalaya
40 E. 34th St., N.Y.C.

B Altman & Co.	New York	The Union Co.	Columbus, Ohio
Lytton's	Chicago, Ill.	J W Knapp Co	Lansing, Mich
Diamond & Co.	Philadelphia	Bill Baker's	Eugene, Ore
Boyd's	St. Louis, Mo.	Edwin O. Olsen's	Madison
Campus Corner	Buffalo, N.Y.	The Regiment	Boulder, Colo.

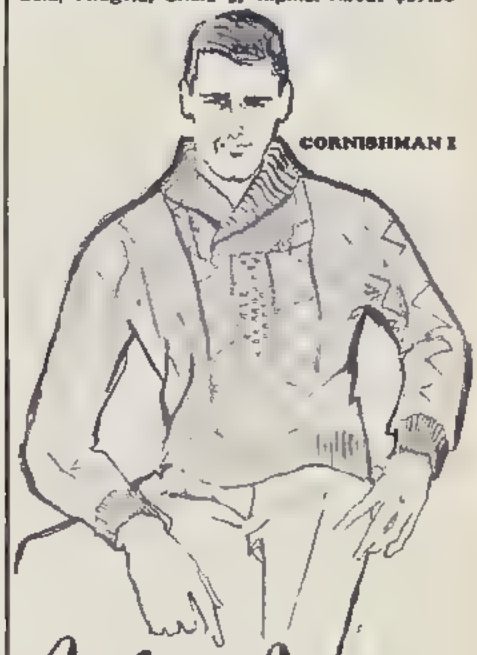
are forced to say, "We can't—because we can't remember it."

Shelley Berman is one who *has* to remember it. His audiences—who have bought an unprecedented half million copies of his *Inside Shelley Berman*, a quarter of a million *Outside Shelley Berman*, and are rapidly snapping up his latest, *The Edge of Shelley Berman* demand it. Shelley, with almost total recall, remembers the details of his childhood, out of which his brilliantly sad sack, fiercely empathic humor springs. And, like Mike and Elaine, he is a writer and self-styled "improvising humorist" with an unerring instinct for the nuances of everyday speech. He has a John O'Hara ear and he is the best actor of them all. "I am," says Sheldon, "the clown who has played Hamlet," a clown as poignant as he is impious, a "confessor," and a man of many parts.

Most of Berman's routines are by now little classics (phoning a department store to report a woman hanging from a window ledge: "No, operator, you're missing the point. I don't wish to *speak* to the woman . . ." or the hung-over partygoer piecing together a picture of the previous evening in a phone conversation with his host: "Gee, Dave, I can't imagine how I managed to break that window. I don't have any cuts or bruises on my hands . . . Oh, I see . . . Were you very fond of that cat?" [PLAYBOY, July 1958]). Berman was one of the first to skewer the hotshot talent agent or PR type, though, as Lenny Bruce and Bob Newhart demonstrate, it is a ripe, wide-open target for satire. Berman's version involves the colorful, cigar-chomping booking agent in a breezy phone conversation with one of the great, revered figures of all time: 'Hallo, Bubbie, how ya doin' kiddo, this is Artie. Fine, fine, I'm glad to hear it. Tell me, Al, how's Mrs. Schweitzer? Good good good Listen, doc, I got some very good news for you, docky boy . . . You open in Chicago at the Chez Paree . . . Al, I was afraid they wouldn't hire you as a straight organ player, so what I did, see, I sold you as a combination organist-comic . . . I tell you what you do—you dress up your act with a little patter . . . a few African-type gags; they'll go for that—little bits of humor you pick up around the leper colony . . ."

Favorite topic of all the new school humorists seems to be the airplane—or rather the fear of something going wrong way up there in the clouds. And no one has better limned the frustration, tension and uncertainty that grip the airborne passenger than Shelley Berman. In this skit, Berman is the unwitting wit, the classic loser: "The first thing you do . . . you strap yourself into the seat . . . I say to myself, well, I'm strapping myself *into* the seat, because if I wasn't strapped *into* this seat there's a very good chance that I will fall *out* of this seat, you see, say if the

Somewhere on the Cornish coast, a red-faced fisherman is battling a storm wishing that he had a sweater as warm and ruggedly handsome as this wool beauty. Wear it in Natural, Taupe, Gold, Firegold, Shale or Alpine. About $17.00



himalaya
40 E. 34th St., N.Y.C.

Norry's	Chicago, Ill.	Andy Anderson, Ltd.	Tucson
Neusteter's	Denver, Colo.	Marx Clothing	Springfield, Mo
Julius Lewis	Memphis, Tenn.	Jack Marcus	Cedarhurst, N.Y.
The Fair	Ft. Worth, Tex.	The Dinghy	Coral Gables, Fla
Bremer's	Cedar Rapids, Iowa	S & Q Clothiers	Lubbock, Tex.

Yashica Lynx
diaphragm-shutter-coupled electric eye and 1/1000th second shutter

New 35mm camera lets you 'see' the correct exposure as you sight and focus through the finder. You simply adjust the lens diaphragm or shutter 'til the exposure needle in the finder is centered—and shoot. Other features include: automatic parallax correction, flash shutter, 1 sec. to 1/1000th and self-timer. Only $89.95 (case $12.50) at photo dealers, or write:

(T) YASHICA INC. 234 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 1, N.Y.
In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., Montreal 8, P.Q.

"I WON'T WEAR A THING BUT TOWNE AND KING!"

says "CURLY" WOLF, bachelor

DRIVE IN, TEX., Oct. 17—A panel of experts at the R. F. D. Sorority last night picked Curly" as the semester's best husband material When informed of this honor, he said "Now I'll have to have an unlisted phone number. An apple that falls from the tree without picking is too mellow for me . . and that goes for chicks, too." His pick in sweaters is the highly admired OLYMPIC VALLEY® cable stitch cardigan with shawl collar a Towne and King exclusive. "Nothing measures up to WOOL" . . and this is 100% virgin wool. Seven popular colors $22.95

TOWNE AND KING, LTD.
Coordinated Knitwear
595 Broadway, Redwood City, Calif.

the
PLAYMATE
garter

FOR YOUR PLAYMATE
A tender tribute with a delicate touch. Dainty, feminine, petite . . . it will speak for you better than words. A garter of exceptional quality, made of lustrous black satin and filmy imported French lace . . . and embellished with an embroidered PLAYBOY Bunny. Shipped in transparent acetate gift box. Available with either black or white lace. $2 ppd.
PLAYBOY PRODUCTS©
232 E. Ohio St., Dept. 128C, Chicago 11, Ill.

plane came to a sudden stop—like against a mountain. I visualize myself flying right through the plane and right out through the front, you know, right through the area where the crew and the girls have their parties . . ." No wonder the airlines admit that since this Berman bit has become so popular, pilots have been bashful about making any announcements at all, and stewardesses have been loath to ask the passenger whether he wants "Coffee, tea or milk?" whenever mealtime rolls around.

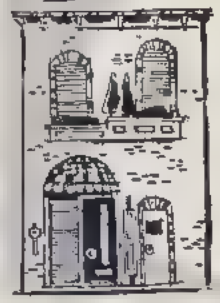
In his last two LPs, Shelley has taken a turn toward more semi-comic routines, like the one in which he plays his own father giving Shelley a hard time for wanting a hundred dollars to go to acting school. Dad finally relents and gives Shelley the money, but not before raising a lump as well as a laugh in the collective throat of his audience. And the poignant phone pleadings made by a poor schlub named Alvin as his girl friend Shirley outlines her seemingly endless list of reasons for giving him the air: "But, gee, Shirley—*lots* of guys breathe through their mouth." Because Berman appeals to the heart as well as the head of his audience, he reaches a larger audience and will, therefore, probably enjoy a proportionately greater success in the future than any of his fellow cerebral comedians.

Mort Sahl (PLAYBOY, June 1957)—who pioneered social criticism in the clubs and was the first of the hip humorists to do monologs on LP—has five discs going for him, four on Verve (*The Future Lies Ahead, 1960, or Look Forward in Anger, A Way of Life* and *At the Hungry I*) and one on Fantasy (*At Sunset*). Together, they've sold over 125,000 copies and, as Mort says, "gotten a lot of people to come and see me who wouldn't otherwise get near a club. The records are the only thing I have that's not quicksilver. Mine sell like a book—steadily, moderately."

One problem peculiar to Mort's discs stems from his penchant for blasting away at current events. He is at his bust-'em-up best when dwelling on politics, the administration, civic goofs and goof-ups, and headline-grabbing incidents of every sort; hence, a lot of material on his LPs becomes quickly dated. Trying to overcome that difficulty, Verve did a snappy job of getting Mort's comments on the sticky U-2 incident down on vinyl and released to the public a little over a month after the event became a *cause celebre*:

"So, Powers is up and he's got the button on his seat . . the ejection seat . . and he's got a poison needle and he's to use these . . . right? . . . and then the Russians caught him in a searchlight and started shooting at him and he chose a third alternative, I gather: he chose Communism at that point . . . Great? . . . He's in Russia now . . . Then the President said, 'Well, they've

scotch mist



. . . merriest *mess* this side of *heather*

COACH HOUSE
874 NO. WABASH
CHICAGO

BIDU-BIDÉ
"Better than poker . . ."—Hunt
"More chance to bluff . . ."—Hardy
Game for 4 Players — $20.00 Postpaid
Order from:
"Ancient Order of Damfool Dice Throwers"
BIDU-BIDÉ CLUB of AMERICA
6440 S.W. 106th St., Miami, Fla.

Al Farber's
STEAK ROOM
THE "EYE-OF-THE-BEEF" and CHARCOAL BROILED STEAKS
BELDEN-STRATFORD HOTEL
2300 N. Lincoln Park West. Reservations: Dibersey 8-6610
CHICAGO

PLAYBOY ACCESSORIES

PLAYBOY's familiar rabbit in bright rhodium on gleaming black enamel, attractively packaged in felt bag.

earrings	$4.50	cuff links	$4.50
bracelet	$3	tie tack	$2.50
the set	$7	the set	$6.50

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, dept. 459
232 east ohio chicago 11, illinois

got spies in our country too' . . . and I think if we're lucky maybe they'll steal some of our secrets and then they'll be two years behind . . . We've had two spies in our history . . . Nathan Hale, who said 'I regret that I have but one life to give for my country' . . . and Francis Powers, who was quoted as saying 'This shatters all my plans' . . . right? . . . Onward . . . Listen, wouldn't you like to get up once in the morning and see a proposal by *our* side? It's really driving me crazy - no initiative . . . Khrushchev says go to the summit, Khrushchev says go home, Khrushchev says disarm — and that really bugs me, because I see the administration in a very passive role . . . in fact, it's almost a female role . . . I have a vision of them in Washington: 'Did he call today? . . . why doesn't he call?' "

Sahl must be regarded as the leader of the image-breakers — part critic, part poet, part comic. And in addition to Sahl and the other balloon busters mentioned here, we must also include the likes of Stan Freberg, Bob and Ray, Henry Morgan, Shorty Pettersten, Pat Harrington, Jr., Bill Dana, and other social commentators who have not appeared before a nightclub audience but are happily available on LP. Humor has come a long way since the days when dad used to listen to Laughing Records and W. C. Fields' classic Temperance Lecture. The current broad acceptance of the hip breed by the U.S. public bodes well for the future. Onward!

HIP HUMOR LP DISCOGRAPHY

Don Adams	Signature 1010
Orson Bean at the Hungry I	Fantasy 7004
Inside Shelley Berman	Verve MGV-15005
Outside Shelley Berman	Verve MGV-15007
The Edge of Shelley Berman	Verve MGV-15019
Bob & Ray Throw a Stereo Spectacular	RCA Victor LSP-1773
Bob & Ray on a Platter	RCA Victor LPM 2131
Lenny Bruce and Shorty Pettersten — Interviews of Our Times	Fantasy 7001
The Sick Humor of Lenny Bruce	Fantasy 7004
Lenny Bruce — Togetherness	Fantasy 7007
Lord Buckley — Way Out Humor	World Pacific 1279
Del Close — The "Do It Your self" Psychoanalysis Kit	Hanover M-5002
Professor Irwin Corey at Le Ruban Bleu	Jubilee 2018
Bill Dana — My Name . . . Jose Jimenez	Signature SM-1013
Phyllis Diller — Wet Toe in a Hot Socket	Mirrosonic SP-6002
Stan Freberg — Child's Garden of Freberg	Capitol T 777
Stan Freberg — Best Shots	2-Capitol WBO-1035
Stan Freberg With Original Cast	Capitol T-1242
Brother Dave Gardner — Rejoice, Dear Hearts!	RCA Victor LPM 2083
Andy Griffith — Just for Laughs	Capitol T-962
This Here Andy Griffith	Capitol T 1215
Pat Harrington, Jr., as Guido Panzini with Bill Dana	Signature SM 1012
Eddie Lawrence — The	

FEMALES BY COLE

Now on cocktail napkins: a series of your favorite feminine nip-ups by droll Jack Cole. 18 devilish situations (including Glutton, Persnickety, Narcissus, etc.) you've chuckled over in the pages of PLAYBOY — on 36 ivory white napkins, for your next festive spree or perfect for gifts. The cost? A low $1 per 3/dozen box, postpaid. Dash off your personal check tonight.

PLAYBOY COCKTAIL NAPKINS
232 E. OHIO ST., DEPT. 960
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

live with your boots on!

GUARANTEED
complete satisfaction
or
your money promptly refunded

MARK 10

$9.95

The finest in selected grained leathers . . . specially treated for flexibility and rugged wear. In shadowy hemlock brown, this Madison Square boot has a hidden gore that assures perfect fit.

ORDER BY MAIL
Madison Square®
SHOES FOR MEN

Mail to Madison Square Dept. P
35 N. Fourth St. Columbus 15, Ohio
Size: _____ Width _____
Sizes 7 7½ and 8, C, D Width
Sizes 6 6½ and 13 in D Widths Only
NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY ZONE STATE
Add 45¢ for postage and handling. Ohio residents add 3% sales tax. Sorry, no C.O.D.s

Old Philosopher	2 Coral 57103, 57155
The Garden of Eddie Lawrence	Signature 1003
The Kingdom of Eddie Lawrence	Coral 57203
Tom Lehrer — Songs	Lehrer TL-101
More Tom Lehrer	Lehrer TL-102
Tom Lehrer - Song Satires	Audio Rarities 230
An Evening Wasted with Tom Lehrer	Lehrer TL-202
The Best of Henry Morgan	Judson 3016
Henry Morgan & Isobel Robins — Saint & the Sinner	Washington 3004
Here's Morgan	Riverside RLP 8003
The Button Down Mind of Bob Newhart	Warner Bros. W 1379
Mike Nichols and Elaine May — Improvisations to Music	Mercury 20376
Bob Peck — Moth in a Gray Flannel Suit	Jubilee 1035
Mort Sahl at Sunset	Fantasy 7005
Mort Sahl — The Future Lies Ahead	Verve MGV 15002
Mort Sahl 1960, or Look Forward in Anger	Verve MGV 15004
Mort Sahl — A Way of Life	Verve MGV 15006
Mort Sahl at the Hungry i	Verve MGV 15012
Peter Sellers The Best of Sellers	Angel 35884
Jean Shepherd and Other Forbles	Elektra EKL 172
Peter Ustinov — Grand Prix of Gibraltar	Riverside 12-833
The Wonderful World of Jonathan Winters	Verve MGV 15009
Jonathan Winters — Down to Earth	Verve MGV-15011
Woody Woodbury Looks at Love and Life	Stereoddities MW 1
Woody Woodbury's Laughing Room	Stereoddities MW 2

THIRD MARTINI

(continued from page 96)

fang and talon."

"That would be nice."

She shook her head, let him light her cigarette and asked:

"Why didn't we? I assume your wife is a nice girl — the two — two types I got myself tied up with — why didn't I have the luck to have one of them be like you? Why didn't we?"

Curran waited while the waiter set down the martinis and decided to deal with only part of her questions.

"Because I was too young and you were too young," he said. "You don't get married till you get to the time for you and with us it was later. By that time you'd been to New York and were on your way to Hollywood and I'd come to New York and was making enough money to live on a half time basis."

She smiled.

"It's still a pity," she said. "Do you remember — —" She stopped and smiled again. He watched the curve of her lips and she asked. "What do you remember?"

He thought a moment.

"Three things most," he said. "First was the afternoon I picked you up after that party." Watching her, he was terribly sad all at once, he thought this is nostalgia, I've never really known it before, to talk about things that once were and were so lovely, so bottomlessly sweet, and now are gone. "After that party," he said slowly, "it was a hot October day and you were wearing that low-cut dress. It was the first time I realized what lovely breasts you must have. And we went to that German place and ate *Bratwurst* and rye bread and drank beer. And we came out and the whole season had changed, as if the world had turned over. It was cold and the wind was blowing and it was starting to rain. I gave you my jacket and we turned the heater on in the car and it was pouring rain then. And we went and parked alongside the ocean and watched the breakers driving in. It was a lovely day. We never saw the night come, it was so gentle and imperceptible like the snow melting from a mountain field."

"Yes," she agreed.

"Then there was the night we went to that other place, the place they had that big stein of beer for a dime and we stayed there for hours and ate steamed clams and went back to your house — that was the night I think your father thought I seduced you."

"Quite correct," she said, "and if you'd been a little more astute you would have."

"And the third time was after the New Year's Eve party, when I took you home."

"That was the night," she said, "I decided there must be something wrong with me, I just wasn't physically attractive to men. I thought I'd better think about entering a nunnery."

"What a fool I was."

She put her fingers to her eyelids, closed over her eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "I don't want you to cry, darling. I don't want to make you cry. Don't cry."

"Just thinking what fools we both were," she said. "How simple it would have been if we'd just gotten married and I got a job and we both worked — —"

"Well," he said. He was thinking of adding "we didn't" but ordered two more martinis instead.

"Absolutely the last for me," Anne said. "I positively refuse to become a crying drunk. I have a rule against it."

"Last one," he agreed. "Me too."

"You feel like crying?"

"Slightly."

"I'm glad. I'm so tired of strong men who flex their muscles on the beach and never cry and have a character like warm Jell-o."

She smiled again as the waiter set down their drinks.

"Well," she said, toasting him. "The hell with all that. Right this minute, if you had never married and I asked you, would you marry me?" He hesitated and she went on, quite quickly, "I am now divorcing the last one. The first wasn't so bad, now that I think of him, he was

"Fire water and tonic!"

trying to be an actor and I wanted to be an actress and we hardly ever saw each other and little by little—you know, all the things of marriage that should have been there, like just coming home at eight and having dinner, weren't—little by little we got farther and farther apart and pretty soon we were miles away. So we got a divorce. I did, but he wasn't a bad guy. But the second—"

"You never learn," he commented for the second time that day.

"How does a girl?" she asked bitterly. "You meet a guy and you want love, you need love, you wanted to be loved and to give it, he gives it to you, he says it will be forever and then it turns out he's strictly on the make, he thinks you have a better future than you do, he married you because he was in trouble with some married woman and her husband was high enough up so that he could have done something about it—"

She stopped and Curran could think of nothing to say. He knew women were quick to see something in another woman to which he was utterly blind, he could do the same thing with other men, he knew he could not tell her how or that if he did, it would make no difference. It was a gift, a sense, non transferable between the sexes.

He thought she had forgotten, then as if she were driving herself to some end he could not see she asked again:

"If right this minute, you had never married and I asked you, would you marry me?"

He had his mouth open to say yes, which was about as truthful an answer as he could give, which was what she needed, must deeply need or she would never have asked such a question. He could say yes and go home and that would be the end of it, like telling his son he could make the Harvard football team.

"No," he said.

He saw the sudden look in her eyes, the something, the unbelief, he saw her instantly gather her defenses. She smiled.

"Why, darling?" she asked, lowering her eyes so he could not see, and lifting her martini for a careful sip. "Because of the husbands?"

He would not admit why to himself for a long time to come and then it would be without pleasure and he would try to explain to himself he had done what he had done only because he too was in a dark trap from which there was no escape.

"No," he said.

"Because of the others?"

It was not that. The thought that other men had enjoyed her and he had not, hurt as she knew it would but it was not that.

"Yes," he said.

"Because that goddamned monastic upbringing or whatever the hell it was that turned you into a man afraid to take me when I ached for you and you must have known it, now it makes you hate me because you know I'm not exactly a virgin?"

"Not hate you."

"All right. But not love me, not think of me as a real woman, a whole woman, because I've done something that transgresses the way you think?"

He said

"Honey, this is all theory. You asked me about marriage. I can't help being in love with you—" he added deliberately—"but if a man is going to get married—"

"Don't finish that," she cried, so that the people at the next table looked at them and looked away.

They said nothing for a long time. She picked up her martini and finished it.

"Once," she said, "you told me you'd die for me," she smiled sweetly and continued without a break, "and now," she said pushing herself up out of the low chair, "I think it would be nice if you paid the check and saw me to a cab and then went to Scarsdale or wherever the hell you live."

He paid in silence.

He saw her to the cab and as she settled herself in the back he leaned. He held the door open with his hand and said softly:

"Good luck on the job." She did not answer. "It's somehow a pity," he said quickly, "that you're the only girl I've ever desired, or loved, or adored the way I do you."

She turned her head away and when the driver looked back for instructions, Curran moved back and slammed the door and started for the station. He looked back, much later, when he knew the cab was out of sight. Now was she crying, he wondered? He was almost at the station before he remembered his brief case. He went back for it, now striding exuberantly. He was elated as though he had loved her and she had rejected him and he had taken his revenge.

But in only a few minutes, on his way to the station for the second time, he remembered her eyes looking at him in the cab, the tilt of her head as she turned away. He thought, I love her and now I have lost her. If the fact that your stomach is tense again within you means that you are in love, that is, and that would be in his life forever, that and the look in her eyes. Or maybe it was the third martini. As he walked he felt his eyes wet and he thought the third martini must be it. He wanted to run.

THE POPOVER
by Woolrich

100% Fleecy Virgin Wool
BRIGHT and BOLD with True Continental Dash!

Smart *Continental* styling in loud-shoutin' big blanket plaids — that's the daring new Woolrich POPOVER for guys and gals! Not a sweater — not a shirt — but a swagger *pullover*. Luxurious, soft 100% wool. Italian-style collar with button closure for casual V-neck. New Continental V-bottom worn outside trousers or skirt. *IT* for golf, skiing, knock-about. Also available with Hood. At your Men's Store, Ivy or Campus Shop.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG
A colorful galaxy of pure wool outdoor apparel for sports and leisure wear, hunting, fishing.

WOOLRICH WOOLEN MILLS
WOOLRICH, PA.
Famous Name in Outdoor Woolens Since 1830

HOUSE
the village
ORGAN
the village
OF THE
the village
WORLDLY

THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
☐ $4 One Year ☐ $7 Two Years
the village
22 Greenwich Ave., New York 11, New York
Name
Street
City State

"MILITAIRE" SWEATER

Finest zephyr wool executed in a precise fashion. White/black trim, olive/black, red/black, black/white, powder blue/black. Sizes — S, M, L, XL $35.00

CADET PANTS

Viscose and Dacron combined in a year round weight that always keeps you at ease. Olive/black stripe, grey/black stripe. Even sizes only 28-36 $15.95

No C.O.D.'s please. Include 75c postage.

Rick Byron Originals

9430 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 25

Beverly Hills, Calif.

SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE

SIGN OF A GOOD TIME

PLAYBOY's delightful rabbit in a white felt emblem trimmed in black. For sweaters, beer jackets, parkas and you name it. Five inches high and three inches wide. $1 tax included, ppd. Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, Dept. 128

232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

CAMPUS CHECKLIST

(continued from page 97)

of ivory with black, gold, olive or rust. In most cases, you'll notice that the collars are shorter and have more spread. Notice, too, the advantages of the country shirt this fall. It's a dress-up or dress-down wardrobe wonder in heavier, usually textured fabrics, with traditionally muted tones most popular. (On the strictly dress-up scene, add the snappy snap-tabs — in place of the old English tab that required a collar button.)

TIES: The best laid plans for a Saturday night won't go awry if the choice of tie complements the suit or sports combination. You can bet on a neat patterned number or a most modern subdued solid. A new breed of stripes, in gleaming shades, supplements the stand ard reps and challis. Prints are growing in importance; select them with care to avoid an unfortunate splash. Coordinate or contrast your ties with the colors and patterns of your suit and jacket fabrics.

HOSE: Coming on strongly this fall are the striped-top cotton crew socks. White and gray tones, with olive-and-gold or red-and-blue trim, lend that tennis-court tenor. Naturally, cotton Argyles and reliable ribs are always appropriate — from seminar to street scene.

BELTS: The concept of the belt as a strictly functional accessory is out; the belt wardrobe is in. Leathers have joined the color parade — in soft gold, ivory, greens and browns. This season, you'll spot hopsacking, braids, small spaced figures, paisleys, challis and reps — linked by richly-designed buckles.

HATS: The hatmakers seem to have found peaceful coexistence: the dress hats lean toward casual styling; the casuals are using the taper and small body of the dress toppers. The over-all style is narrow, with soft-pinch and center-crease types very much in evidence.

GLOVES: Gloves galore for driving, dress and casual wear — and most of them will be on the bulky side. Stretch gloves could be the biggest hit; there are leather ones with sides of polyester stretch yarn enabling a single size to cover a range of hands. Gloves with leather palms and crocheted backs, by the way, can be worn for all occasions. Capeskins and pigskins, as ever, are in the best of taste. Many models include warm linings, too, for those wintry blasts. And the old-fashioned (in the best sense) wool knit gloves haven't faded a bit.

LINED JACKETS: If brisk winds and mounting snow are part of your campus climate, there's no better, nor more attractive, protection than one of the good looking sueded elk and shearling-lined and-trimmed short jackets. They're rugged garments, seem to survive all the elements and are easy on the eye.

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 88)

in the Ivy League cellar, the Lions are hungry again. Buff Donelli's eleven — the most experienced squad in the league — is the long shot that just possibly could finish up close to the top.

It looks like a four-way standoff in the Middle Atlantic Conference among Rutgers, Bucknell, Delaware and Lehigh, with an outside chance for Gettysburg. Rutgers, on sheer depth, is probably the best bet.

At first sight, Connecticut would once again seem to be a shoo-in for the Yankee Conference title. But don't believe it. Massachusetts has come a long way in one year and this year it will be a real cat-and-dog fracas between the Redmen and the UConns.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Illinois	8-1	Purdue	5-4
Michigan State	6-3	Iowa	5-4
Northwestern	6-3	Michigan	5-4
Minnesota	5-4	Wisconsin	3-6
Ohio State	5-4	Indiana	2-7

MID-AMERICAN

Ohio U.	9-1	Kent State	4-5
Bowling Green	7-2	Toledo	3-6
Miami (O.)	6-4	Marshall	3-6
Western Mich.	5-4		

MAJOR INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	5-5	Dayton	6-4
Marquette	3-7	Bradley	6-4
Detroit	4-6	Louisville	6-4
Xavier	6-4		

[illegible]

DePauw	7-2	Butler	4-5
Southern Ill.	7-3	Drake	4-5

On the Midwest scene, it will be another sad year at Notre Dame. Joe Kuharich has an almost seniorless squad, and his four biggest guns — Pottios, Mack, Gray and Selcik — were all so severely injured last year that their effectiveness is doubtful. Notre Dame eventually will return to the ranks of the national giants. But not this year.

Most of the Big Ten giants of recent seasons show only so-so promise, while a couple of recent undernourished squads exhibit signs of muscle. With the exception of Illinois, who ought to take everything, and Wisconsin and Indiana who have little save hope, the whole conference is evenly balanced. Breaks (both in fortunes and bones) will probably dictate the outcome.

It's hard to imagine a new coach walking into a meaner situation than Pete Elliott finds waiting for him in his Illinois debut this year. The Illini were the strongest team in the Big Ten at the end of last season. With a plethora of superb halfbacks, a devastating fullback in Bill Brown and abundant beef everywhere else, Illinois stacks up as top mon

ster in the Midwest. However, a few interesting boobs traps are being fashioned on other campuses.

Murray Warmath at Minnesota, for example is playing it cagey. The Gophers were a hell of a better team last year than the scoreboard indicated. Most of the brawn is back including Tom Brown, probably the best guard in the country when he's healthy, plus more speed, which has been the Gophers' big weakness for thirty years. We're kind of hung up on Minnesota this year; a nagging, instinctive kind of hunch. Every year, just for kicks, we take a long trip out on a limb and this time we'll put our two mackerel on the Gophers. Not necessarily for the championship, but at least to pull a few upsets.

Our long shot last year was Northwestern, and it nearly happened. The Wildcats have a way of starting off like wildcats, then pooping out at the end of the season. Coach Ara Parseghian fields one of the most explosive attacks ever seen in these quarters, and it may be more so this year, with a fabulously talented bunch of backs in Dick Thornton, Mike Stock, A. Kanbrough and Dutch Purdin, all of them All-America caliber. Big trouble is a line that lost everything from end to end via diplomas. With this in mind most dopesters figure the Wildcats twenty percent weaker than last year. Nuts. We saw their spring practice. If the line reserves can hold up, Northwestern will be in the top national ranks.

The same goes for Michigan State: spectacular backs behind a dim line. There probably isn't a flashier pair of halfbacks in the country than Gary Ballman and Herb Adderley, but Duffy Daugherty's chances of beefing up his line in the early weeks of the season aren't so good.

Iowa, Ohio State and Michigan seem peculiarly alike, not only in potential but in the "faceless wonder" teams they are fielding this year. All three have lost their big-name players. Strong squad performance rather than individual brilliance will be the keynote here, and all three teams will be heavily dependent on inexperienced personnel. But all three may be great by the end of the season when all those flashy sophs get some experience under their belts. Watch, especially, a new Iowa halfback named Sammie Harris.

Purdue will field a strong first team led by Ron Maltony and Jerry Beabout, but after that there are problems. You don't win games in the Big Ten with just one good team any more. Still, the mathematics of probability indicate a winning season for the Boilermakers.

It looks like lean pickings at both Indiana and Wisconsin. The major problem in both camps is the terribly low level of experience. But Indiana is building, and neither stiff NCAA penalties nor intraconference snipers will keep the Hoosiers out of the big time for long. Wisconsin's brightest hopes are a couple of tremendous soph linemen, Pat Richter and Dale Matthews, who should be the best in the country by the time they're seniors.

THE SOUTH

INDEPENDENTS

Memphis State	7-3	Florida State	6-4
Miami	6-4	Miss. Southern	5-5

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Auburn	9-1	Tennessee	5-5
Mississippi	9-1	Florida	5-5
LSU	7-3	Vanderbilt	5-5
Georgia Tech	7-3	Miss. State	4-5
Georgia	6-4	Kentucky	4-6
Alabama	6-4	Tulane	3-7

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Clemson	7-3	Maryland	4-6
Wake Forest	7-3	N.C. State	4-6
South Carolina	6-4	Duke	3-7
North Carolina	6-4	Virginia	1-9

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Virginia Military	8-2	West Virginia	4-6
Richmond	5-4	William & Mary	4-6
Virginia Tech	5-5	G. Washington	2-7
The Citadel	5-5	Davidson	2-7

Each spring *The Birmingham News* takes an opinion poll of Southeastern Conference coaches concerning the upcoming season. For the first time in the twenty-seven-year history of the poll, one team was the unanimous choice to win the conference crown: Mississippi. It is also noteworthy that the Rebs were tickered as having the softest schedule. This is nothing new, of course; year after year Ole Miss, with one of the smallest enrollments in big-time college football, enters the fray with a whopping array of talented material. They also have a tradition of cream-puff opposition. Ole Miss' schedule, when compared with that of such teams as Georgia, Pittsburgh, Southern Cal or Northwestern, is a breeze. But it is final won-lost records that seem to determine national standings, and it is quite possible that the Rebs will wind up higher on the polls than any of the aforementioned teams. On this basis, we think Johnny Vaught has an excellent chance of becoming 1960 Coach of the Year, and on the basis of the consistently excellent coaching job he does, we hereby nominate him as such.

Many people around the SEC simply do not recognize the fact that Georgia not Ole Miss, is the conference champion. They will remain champ until someone in the league beats them, and it won't be Ole Miss, except possibly in a bowl, because they don't clash during the regular season. The Bulldogs won the crown fairly and squarely in 1959 by the simple expedient of outplaying some supposedly stronger teams, including Auburn and Georgia Tech. They have most of their top backfield material

WHY TRAVEL ALONE?

Join a Bachelor Party Tour for single men and women- Europe, South America, Mexico, Hawaii, Jamaica, Bermuda, Puerto Rico, Nassau Cruise, College Tour of Europe, California & Las Vegas, Florida, New York, Special Christmas & New Year's Tours, the Orient, and Around-the-World. Travel with your own age group- 21-33, 28-48, 45-65. See your travel agent or contact Bachelor Party Tours Inc. Dept. PL9 444 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

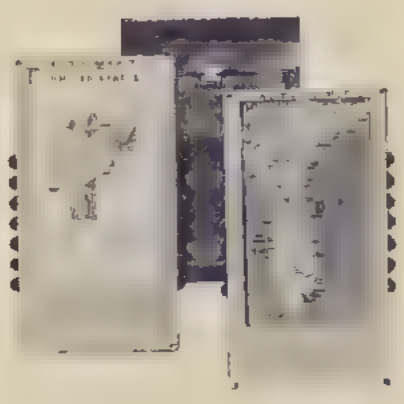
BACHELOR PARTY® TOURS!

free!

Pickering's TECH-SPECS...a handy pocket-sized guide that helps you plan your stereo hi-fi system for space... from pickup to enclosure. Send for your copy today—address Dept. PB 9.

Pickering & Co., Inc.
Plainview, New York

THE PERFECT MAP for the sports car



Auto-Mapic does away with folding and unfolding bulky road maps. Select the map you need with two fingers. Each plastic map case holds 15 up-to-date regional maps in a vinyl folder, 6½"x12½". Order the Eastern U.S. or the Western U.S. at $10 each ppd. Both $20. Send check or money order to:

Savoir-Fair
Box #3376 Merchandise Mart
Chicago 54, Illinois

THREE CLASSICS FROM PLAYBOY

Building your own library of great books? You'll want to include these three PLAYBOY volumes. The very best features from your favorite magazine permanently bound in hard cover editions.

THIRD PLAYBOY ANNUAL $4.50

The best stories, cartoons, jokes and special features from PLAYBOY's third year. Includes more than two dozen pages in full color.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES $3

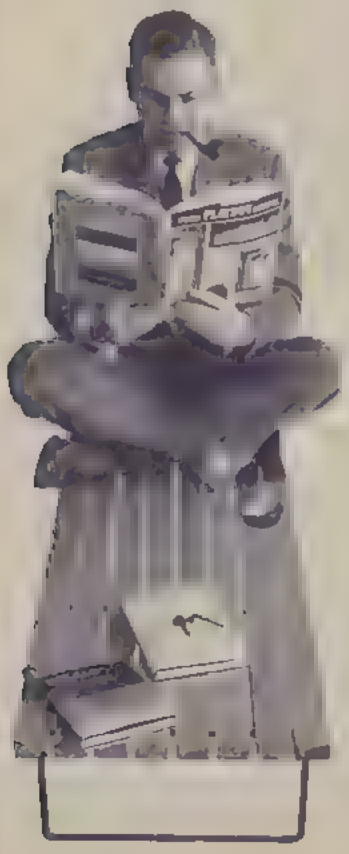
Hundreds of PLAYBOY's most hilarious jokes and limericks—plus a sprinkling of spicy cartoons.

PLAYBOY'S RIBALD CLASSICS $3

Sophisticated stories by the great writers of the past smartly retold for today's readers.

ALL THREE FOR $10

PLAYBOY BOOKS, Dept 159
232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.



back, but they do have a headache: last season's success was largely due to a two-team system the Bulldogs can't duplicate this time. Lack of depth may hurt.

Auburn is the only SEC team, with the possible exception of LSU, that can challenge Ole Miss in squad strength. They slumped a little last year because of senioritis—a virulent disease characterized by bored seniors—and the fact that the quarterback spot was unsettled. But this year Bobby Hunt has the QB problem tied up and the coasting seniors are gone. The defeat by Alabama last year jarred them into realizing that they will have to be at their best to remain king in that gridiron-happy state. They'll be up there. Maybe even on top.

LSU has a horde of talented horses in the stable, but they're mostly pretty untried. Coach Dietzel's three-team system can compensate for much of the inexperience, but nothing can make up for the missing Billy Cannon and Johnny Robinson. The Tigers should be back on top again by 1961, but not this year.

The only other teams with an outside chance for the championship seem to be Georgia Tech, Tennessee and Alabama. Tech is the most likely of the three to succeed, largely because of the strength of some blazing sophomore backfield talent. Quarterback Stan Gann sizes up as our Sophomore of the Year.

Alabama will be one of the strongest defensive teams in the nation, but the Crimson Tide won't win many games unless they conjure up an offense.

The Kentucky Wildcats are annually a gridiron puzzle. Usually they take the bitterness out of a losing season by clobbering Tennessee in the final game. Despite the presence of Calvin Bird, best halfback in that part of the country, Kentucky again looks just good enough to drop some close ones to the best teams in the SEC.

The funny thing about Vanderbilt is that they always seem to wind up much better than the pre-season dopesters indicate. Although the Commodore squad looks very thin (and they play four of last year's bowl teams), Art Guepe's canny coaching will probably create another winning season.

Mississippi State looks much better than last year and could be (please take careful note) a real sleeper.

The Atlantic Coast Conference race looks like a four-cornered fight among Wake Forest, Clemson, South Carolina and North Carolina. Such factors as extremely tough schedules (North and South Carolina), a plethora of material and experience (Wake Forest), or brilliant coaching (Clemson) will make the difference. From here, Wake Forest seems the best bet, although South Carolina could be a juggernaut if the sophomore backs develop in time.

Were it not for a killing schedule, Miami (Florida) would look great this year. Its advantages are in a rugged line and the fact that all but two of their games are played in their home stadium.

This year brings the first major football schedule in history to Memphis State University, and MSU is in the midst of a big-time program. We'll be watching.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Oklahoma	8-2	Missouri	5-5
Iowa State	8-2	Nebraska	4-6
Colorado	7-3	Oklahoma St.	3-8
Kansas	5-5	Kansas St.	2-8

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Tulsa	7-3	N. Texas St.	5-4
Wichita	7-3	Cincinnati	3-7

Chaps out in the plains country keep telling us that if Oklahoma is to at last be displaced as the Big Eight champ, Kansas is the one to do it. We can't see it, it's true that Kansas has the fleetest flock of backs in the league, but the line isn't deep enough for the long haul. It's exactly the opposite situation at Oklahoma, and there's a truism which says that, all other things being equal, a team with a terrific line and a so-so backfield will beat a team with the opposite setup.

Nevertheless, it's no longer a one-sided situation in the Big Eight. Oklahoma is in for a rice this fall. Colorado returns twenty-one of its top twenty-two players, and Iowa State's "Dirty Thirty" lost only four lettermen. Missouri and Nebraska fielded fabulous freshman teams last year, and if all that new material ripens in time, they both could be nationally ranked this year.

Boiling all this down we think Colorado and Iowa State have the best chances of ousting Oklahoma from the championship.

With the departure of Houston, the Missouri Valley Conference has been reduced to only four participating football members. Of these, Tulsa seems the strongest. North Texas State, a national power last season, was gutted by graduation, and Cincinnati will be sorely disabled without the phenomenal passing of Jack Lee Wichita, with a surprise quarterback find in soph Alex Zyskowski, could be the big boss.

THE SOUTHWEST

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

TCU	8-2	Texas Tech	5-5
Texas	8-2	Texas A & M	3-7
Arkansas	8-2	Rice	3-7
Baylor	5-5	SMU	2-8

BORDER CONFERENCE

Ariz. St. (Tempe)	9-1	Arizona	4-6
New Mexico St.	9-1	Hardin Simmons	3-7
Texas Western	5-5	West Texas St.	2-8

OTHERS

Arizona St. (Flagstaff)	7-3	Abilene Christ	6-4
East Texas State	6-4	Houston	5-5

The Southwest Conference shapes up exactly like last year: a triangular fracas among Texas, TCU and Arkansas. The only differences are that Baylor is a key dark horse this time, and Texas Tech, at last a full-fledged member of the conference, must be reckoned with. Of the top three, TCU seems best, on sheer depth and size. Look for the Horned Frogs to do some fancy passing, too.

Arkansas has lost the surprise factor which was such a great help last year, and, although the Razorbacks are fast as blazes, they'll have to hustle to beat teams like Texas and TCU that outweigh them twenty-five pounds per man up front.

Consider the case of Texas Tech. For four years the Red Raiders have been playing it close to the vest, quietly stockpiling bombs and readying battle plans for their first SWC campaign. Their biggest gun is E. J. Holub, a mighty center with the size, speed and competitive inclinations of an irate rhinoceros. So don't be surprised if the Red Raiders raise hell in the Southwest.

Both Rice and Texas A & M will field improved teams this year, but are still at least a year away from title contention. Both teams, like Southern Methodist, will have trouble filling the shoes of recently graduated quarterbacks. SMU has too thin a squad and too meaty a schedule to make much of a mark in 1960.

Keep your eye on New Mexico State and Arizona State (Tempe). Both are loaded. Together they will completely dominate the Border Conference, and except for the fact that they play each other, they could have a good chance of going undefeated. New Mexico State has a fantastic halfback named Pervis Atkins who led all major college players in the nation last year in rushing, scoring and punt returns, and the reports we get on him read like a *Superman* script.

THE FAR WEST

THE BIG FIVE

Southern Calif.	9-1	California	5-5
Washington	9-1	Stanford	2-8
UCLA	7-3		

SKYLINE CONFERENCE

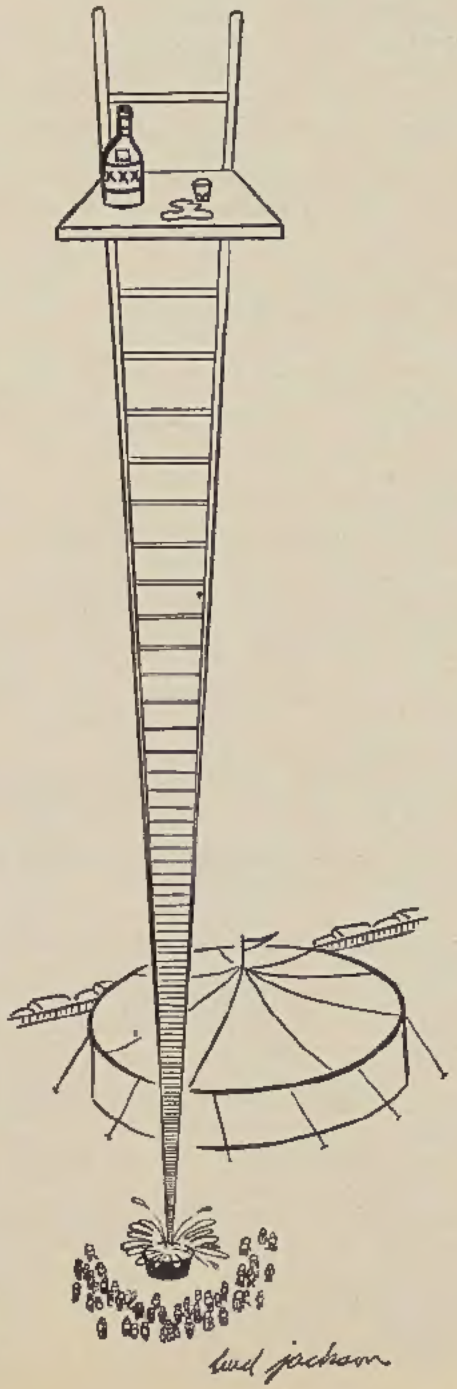
Wyoming	9-1	New Mexico	4-6
Utah	7-3	Montana	3-7
Utah State	6-4	Brigham Young	3-8
Colorado State	4-6	Denver	2-8

INDEPENDENTS

Air Force	6-4	Montana State	6-3
Washington St.	6-4	Colorado Mines	6-3
Oregon	6-4	College of Pac.	5-4
Oregon State	5-5	Idaho	4-6

The most refreshing development we've witnessed in a long time is the reemergence of football power on the West Coast. Washington's drubbing of Wisconsin in the Rose Bowl last January convinced the last of the skeptics that the days of cat-and-mouse between the Big Ten and West Coast teams are over.

Two Pacific Coast squads figure to be among the top ten in the nation this year. Southern California and Washington have nearly everything back from their fabulous 1959 squads; they will be cutting up the spoils of victory between them this season. No other West Coast team seems to even have a look-in. Southern Cal is the stronger of the two, but the Trojans also have by far the tougher schedule. In fact, the diet is so rough this year that picking them as the Number One Team in the Nation is risky business. But we're doing it because of the immensely impressive array of depth and talent, and the simple fact that if they do come through that schedule unscathed, there will be little doubt about who owns the national championship.



Southern Cal's strength lies primarily in the line, which is fortified by the likes of the McKeever twins, George Van Vliet and Dan Ficca. A horde of hustling halfbacks will supply the speed needed for all occasions.

Washington has two first-rate quarterbacks in Schloredt and Hivner, plus the entire starting team from the Rose Bowl victory. Biggest danger for the Huskies is that dreaded senioritis, which has crippled many a team in exactly this same situation. The game with Southern Cal on November 5 should be a classic.

The best chance to upset the favorites goes to UCLA, which showed obvious potential on occasion last season, and which returns with more depth and a new souped-up version of the Single Wing. The Uclans *could* (let us go on record) be the big surprise of the country this year.

Stanford has little but a passing game built around Dick Norman, while both Oregon and Oregon State will have good first teams, but a lack of experienced reserves will hurt badly. By the end of the season though, both will be tough.

The Skyline Conference, probably more than any other, will be completely dominated this year by one team — Wyoming. Nobody else has a foot in the door. The Cowboys are loaded with everything except healthy competition (with the exception of Air Force and Texas Tech, who might make the Cowboys' season a little more interesting). Wyoming should wind up with a high national ranking and may even go undefeated.

Utah and Utah State should be tougher this year, but after them the conference falls off sharply.

Keep your eye on the Air Force. It's the first year they will be playing Navy, and the Falcons should be steamed up for that one. The Air Force squad is finally reaching a size that justifies its tough intersectional schedule, and the Falcons may soon be another perennial power. If they can find some dependable interior linemen to go with that glittering backfield, this could be the year.

• • •

And finally, we'll pass along a little advice from an acquaintance who is an easy-chair prognosticator: When you're sizing up the football games this fall, use the following system. (1) Weigh the size, depth and experience of the opposing squads. (2) Evaluate the morale and psychological factors involved. (3) Take into consideration the location of the game, the weather, the injuries and coaching styles. Then after you've scientifically determined who is going to win the game, toss a coin and be guided accordingly.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

Alligator Coats	20
Bud Berma Shirts	21
Stanley Blacker Jackets	24, 25
Bostonian Shoes	23
"Botany" 500 Suits	33
Buck Skein Brand Sweaters	44
College Hall Blazers	38
Cone Corduroy Coats	37
Cricketeer Suits	12
Datsun Bluebird	44
Dickies Sport Coats	18
Drummond Sweaters	41
Hardwick Clothes	113
H.I.S. Sportswear	15
Jantzen Sportswear	13
Jayson Shirts	29
Koss Stereophones	38
Leesures by Lee	39
MGA "1600"	10
Paddle & Saddle Sportswear	31
Andrew Pallack Suits	46
Paris Belts	10
Renault	4th C
Sheaffer's Pens	14
Scro of New Haven Shirts	40
Silver Bond Socks	116
Sony Stereocorder 300	42
Toshiba Transistor Radios	36
Van Heusen Shirts	30
Barry Walt Coats	128
Wembley Ties	32
Wings Shirts	109
Winthrop Shoes	3rd C
Worsted-Tex Suits	43

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your inquiry. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

SEND PLAYBOY EVERY MONTH

☐ 3 yrs. for $14 (Save $7.60)
☐ 1 yr. for $6 (Save $1.20)
☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill later

TO:

name

address

city zone state

Mail to **PLAYBOY**
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois
096

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THIRTY DAYS HATH November and, for the aware and fun-loving traveler, therein lie some of the most exciting and rewarding days of the year. No need to bear the bitter gusts of late autumn, or endure the turkey-laden monotony of Thanksgiving at grandma's. Better goings-on are at your beck.

Skindiving in November? Of course. The Gulf and Caribbean beckon balmily, from the blue waters off Bonaire Island to spear-fishing sites on Trinidad (off Gasparee) and Tobago (Buccoo Reef). The latter pair have their own spear-fishing associations as sources of friends and info. And the Arnos Vale Hotel at Tobago is a great social center for subsurface adventurers when they come out of the drink for a drink.

One of our favorite snorkel-and-scuba spots is Cozumel Island, off the Yucatán peninsula of Mexico. The water is alluringly azure; so clear, in fact, that a number of underwater films have been shot there. In the past, the isle was somewhat primitive and isolated, but it's rapidly becoming civilized. Now, it enjoys daily plane service, informal night life and improved hotels – notably the Playa and the Mayaluum – at $22 and $18 a day for two, including memorable meals of local delicacies. Ruins of Mayan architecture provide a bang-up backdrop.

If you prefer to cruise through warm waters, board an American President Lines ship departing New York for the West Coast via the Panama Canal. It's a twelve to fourteen-day run, priced at $350-up.

Wine is reason enough for thanksgiving in France. A three-day wine fair begins at Nuits-St.-Georges with a sumptuous banquet, followed by a traditional wine sale in the ancient Hospice de Beaune, *et le troisième jour* by a tasting and tasty affair for growers and wine-lovers alike.

Austria, too, is decked out in her vinery finery during November. For the annual Festival of St. Leopold, celebrants in a giddy mood slide down the side of a huge and venerable wine cask (built in 1704) and then dash off for a sausage-and-wine picnic.

There's plenty of fall fun to be found in your own back yard. You can attend the big international horse races – with entries from top stables in Britain, France, Russia and Latin America – at Laurel, Maryland.

In a hurry to ski? The first snows usually fall by mid-November on Colorado's better peaks. You can beat the season by more than a month by heading thataway.

November marks the opening of myriad dude ranches, desert spas and lush resorts in the Southwest. The latter abound in Arizona, around Phoenix and Tucson. For swimming in a sand-framed pool, riding on clear mornings, dancing beneath Western stars or just being lazy, these spots are a delight. Accommodations are still a steal at $90-$158 a week, all-inclusive, plus $163 round-trip air fare from Chicago.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

NEXT MONTH:

CARL SANDBURG—A PORTFOLIO OF PARABLE AND POETRY

THE GIRLS OF HOLLYWOOD—FIRST IN A PROVOCATIVE SERIES ON THE FEMININE GENDER OF FAMOUS CITIES

JAZZ BALLOT—YOURS FOR THE FIFTH ANNUAL PLAYBOY POLL

KEN PURDY—A BIG-CITY STORY OF MEN ON THE MAKE

PLAYBOY'S FASHION FORECAST—FIRST SEMI-ANNUAL GUIDE TO MEN'S ATTIRE FOR THE COMING SEASON, BY **ROBERT L. GREEN**

The New Dimension in Casuals

Winthrop

NYBUC®

Those Washable Nylon Suedes!

Comes now a chukka boot... luxury-lined with warm orlon fleece... boon companion of those perennial year-round favorites... slip-on and two-eye tie (without fleece). The clean facts... exciting Winthrop NyBucs take to suds 'n brush without harm.

$8.95

WINTHROP MEN'S SHOES

Also Winthrop Jr. NyBucs for boys... **$7.95**

Green and dark brown chukka,
green and burning brown plain toe

Division, International Shoe Company, St. Louis
For the name of your nearest dealer, write Dept. W-01

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?

SLIP-ON

FLEECE-LINED CHUKKA BOOT

PLAIN TOE OXFORD

CHEAP

This car saves you money every step of the way. Look: the price is $1645* —hundreds less than compacts—and that's only the start. / You get free extras that others charge for: windshield washers, back-door safety locks, deluxe heater. / You get up to 40 mpg, regular gas, normal driving. (A Dauphine on a supervised economy run recently made the astounding record of 76 mpg!) / Insurance premiums in most states are 10% smaller; even license plates cost less. / A further money-saving note: the classic Renault 4CV is newly low-priced at $1292*.

RENAULT DAUPHINE

*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES, FOB, EAST COAST, STATE AND LOCAL TAXES EXTRA. RENAULT, INC., 750 3RD AVE., N. Y. TUNE IN "MARTHAM" STARRING MAY MILLANET EGS TV, THURSDAYS, 8:30 EASTERN TIME

BUT NOT CHEAP

This car gives you thorough-going quality every step of the way. The first Renault was built in 1898; today, Renault is one of the world's most modern, most highly automated plants. / Since its introduction there have been 23 major improvements of the Dauphine—yet no change in basic body style. / There are now over 1000 authorized service-and-parts headquarters in North America. / The 6-month warranty has a unique "no-limitation" on mileage. / Quality, sturdiness & economy put this car on the U. S. map; its likeable and surprisingly elegant personality is what's turning Dauphine owners into Dauphine addicts. / Try one yourself soon & see.

RENAULT DAUPHINE